THE LIFE OF ABDUR RAHMAN

AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN



Fry, Lucknow, photo. — Walker & Cockerell ph. sc.

Abdur-Rahman
Amir of Afghanistan
From a photograph made between 187[illegible] and 18[illegible].

THE LIFE OF

ABDUR RAHMAN

AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN

G.C.B., G.C.S.I.

EDITED BY MIR MUNSHI

SULTAN MAHOMED KHAN

ADVANCED STUDENT OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

SECRETARY OF STATE OF AFGHANISTAN; BARRISTER-AT-LAW

WITH PORTRAIT, MAPS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL I

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

1900

NOTE BY THE PUBLISHER

This record of the Life and Policy of the Amir Abdur Rahman has been entrusted to me by his former State secretary (or Mir Munshi) Sultan Mahomed Khan.

The first eleven chapters, containing the narrative of his early life; of the strange vicissitudes through which he had to pass; of his adventures, successes and failures; of his eleven years' residence, or rather imprisonment, in Russian Turkestan, and, finally, of his accession to the Afghan throne, are written by himself. The MS. was brought to England from Kabul by Miss Lillias Hamilton, M.D., and translated from the Persian original by Sultan Mahomed Khan.

The remaining chapters, consisting of an account of the work which he has achieved in consolidating and developing the powers and resources of his country; of his domestic and foreign policy; of his personal life and occupations, and of his advice to, and aspirations for, his successors, were taken down at different times by Sultan Mahomed Khan from the Amir's own words.

Sultan Mahomed Khan was recalled to Kabul by the Amir before the MS. of this book could be placed in the printer's hands, and the responsibility of revising the proofs, and seeing the whole work through the press, has devolved upon me. I am, of course, in no way responsible for any statement contained in the book, as

I have no direct knowledge of the facts. My work has been confined to the task of verifying names and places, which has been an exceedingly difficult one, and in the circumstances I must ask for the kind indulgence of readers and critics. To attain to complete and systematic uniformity in the spelling of Oriental names is practically impossible: my aim has been to leave as little doubt as may be concerning the identity of the persons and places referred to in the text.

It would hardly have been possible to do it at all without the invaluable assistance of Mrs Sutton Marshall, who acted as Sultan Mahomed Khan's secretary for some time while he was at Cambridge, and who had consequently derived an intimate knowledge of his intentions and wishes in regard to the book. Miss Lillias Hamilton, M.D., who was for some years the Amir's medical adviser in Kabul, has also been most kind in answering various questions which her personal knowledge of the country and its inhabitants enabled her to do with authority.

For this assistance I beg to offer Mrs Marshall and Miss Hamilton my sincere thanks.

I also beg to thank Colonel St George Gore, R.E., Chief of the Indian Survey, for permission to reproduce a part of the Government map of Afghanistan.

JOHN MURRAY.

50 Albemarle Street.
October 1900.

PREFACE

BY THE EDITOR, SULTAN MAHOMED KHAN,

MIR MUNSHI TO THE AMIR

I DO not think it necessary to waste time in trying to prove that the Amir Abdur Rahman Khan is one of the greatest men now living. All the European Statesmen who have come in personal contact with him have formed this opinion, and his remarkable achievement in turning Afghanistan, which before his time was a mere barren piece of land full of barbarous tribes, into a consolidated Muslim Kingdom and centre of manufactures and modern inventions, speaks for itself, and shows his marvellous genius.

The Amir himself, conscious of the interest and value which attach to his experiences, considers it politic to leave behind him a written guide of instructions for his sons and successors as well as for his countrymen to follow, and this record I have had the honour now to render into English in the interest of the public.

A portion of the book was written by the Amir

himself, and I am depositing in the British Museum, Oriental Reading-room, a copy of the original. The rest was written in my handwriting from the Amir's dictation, during the time of my holding the office of Mir Munshi.

The Amir's criticisms on some points and some persons are rather severe, but I did not think it wise to leave them out—firstly, because his views are well known to many English ladies and gentlemen who have had opportunities of speaking to the Amir, and, moreover, have formed the subject of various articles in journals and periodicals, and, consequently, I did not like to conceal them; secondly, because the object in putting this book before the public is to benefit them by communicating the Amir's views without the least flattery.

The Amir is a very witty and humorous genius, and is in the habit of quoting stories with every question that he touches. These Eastern stories are an object of special interest to the European mind. I have therefore left them in the book as they were written or dictated.

I have translated every word of the Amir's own narrative of his early years, because some writers have stated that the early part of the Amir's life is entirely in the dark, and unknown to the world at large.

There are many proverbs in Arabic and Persian books which express the same sense as English proverbs, often in almost the same words. Many of these proverbs have found a place in these volumes, but to show that they have not been borrowed from English books, I have in most cases appended in the foot-notes the name of the Arabic and Persian works from which they are taken.

The only alteration that I have made in translating the book from Persian into English is that I have given different titles to the chapters from those given by the Amir. The change, however, does not affect the book itself, or its real "*Matlab.*"

One of the chief features of the book is that since the time of the great Mogul Emperors—Timur, Babar, and Akbar, etc., no Muslim sovereign has written his autobiography in such an explicit, interesting, and lucid manner as the Amir has done, and the book is specially a novelty for the following reasons:—In addition to its being a book of great political significance, it is like a chapter of the "Arabian Nights," for the reader cannot help being interested to notice that a monarch like the Amir, setting aside the idea of boasting, should condescend to make a clear statement of how he was a prisonor in fetters at one time, and a cook at another; a Viceroy at one time, and a subject

of the Viceroy at another; a general at one time, and under the command of the general at another; an engineer and blacksmith at one time, and a ruler at another. In one place he paints himself as a gardener and a peasant, and in another place mentions the grand reception accorded to him by the Russian, British, Persian, and Bokhara Governments. At one time he places his uncle, Amir Azim, on the throne, and at another he is shown to have been forced by him to leave Kabul. Once a ruler, and then a subject without even a loaf of bread to eat, and so on. The one thing which will puzzle the mind of many European readers of the book will be the fact of such an acknowledged experienced traveller and statesman writing in his book his religious beliefs and superstitions. He says he was crowned by the prophet in his dreams; that he gained his victories by the help of an old flag which he secured from the tomb of a certain saint of Herat called Khwaja Ahrar; that he protected himself from the injuries of swords, guns, and rifles through the effect of a charm he wears round his arm; that he learned reading and writing through the love of a girl who was engaged to him. Being unable to read her letters, he remained unhappy till he was helped by the hidden mysteries of Heaven to read them.

Lastly, I must record my hearty thanks to Professor William Knight, of St Andrews, and Drs Peile and Kenny, of Cambridge, for the kind assistance they have rendered to me in carrying out this work. Last, but not the least, my warmest thanks are due to Mr John Murray for encouraging me to put this book into his hand for publication.

SULTAN MAHOMED KHAN.

CONTENTS

—*—

CHAPTER IX

CHAPTER X

CHAPTER XI

CHAPTER XII

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF THE BARAKZAIS.

- *Payandah* Khan.
  - Fatteh Khan.
  - *Amir* Dost Mahomed.
    - *Amir* Afzul. *d.* 1867.
      - Abdur Rahman.
        - Abdullah Khan. *d. circ.* 1875-79.
        - Habibullah. *b. circ.* 1872.
        - Nasrullah. *b. circ.* 1874.
        - Shamsuddin. *d.* 1883.
        - Hafizullah. *d.* 1895, aged 14.
        - Aminullah.
        - Mahomed Omar. *b.* 1889.
        - Ghulam Ali. *b.* 1889.
    - *Amir* Azim. *d.* 1869.
      - Ishak Khan.
    - Akbar Khan. *d.* 1847.
      - Fatteh Khan. *d.* 1871.
    - Ghulam Haidar. *d.* 1858.
    - *Amir* Shere Ali. *d.* 1879.
      - Mahomed Ali. *d.* 1865.
      - Ibrahim.
      - *Amir* Yakub.
        - Musa Jan.
      - Ayub.
      - Abdullah Jan. *d.* 1878.
    - Mahomed Sharif. *d.* 1865.
    - Mahomed Amin. *d.* 1865
      - Ismail. *d.* 1878.
    - Wali Mahomed *d.* 1889.
    - Faiz Mahomed. *d.* 1867.
  - Merdil Khan.
    - *Wali* Shere Ali.
  - Sultan Mahomed.
    - Abdul Kudus.

Note.—*The above table, without pretence to being a Complete Genealogy of the Amir's family, will enable the reader to identify the principal persons mentioned in the book.*

THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN.

CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS

(CIRCA 1853-1864)

In the year of Hijira, when I was nine years[1] old, my father sent for me to go to Balkh from Kabul. My father was then King, and Viceroy of Balkh and of its dependencies. At the time of my arrival I found him besieging Shibarghan, and I remained at Balkh for two months, at the end of which period the conquest of Shibarghan was completed; and, on my father's return, I went ten miles south of Balkh to receive him at a place called Dasht-i-Imam (*i.e.* Desert of the Leader). My eyes were gladdened by the sight of my father, who knelt down and thanked God for my safety. We returned to Balkh together, and a few days after, he ordered me to begin my lessons. I tried to read and write all day, but I was very dull. I hated lessons, and my thoughts were too much occupied with riding and shooting. What I learned to-day I forgot to-morrow; but it was compulsory, and there was no getting out of it. My tutor tried hard

[1] Abdur Rahman was probably born in 1844.

to teach me with little success. At the end of a year a new school, with a garden attached, was built for me, at a place called Taktapul (Bridge of the Boards) in the suburbs of Balkh. The reason of this was, that Balkh was an old and unhealthy city, also that my father was accustomed to pray at the holy tomb of the King of the Saints, "Ali" Murtza. This blessed tomb was nearer Taktapul than Balkh; and, in time, my father built his Harems, Courts, Cantonments, and workshops there. Gardens were also planted, and in three years a new and beautiful city sprang up.

In the spring of the fourth year my father went to Kabul to pay his respects to his father, the Amir Dost Mahomed Khan, appointing me viceroy in his place. My programme during the next six months was as follows. The hours before 8 o'clock in the morning I employed in studying, and from 8 to 2 P.M. I held my Court. After dismissing my Court, I slept; and, late in the afternoon, I rode my horse for the sake of the fresh air. At the beginning of the winter my father wrote to me from Kabul that my grandfather had graciously bestowed upon me the honour of the Governorship of Tashkurghan, for which place I was to start immediately, accompanied by 1000 sowars, 2000 militia, and six guns. In accordance with these instructions I set out for Tashkurghan, and on my arrival there, Sirdar Mahomed Amin Khan (brother of Wazir Mahomed Akbar Khan) set out for Kabul, first handing over to me the Governorship of the place. My father had appointed an assistant for me, called Haidar Khan. This gentleman, who was a dignified and clever man, was a Kizal Bash chief, who had

authority to keep his own flag, a military band, and 200 sowars. His father, Mahomed Khan, was an able man, and had a large number of followers at Kabul. My programme at the time was as follows: From early morning till 9 A.M. study. From 9 A.M. to 2 P.M. holding my Court, hearing cases, and settling the disputes of my subjects. After 2 P.M. I slept, and later practised different kinds of military exercise, big shooting, riding, polo, etc. Friday being a holiday, I generally spent the whole day hunting, returning at night to the fort of Tashkurghan. Five months after my appointment my father and my mother (who had been in Kabul since I left) came to see me, and I was very glad to kiss their hands. My father stayed with me at Tashkurghan until the following spring, when he set out for Balkh, leaving my mother with me, and I continued my studies, and administered the Governorship of the districts. Being kindly disposed towards the army, and the subjects of Tashkurghan, many of whom were my personal attendants, I bestowed certain presents on the people, and reduced the fixed revenues on land when there was any failure in the crops.

At the end of two years my father returned, and requested that the accounts of the province should be submitted to him. On discovering my leniency he at once refused to allow the concessions I had made. I begged him not to insist on the repayment of the money, but he refused, saying he was obliged to do so, as the income of the country was so small, and the army so large. He stayed with us three months, collecting about one lakh of rupees, the amount I had exonerated my subjects from paying, and returned to

Balkh. On his departure I resigned the Governorship, stating that I was not invested with full power to govern according to my ideas. I left my assistant governor of Tashkurghan in my place, and took up my residence at Taktapul, again resuming my studies. On Thursday afternoons I always went shooting, returning the evening of the next day, after passing one night and two days out of doors. My shooting party as a rule consisted of nearly 200 dogs, hawks, falcons, and other birds of prey, 100 page-boys, and my mounted suite, numbering in all about 500. We generally chose to shoot and hunt in the jungles near the Oxus, but sometimes we passed our days fishing in the river called Bawina Karā, which is the only river of Hazhdah Nahr of Balkh.

At this time Wazir Yar Mahomed Khan, Governor of Herat, wrote to my father, saying it was his pleasure to bestow on me his daughter's hand in marriage. His request being granted, I was engaged, which strongly cemented the friendship between him and my father. Another great favourite of my father's was Sirdar Abdur Rahim Khan of the family of Sirdar Rahimdād Khan. This man was very treacherous and ill-natured, jealousy being a hereditary disease in his family. He resented my influence at Court, thinking he would lose power if I had the charge of the army, so he made false accusations against me, often causing my father to be angry with me without cause. The head officer in my father's army was an Englishman named General Shir Mahomed Khan, who had changed his religion. This officer, known in Europe by the name of Campbell, was captured by my

grandfather's army in 1250 (Hijira) at the battle of Kandahar against Shah Shujāh. He was a very clever military officer, as well as a good doctor. His character was most heroic, and he had a great regard for me. He was one of the ablest men of his day, and occupied the position of Commander-in-Chief over the entire army of Balkh, numbering 30,500, out of which 15,000 were regulars, including cavalry, infantry, and artillery. The remainder consisted of militia soldiers, belonging to three races, Usbeg, Durani, and Kabuli. There were eighty guns, twelve having been sent from Kabul at the time of Sirdar Akram Khan's governorship; the rest being made in Kabul under the superintendence of my father. The army was in very good condition, being drilled regularly every day. One day Shir Mahomed Khan asked my father to place me under his instructions, so that before his death he might impart his knowledge to me. My father consenting to this, instructed me to go to the Governor for two or three hours daily, as much to train me as to prevent me wasting my time. I said "Ba chishm" (by my eyes), and went willingly. For two or three years I continued to be trained in surgery and military tactics. My father had also sent for a few rifle-makers from Kabul, and opened a workshop near my school. At mid-day, after my lessons and work were finished, I went to this school, and learned to do blacksmith's work with my own hands, also the work of filemen. In this way I acquired the art of rifle-making, and I made three complete double rifles with my own hands. These were considered better than those made by my instructors. The before-mentioned

Abdur Rahim Khan showed great jealousy of my progress, and began intriguing against me. One day he told my father I had contracted the habit of drinking wine and smoking Indian hemp. I had never done anything of the kind, but being very young, and very unhappy with these continual scoldings, I made up my mind to run away from Balkh to Herat, where my father-in-law lived. When I was privately making my preparations, my servants reported my intentions to my father, who made enquiries, and finding the report true, put me in prison, taking all my soldiers, slaves, and servants away from me. My foolish mistake had given colour to the accusations Abdur Rahim had been making against me. I was one year in prison, with chains on my ankles, and was very unhappy.

At the end of this time Shir Mahomed Khan died, and Abdur Rahim expected to be made General in his place, but my father suspecting him to be a traitor, appointed instead one of his trusted personal attendants of the Tukhi tribe, named Abdul Rauf Khan, son of Jafr Khan, who had proved himself a very brave soldier in many battles, and who was killed in the battle of Kandahar. This man was also a descendant of Jafr Khan, Wazir of Shah Husam Ghilzai, ruler of Kandahar. When he found himself selected for the post of Commander-in-Chief of the army, he refused to accept it, saying to my father that his own son, who had been one year in prison, and therefore punished sufficiently for his faults, was the proper person to take the place of Shir Mahomed Khan. My father at first refused to listen to such a proposal, saying Abdul Rauf must be mad to think the army could be placed under

my care, but being urged to give me a trial, he finally consented to send for me.

I came straight from prison to appear before my father without dressing my hair or washing my face, wearing the same clothes in which he had last seen me, with chains around my ankles.

The moment he saw me his eyes filled with tears, and he said, "Why do you behave like this?" I answered: "I have done no wrong, it is the fault of those who call themselves your well-wishers that I am in this condition." While I was speaking it happened that Abdur Rahim appeared in the Court, and on seeing him I continued: "This is the traitor who has placed me in chains; time will prove which of us is in the wrong." At this Abdur Rahim changed colour with anxiety and anger, but he could do or say nothing. My father addressed himself to all the military officers, saying, "I appoint this my lunatic son to be General over you." To which they replied: "God forbid that your son should be a lunatic: we know well that he is wise and sensible, you also will find this out, and will prove that it is disloyal people who give him a bad character." My father then gave me leave to go and take up my duties. I was overjoyed, and went and refreshed myself with a Turkish bath. My servants meantime gathered round me, congratulating me on my release and good fortune.

The next day I took charge of the army, and inspected the workshops and magazines. I appointed General Amir Ahmad Khan (afterwards my representative in India), who was a commanding officer in the artillery, as a superintendent of the workshops, and Com-

mandant Mahomed Zaman Khan as superintendent of the magazines. Sikander Khan (afterwards killed in a battle between the Russians and the King of Bokhara, and whose brother, Ghulam Haidar, is now Commander-in-Chief in Kabul[1]), with another of the same name but of the Barukzai tribe, I appointed as chief officers of battalions. I, myself, inspected all the different departments from morning till night, reporting the progress made daily to my father, who became more pleased every day.

The army was so thoroughly organised that neither before nor since has it been in such good order. One of the reasons of this is that the present officials are over-luxurious. In the reign of Amir Shere Ali they were accustomed to take bribes and neglect their duties. Now they ought to be content with their salaries, doing their work regularly and well. A wise poet says: "Do not consort with thieves; they may make some effect upon your minds." By the grace of God my people may profit by my advice, and will gradually make progress.

My father being satisfied with my military services, gave me full authority over the entire army, keeping to himself the civil affairs of the country, with the accounts of the kingdom. After a short time my father went to Tashkurghan, to which place I accompanied him with my body-guard. On our arrival, Mir Atalik's brother brought a letter with some presents for my father, who received him warmly, and persuaded him to return with a message for his brother, to the effect that as his country lay on the

[1] He died in 1897.

side of the Oxus river, and was in close connection with Afghanistan, he ought to consider himself under the protection of the reigning Amir of Kabul, Dost Mahomed Khan, instead of under the King of Bokhara, and ought to repeat the name of Dost Mahomed in his Khutba, as their present habit was an insult to Afghanistan. On receiving this message Mir Atalik lost his temper with his brother, and tried to imprison him, but he fled towards Tashkurghan. He, however, was pursued and overtaken by Mir Atalik's sowars, at a place called Abdan. Hearing of this, we sent a force to assist him, but he was killed before they arrived, and all they could do was to defeat Mir Atalik's sowars, and return with the dead body of his brother. Mir Atalik, hearing of the defeat of his sowars, went to complain to the King of Bokhara (Amir Muzaffar). This King had succeeded to the throne that year on the death of his father, and was staying at Hissar to quell a rebellion in that country. The King gave heed to Mir Atalik's complaint, and sent him a flag and a tent, telling him to erect the tent in his country, with the flag in front, to frighten the Afghans. The credulous Mir, believing that this was all he needed, returned to Kataghan, and sent a defiance to us. My father reported his attitude to the Amir, who commanded him to send an army to take possession of Kataghan. My father invited his brother, Sirdar Azim Khan, to leave Kuram Khost (of which country he was Governor), and to come and see him. I was sent as far as Aibak to receive him.

In the spring, before the army was despatched to Kataghan, I took six days' leave to see that everything was thoroughly in order. Being satisfied that this

was so, I invited my father to make a personal inspection also. He professed himself satisfied with my arrangements, and gave me a horse with gold harness and saddle, also a jewelled belt and sword, saying: "Go thou, God be with you, I leave you in His protection." I kissed his hands, and two days later being appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army under my uncle Azim Khan, I started. On my arrival in the city of Tashkurghan, the people, with whom I was very popular, received me warmly. I encamped my force in the plain of Namazgah, and to show my gratitude to the people, I invited all the chiefs of the town to a banquet. They afterwards proved faithful to me and my army. In about fifteen days my uncle joined me, and together we started for Aibak, arriving there after a few days' march. We halted three days, arranging provisions and transport animals, and from there marched towards the fort of Ghori, which was fortified by Mir Atalik's infantry and cavalry. We reached this fort after five days' march. On our arrival there, I arranged my troops, 20,000 in number, with 40 guns, in front of the fort, for the enemy's benefit, after which display we encamped in a safe place. Late in the afternoon I inspected the situation of the fort, accompanied by a few officers, pointing out suitable places for guns, etc., also ordering that entrenchments should be made. Under cover of night I gave orders that underground mines should be laid towards the moat of the fort, and these were finished by the following morning.

In the afternoon Mir Atalik showed himself from the top of the hill, with 40,000 sowars, to his soldiers

within the fort, to encourage them to make a brave resistance. On seeing him there, I forestalled any attacks he might make on our entrenchments, by an assault on his rear, with 2000 sowars, 12 mule-battery guns, and 4 battalions of infantry. The Mir was unaware of our approach until I ordered the heavy guns to be fired. At this sudden attack, being ignorant of the smallness of my force, he fled with all his army. I returned to my camp and inspected the mines until eleven o'clock that evening when, after seeing the sentries were at their posts, I retired to rest. At sunrise I inspected the troops, and sent 2000 to a distance of 12 miles as an advance guard, to provide for the safety of the transport animals, and against any unexpected attack of the enemy, also to keep me informed of their movements. Three days after, I received the intelligence that 15 miles distant were 8000 sowars, concealed in a place called Chasma-i-Shir (the Spring of Milk). The object of this manœuvre evidently being to attack our transports on their way to and from the camp, I at once appointed 4000 sowars and 2 guns, under the command of Ghulam Mahomed Khan, Populzai, and Mahomed Alam Khan, to attack them. This they did so successfully that after a very slight skirmish the Kataghan sowars were defeated, and 2000 were taken prisoners. The remainder fled to Baghlan, where their Mir was encamped.

When this news reached Kataghan, Mir Atalik being encamped only 18 miles distant lost courage, and retired towards Kunduz. Of the sowars I had sent to Chasma-i-Shir, 1000 remained in possession of Baghlan, while the others returned to my camp in triumph. My

uncle bestowed rewards on those who had distinguished themselves in battle, and khilats on others.

In the afternoon of the same day I visited the entrenchments, and spoke from behind to the soldiers in the fort, saying: "You people are Muslims, and I also am a Muslim. You have seen the defeat of your Mir, therefore it is folly to continue killing my Muslims and being yourselves killed by them. Leave the fort to me, and I will make terms to your satisfaction." To this, they made no reply, and in the evening I appointed certain of my officers to attack the fort at daybreak in the following manner: First, they were to attack Sukila, a place outside the moat of the inner fort. This place was also surrounded by a moat. Before the attack was made I directed the heavy guns to be continually fired from sunrise to morning, the object being to alarm the enemy. Directly the guns ceased, a few soldiers were to make several attacks on different aspects of the fort, to draw attention from Sukila, the real point of attack. The greater part of my force was to approach this latter place noiselessly, and, having scaled the walls, was to cry out loudly: "Ya chahar yar."[1] All this was carried out as I instructed, the enemy flying from the outer fort to the inner one. The moat surrounding this fort was ten yards deep, and twenty-three yards in width. Fortunately, the water was exceedingly clear, which enabled my officers to observe a hidden bridge composed of wattled cane, which had been constructed about thirty-six inches under the surface of the water. With loud cries

[1] "Oh! Four Friends."

of triumph they plunged into the water, and waded to the opposite side. The soldiers immediately followed, and taking possession of the bazaars, they made holes in the walls, through which they fired at the people within the fort.

While this was happening, I wrote a letter to the Governor in charge of the fort, saying that if he surrendered, I would spare the lives and property of his sowars, and would look upon them as my subjects. I ordered the firing to cease, and sent this letter by one of my prisoners. The Governor and chief officers of the fort came out to answer me personally, and discuss the terms of surrender. They agreed to my conditions, and opened the gates, the inhabitants streaming out in large numbers. The majority of these I sent to my uncle, who bestowed khilats on the chiefs, after which he dismissed them to their homes. Their number was fully 10,000, but their Mir having no knowledge of war, had only allowed them provisions for ten days, and had I delayed my attack, they would have been obliged to surrender. Their Mir evidently thought the tent and flag bestowed on them by the King of Bokhara was alone sufficient to sustain a large army. God be praised for having created so wise a people!

The followers of Mir Atalik were overjoyed and surprised at our kind treatment, as their chiefs had told them so much of the cruelty of the Afghans. Their fears being now dissipated, they deserted in large numbers, and returned to their homes. The Mir left Kataghan with a few faithful followers, and

took refuge in Rustak, under the rule of the Mirs of Badakshan. On receiving this news, we immediately marched from Ghori to Baghlan, his capital, and from there sent letters to all the chiefs of the country, giving them every promise of our support, and on some bestowing khilats. We also appointed governors and magistrates of the religious courts. After this I left Baghlan for Khanabad, encamping on a high ground near the river bank. I sent 2 battalions, 1000 Usbeg militia sowars, 500 Afghan sowars, 500 militia infantry, with 6 mule-guns, towards Talikhan. The commanding officer of this force, Mahomed Yamen Khan, son of the great Amir Dost Mahomed Khan, was appointed by my uncle to be Sirdar. The army arrived at Talikhan after crossing the Bargi river, and immediately made entrenchments near the fort, destroying it in a short time. My uncle and I, meantime, were busy in Khanabad, making every alteration necessary in a captured city, one of these being that my grandfather's name was inserted in the prayer-books.

Shortly after this, the people of Andarab and Khost, being persuaded by Mir Atalik and the Mirs of Badakshan to rebel, attacked their Governor, to whose assistance I sent 4000 soldiers from Khanabad under the command of Sirdar Mahomed Omar and others. My grandfather dispatched Sirdar Mahomed Sharif Khan from Kabul, with 2 battalions and 1000 militia infantry, 1000 cavalry, and 6 guns. The two armies united at a place called Buzdara, where they fought, and severely punished the rebels, who lost 2000 men, killed and wounded, in the field.

After this victory the two forces returned to Khanabad and Kabul, leaving 500 men with the Governor at Andarab. The Mir of Kataghan, on hearing of the destruction of the fort of Talikhan, left Rustak, and crossing the Oxus took up his residence in a place called Syad, near Kolab. The Mir of Kolab at that time was Mir Sarabeg, afterwards defeated by the King of Bokhara. Being obliged to leave his kingdom, he came to Kabul, where he became a highly respected member of my Court. Being a relation of Mir Atalik, he allowed him 10,000 sowars, while the Badakshan people gave him 10,000. This force, with 2000 of his own men, jointly attacked the provinces near the camp, and the forts of Hazrat, Imam and Talikhan, and plundered all the transport animals they could capture. The sowars whom I had employed as advance guards constantly came in contact with these men, and as many as one or two hundred were killed on both sides. Those captured I had blown from the guns. The total number punished in this way, during the three years of the rebellion, amounted to 5000. Those killed by my army were about 10,000.

After a year passed in endeavouring to quell the rebellion, Sirdar Yamen Khan wrote to say he had not sufficient troops to resist 15,000 families of the enemies of Badakshan; that he must either receive reinforcements, or retire. Receiving no reply, he finally started for Khanabad without permission. My uncle and I consulted together. I suggested that I should go and fight in his place, and I said that, with God's help, I would put the country to rights

without further assistance than 6 mule-battery guns, and 5000 sowars. My uncle replied that it was a very difficult matter, and that being a young man without a beard yet, I might lose courage. I said I would show him if this was so, and I started the same day. After a long march I reached Talikhan. The army was delighted to see me, and Sirdar Yamen Khan met me on the way. Although he was my uncle, and far older than I, being proved a coward, I turned my face from him, and would not say anything but that he was a disgrace to his celebrated father, Dost Mahomed.

Two days after my arrival, the populations of Rustak and Badakshan, under the instructions of Mir Yusif Ali, brother to Mir Shah of Faizabad, appointed 2000 or 3000 sowars to plunder the country round my camp, and in the valley of Talikhan. They suddenly attacked my pony and camel transport animals, which were bringing provisions under the charge of 200 militia soldiers and 50 sowars. These men at once despatched a messenger with the news of their plight to me, and at the same time defended themselves as best they could. On receiving their message I hurriedly sent 700 soldiers to their aid, who defeated the plunderers, bringing the camels and ponies safely back to camp. Two days later the rebellious force attacked those villages which rendered their allegiance to me, and I again sent a strong force and dispersed the rebels, taking ten prisoners, and capturing 200 horses.

This kind of thing lasted for three months till one day an Ashan, who was an ecclesiastical leader

of the Mirs of Kataghan, invited me to dinner. I accepted his invitation, taking with me 300 cavalry and 200 militia sowars. His house was only two miles from my camp, and unknown to him I sent 100 sowars as an advance guard to surround the house some distance off. After some conversation with my host dinner was announced, and almost at the same time one of my advance guard brought me news that a large army had attacked them, and they were being obliged to retire slowly. I immediately took my host and his sons prisoners, and started to join my men. At the same time I sent a horseman to my camp demanding that 1000 sowars, 1 battalion, and 2 guns should be sent at once to my assistance, suggesting that the gunners and infantry should ride behind the cavalry to save time. Finding the rebel army amounted to about 10,000 in number, and were marching towards us, I divided my small army into eight divisions, stationing each division some distance from the other, and keeping the largest division with me. The first of these I ordered to fire, and when they were surrounded as I expected, the second division were to open fire, and when they were surrounded the third was to make an attack, and so on, until they were all engaged, and it remained for me with the largest division to draw our swords and engage the enemy.

Meanwhile reinforcements from the camp arrived, and I made a general attack. The rebels, exhausted and divided by reason of having to face so many divisions of my army, were so thoroughly defeated that leaving their wounded—100 dead, and 400 prisoners—in our hands, they fled, whilst only 100 of my soldiers

were killed. I thanked God for so complete a victory over such superior numbers, and there was much rejoicing among us. Amongst my prisoners were ten or twelve chiefs of the Rustak people, who abused the Ashan ecclesiastic, saying he was the cause of their imprisonment, as he had written to their Mirs of his intention to invite the Commander of the Afghan army to deliver him up into their hands, if they could send a sufficient army to defeat his body-guard. In expectation of success the Mirs had sent these chiefs with 10,000 sowars, only to fall prisoners into my hands. Late that night I returned to camp, and reported the matter to my uncle in Khanabad, sending the Ashan priest also as a prisoner. The wounded I placed under the care of the surgeons, and when they were recovered I presented some of them with khilats, and others with their travelling expenses and dismissed them, instructing them to persuade their people to give up their habit of robbery. I also sent a message to their Mir to the effect that if he desired to go to war, he and his brother should openly do so, instead of resorting to the treachery of sending an envoy to my father at Taktapul to assure him of their friendship, when all the time they were conspiring against him. I also instructed them to say, that if my father wished me to conquer Badakshan, the Mir had not sufficient strength to stand against me for six hours. The Kataghan prisoners I did not release, but sent a message to inform their relations (who had left the country, and settled under the King of Bokhara) that unless they returned to their homes I would execute all the prisoners then in my hands. I persuaded these men

themselves to communicate with their friends, admonishing them to return without fear. The result of this was that a few Kataghan priests came as their representatives to make terms with me. I gave them an oath in the name of God, that if their people did nothing to injure the Government of Afghanistan, and would prove themselves peaceful and loyal subjects, I would look upon them as my own people, and would protect their interests. On the priests returning with these my assurances, all the 2000 families returned to their homes, and settled at Talikhan.

The message I had sent by the Badakshan prisoners to the obstinate Mir Yusif Ali, had no effect on his mind, and he continued his habit of robbery and plunder. After a few weeks of peace, he consulted with the Mir of Kataghan, the Mir of Kolab, and his brother Mir Shah, and managed to persuade them that the only way to gain a decisive victory over me, was to combine their forces, and make two desperate attacks simultaneously in two different places, viz. Talikhan and Chal. In this latter place were stationed 400 infantry soldiers, 400 militia, 500 sowars, and 2 mule-battery guns, under the command of a brave experienced officer called Sirdar Mahomed Alam Khan. The plan of attack was as follows:—A small body of men were to pillage the surrounding country to deceive us into thinking there was no organised army, but merely a handful of robbers. At the same time, about 30,000 sowars were to hide themselves in the gardens of Talikhan at night under the command of Mir Ali Wali (a cousin of Mir Atalik). The following morning 100 of these rebels coming out

of their hiding-place plundered 100 camels, which had been let out to graze, and the officers of the advance guard carelessly sent 200 sowars to beat back the rebels, and secure the safety of the camels. On learning what had been done, I explained to the officer that he had made a mistake in sending so small a force without first ascertaining the strength of the enemy, as I felt convinced that 100 sowars would not have interfered with my camels so near the advance guard, unless their force were concealed near by, and I ordered the entire army to be prepared for war immediately. As it turned out, I was right, for by the time the men were ready, we perceived our sowars, of whom only 160 had escaped with their lives, headed by one of my bravest officers, flying towards us pursued by 40,000 of the enemy. I had taken the precaution to place my guns with 200 infantry on the top of a hill called Ortabuz, and had instructed the gunners not to fire until the word of command was given. I also placed 1000 infantry on the right of the enemy, and 500 on the left, and with the remainder of the cavalry and infantry I faced the enemy outside the entrenchments. When the armies were fully engaged in battle, and the enemy's attention was entirely occupied, I sent the gunners to the rear, and ordered the infantry on their right and left to fire, and redoubling my attack in their front, they became bewildered at the sharp showers of shell and bullets from all directions, and, not knowing the extent of my force, lost ground, and turning round faced the gunners. On observing them waver I incited the cavalry to a renewed attack, which broke their ranks, and the rout was complete. The

battle had lasted nine hours, the rebels losing 3000 dead in the field, whilst our losses were estimated at 100 dead and a number wounded. We also took 600 prisoners with 5000 horses. I ordered a tower to be erected out of the heads of the dead rebels to strike fear into the hearts of those still alive. I then wrote a full report of this great victory to my uncle, congratulating him on our triumph.

The rebels of Chal offered but slight resistance, being only 12,000 in number. They were commanded by Mir Bababeg and Mir Sultan Murad. After a short skirmish they broke and fled with their wounded, leaving 100 dead on the field. Mir Bababeg fell from his horse, breaking his leg, and was carried away by his followers. After this decisive victory the Mirs of Badakshan felt convinced they could not face the trained Afghan soldiers in the open field of battle, and that their only hope was to continue their system of plunder and treachery.

About this time Mir Muzaffar, the King of Bokhara, being anxious to see what treatment the Afghans showed to the people of Badakshan, crossed the Oxus, and took up his residence at Charikar. My father, having only 10,500 men in his army, and doubting the friendly relations of Mir Muzaffar, wrote to my uncle to keep 12,000 Charkhi soldiers out of the 20,000 he now had, and to send 8000 men under my command to reinforce him. This number would enable him to protect the country, and to fight if called upon to do so. There was also a possibility of a general rebellion among our Usbeg subjects, who were of the same nationality as the King of Bokhara. My uncle having very little know-

ledge of the country of Turkestan, became alarmed at this prospect, and wrote me to leave possession of Talikhan and start for Khanabad with my army. I answered that it would be better for me to hold myself in readiness to start if required, as it would be imprudent to leave a country so lately conquered after so many struggles and difficulties, with no army to protect our interests. But my uncle would not listen to reason, and again wrote insisting on my starting immediately. So there was nothing to do but obey, and the next morning I started early with my whole army. Not having sufficient transport animals to carry all the ammunition, I arranged that the remainder should be divided among the infantry and sowars, each man to carry a little extra weight. As there would be considerable difficulty in providing the army with food on the way to Khanabad, I sent 100 sowars to plunder and carry away as many sheep as they could from a flock of 15,000 belonging to the Ortabuz people.

I then divided my army into three divisions—the advance guard under Sirdar Shams-ud-din Khan, son of Sirdar Amin Mahomed Khan; the militia, infantry, and part of the cavalry to form the centre division with four guns; and the third and last division with the whole of the artillery, the remainder of the infantry, and one-third of the cavalry. The 100 sowars who had been sent to obtain sheep, joined me at a village called Khwaja Changal. The Talikhan people being encouraged by our sudden march, followed us from the rear, in number about 5000 to 6000 sowars, but they had not the courage to attack us. To put an end to this, I ordered

one battalion of soldiers to hide themselves in a cave about 1000 yards in length on the road-side, instructing them to fire when the rebels passed by.

My orders were carried out as arranged, and at the sound of firing my men turned and attacked them from the front. This sudden onslaught from front and rear completely overwhelmed the sowars, who fled in all directions, some throwing themselves into the river, others climbing to the tops of hills, to escape our bullets. Including men lost in this way, their casualties amounted to 400. We continued our way unmolested towards Khanabad, and at night-fall one of our guns fell into a river as we were crossing it. The soldiers failing to recover it, I dismounted, and with a few others, managed to bring the gun to the opposite bank, but my clothes were very wet, and I could not leave the army to change, whilst the soldiers dried theirs by setting fire to the dry bushes of the jungle. About two o'clock, when we were nearing Khanabad, we heard the sound of heavy firing, evidently coming from the direction of my uncle's camp. Sirdar Shams-ud-din Khan suggested that the guns belonged to the Usbeg sowars, who must have plundered my uncle's camp, and that our best course was to escape towards Kabul. I replied that in the year 1257 I had heard people admiring his bravery in the battle fought against the English, and where was that bravery now? At which he remained silent. I sent six sowars to my uncle, saying I had heard firing proceeding from his camp, and I had determined to remain where I was, but was ready to fight if necessary in any direction, on receiving a summons from him. In

an hour's time a man came galloping to me with the news that the guns were fired by my uncle to celebrate the fact that the King of Bokhara had fled across the Oxus from Bosaga.

Now, one of my father's personal attendants, a brave and experienced man, a very lion in the field of battle, named Ghulam Ali Khan, had the care of the chief frontier guards of the Oxus; he was also governor of three Nahrs of Hazhda Nahr. This man had gone to Karki and Bosaga on a visit of inspection to the frontier. When he came across 2000 sowars belonging to the King of Bokhara, they immediately exchanged shots, and after a small skirmish fled towards the camp of Mir Muzaffar. The Mir marched towards Bokhara, leaving a part of his luggage and tents behind. These were captured by Ghulam Ali, who distributed the baggage as booty to the soldiers, sending the tents of the king to my father. At this good news I started at once to my uncle, and congratulated him on our mutual good fortune. Receiving his permission the following day, I sent 2 battalions, 1 regiment of cavalry, 2 guns, and 500 militia soldiers to Talikhan to let the people know that we had not yet given up possession of their city. I also sent a message to the effect that if the people of Badakshan misbehaved again, I should arrive there with reinforcements without loss of time.

Meantime I remained in Khanabad, putting the army (which I had not seen for five months) in order. When the Talikhan people found that the army, so lately got rid of, had returned, and there was no hope of evading the Afghan rule, they offered the

cousin of Mir Shah in marriage to my uncle, who accepted her with great pleasure. I was greatly averse to this alliance, and expatiated on the drawbacks of a union with so treacherous a people, craving rather my uncle's permission to go and take Badakshan by force, and so rid ourselves of the trouble of an untrustworthy enemy, or so-called ally, who would always be a thorn in our flesh. My uncle, however, would not listen, and ate the sweets of his engagement.

The Mirs of Badakshan, being satisfied with the turn which affairs had taken, sent Mir Yusif Ali (a very treacherous man) with promises of loyalty and many presents to my uncle, who entirely changed his mind about conquering the country. At this time my mother, taking advantage of the general peacefulness of affairs, begged my father to allow me to go to see her. He consented, and wrote to me to join them at Taktapul. I left the army in charge of the colonels and commandants, and started with a body-guard of 400 sowars. On my way I halted at Tashkurghan, and from there visited the blessed tomb of the King of the Saints. I rubbed my face on the gates to give light to my eyes from the light of his tomb, and comfort to my heart from the help of his soul, and continued my way to Taktapul. On my arrival I kissed the hands of my parents, who gave much charity to the poor in token of their pleasure at seeing me, all my relations doing the same according to their means. The next day I inspected the magazines, workshops, and stores, and finding them in good order, I added to the salaries of their superintendents, also giving away khilats to those of good character. All the tents and other requi-

sites required by my army at Kataghan I ordered to be made at the workshops. These were completed and sent in less than a month.

For the space of one year I was occupied with the administration of the Taktapul army, at the end of which time, in the spring, I started for Kataghan. One curious accident which I may mention happened to me on my way there. At one of our halting-places, called Kazwinar (which means, "The playing-place of the girls"), I went to take a walk on the surrounding hills where the transport animals were grazing. I happened to have missed my soldiers, when a wild camel attacked me. I had no arms save a small dagger in my belt, so I began running round and round a large stone. The camel followed me many times round the stone, till I was well-nigh exhausted, and, finding none of my soldiers had arrived, I was obliged in self-preservation to stop and face the camel, and picking up a big stone, I hit him as hard as I could on the ear, which knocked him on his knees. Before he had time to rise I drew my dagger and cut his throat, the blood spurting all over me. Seeing the animal dying before me, and being worn out, I fainted, and must have remained unconscious for an hour. On recovering my senses I was delighted to find the camel quite dead. To punish my servants for so long neglecting me, I ordered each one to receive thirty strokes, and made it a rule, that during any private business, which necessitates my leaving my body-guard for any short time, two or three confidential people must always be near me. This world is beset with dangers!

I found the army of Kataghan very pleased to see

me, and I conveyed to the soldiers a message from my father, that he looked upon them all as sons, and felt the same fatherly affection for them as he felt for me, Abdur Rahman. At this they cried out with joy, saying: "Every one of us will sacrifice his life for our father, Sirdar Mahomed Afzul Khan." I also conveyed my father's compliments, with kind messages, to my uncle; after which I retired to my house, where the military had arranged a banquet, with fireworks afterwards, in my honour. The following day I went my usual round of inspection to the magazines, stores, and artillery, thanking God that I found everything in such good order. The next day I ordered a grand review to take place.

After a week's stay I went to see the army in Talikhan, which I also found in a very satisfactory condition. The Mirs of Badakshan, hearing of my arrival, sent me as presents six handsome slave boys, nine horses complete with silver harness and saddles, nine bags of honey, five hawks, and two hounds. In return I sent the Mirs khilats and other presents, besides a letter reminding them that when I was last in Talikhan they had promised to give me the possession of certain mines, consisting of one topaz, five gold, one lapis lazuli, one malachite, and others, but that when I had made enquiries from my uncle, I found they had not done so. On receiving my letter they authorised me to take possession of them, which I did, forwarding some of the precious stones with the other presents to my father.

The events of the following two years are not worth recording. At the end of this time my uncle was re-

called by my father, and Sirdar Abdul Ghais Khan, my father's cousin, was appointed Governor.[1] My uncle stayed a short time in Kabul, after which he left for his own states of Kuram Khost. I met him in Shuri on the way thither, and received an invitation from my father to meet him in Aibak, and to accompany him to Balkh. Giving careful instructions as to the proper care of my army, to the officers in Khanabad, I went to Aibak and kissed my father's hands, and we started together for Taktapul, where we remained during the whole winter.

In the spring, at Noroz (New Year's Day), Sirdar Abdul Ghais died of the plague, and trouble also broke out at Herat, of which country Sirdar Sultan Ahmad Khan, my grandfather's nephew, and an official of the Shah of Persia were Governors. This man had caused a disturbance in the provinces of Kandahar, and my grandfather, Dost Mahomed, set out with my uncle to punish him. They besieged the fort of Herat for several months, and in March my father and I were rejoiced to receive tidings at Balkh of the victory of Farah (in the province of Herat). After thanksgivings which this good news occasioned, my father sent me to Khanabad as Governor-General of the army. I found the country in very bad order. The Governors of each town had consumed the revenues of their districts themselves, and the late Sirdar had known nothing of what had gone on, being more of a doctor than a governor, who spent most of his time in prescribing for the people. He was, however, such a coward, that he

[1] His son, Abdul Rashid, was made Governor of Jellalabad by me (1897), and dismissed, owing to his cruelty and oppression.

had been frightened by the threats of a Mir of Badakshan into releasing a thief who had been justly imprisoned. This man (Mir Shah), who had so abused his office, was dead, and had been succeeded by his son, Mir Jahandar Shah. Mir Yusif Ali, his brother, had been murdered by his nephew, Mir Shah Syad, a year before my arrival; and this man's son had succeeded, although he was partly a lunatic, an opium smoker, and a drunkard. Mir Bababeg Khan, ruler of Kishm (whose father died before the two brothers), had fallen in love with the widow of Mir Shah, sister of Yusif Ali. Their engagement was announced, when, furious at this turn of events, Jahandar Shah attacked Kishm, and taking Bababeg prisoner, married his step-mother himself, boasting that he had married his own mother. Shortly after this, Mir Bababeg escaped from prison just before my arrival, and fled to Khanabad. I found also that the soldiers had not received their pay for eight months of the past year and four of the present. My first care was to collect the revenues and arrears of money due from all the Governors, and to discharge this debt. The officers of two battalions and 400 sowars of my uncle's army were also stationed at Khanabad, and these men had taken advantage of the apathy of the late Sirdar to collect and spend the revenues of the country to a large amount. My arrival, which put an end to their malpractices, was keenly resented by them, and their first attempt at revenge was to induce the army to rebel and desert to Kabul. My cousin, Mir Aziz, who was in Kabul, and the nominal head of his father's army, being only eleven years old, was completely under the bad influence of his tutors and

guardians, who were all allied with the officers of the battalion above-mentioned. These men instilled into the minds of the soldiers that the country belonged to their master, and it was foolish to submit to Abdur Rahman's interference and governorship. They further suggested that they should all go to Kabul with the son of their real master.

All this made a great impression on the minds of the ignorant soldiers, and to add to this, we received news of my grandfather's death. Encouraged by this sad news, the soldiers of the two battalions and cavalry surrounded my house, and tried to force the doors with large stones. My army turned out and quickly dispersed the rebels, who fled to Kabul, but their disloyal officers who had brought them to this state of bad behaviour, thought it better not to accompany them. After waiting three days, the soldiers lost heart, and wrote me a letter, begging to be forgiven, adding that they had been deceived by their officers. I replied, requesting the names of those who had incited them to rebel, and on receipt of this information I promised pardon to all the others. I added, that if they refused to send me these names, they could continue their way to Kabul, as I had no need of their services. In reply, they sent a list, including the names of eight captains, and sub-lieutenants, with the commandants of the army, and concluded with the guardians and tutor of Mahomed Aziz, saying that these men had sworn on the Koran to unite against me. After this explanation I pardoned the soldiers, and sentenced the eight captains to be blown from the guns, the commandants of the corps I dismissed, as they had been my uncle's page-boys; so

for the time being, the country was restored to tranquillity.

As soon as the news of my grandfather's death reached Mir Atalik, he sent his son Sultan Murad Khan to Kataghan to stir up the subjects to rebellion. I appointed a strong force, comprising 3 battalions, 12 guns, 1000 cavalry sowars, and 2000 militia infantry, under Sirdar Mahomed Alam, and Sirdar Ghulam Khan, to punish the rebels. I intended to meet the enemy at Narin by the road of Shorab (Bitter Waters). An unfortunate incident occurred at the commencement of the campaign. Sirdar Alam was in the habit of marching at the head of his army, accompanied by 200 sowars. He had been repeatedly warned how imprudent it was for a chief officer to expose himself without an advance guard. One day he was suddenly attacked by 2000 Kataghan sowars, who had concealed themselves behind the hills. The followers of Alam fled on becoming aware of the number of the rebels; but the Sirdar, being unaccustomed to surrender, stood with a few brave men and fought till they were all cut to pieces. When tidings of this reached the advancing army, a detachment of cavalry galloped after the rebels before they could carry the dead body of the Sirdar away, and after a severe fight defeated the Kataghan sowars, who fled towards Narin, leaving 300 dead and wounded on the field.

The day following this encounter a decisive battle was fought at Narin, where 40,000 rebels were massed together. The attack began at sunrise, and continued till late in the afternoon, resulting in the flight of the enemy, who fought very bravely, continually making

fresh attacks. My losses were very slight in comparison to theirs, being only thirty killed and wounded, including Sirdar Ghulam Khan. The reason of so slight a loss on our side was the order in which the army was arranged, while the enemy being unskilled in warfare were massed together, so that our guns did great execution. I was proud of my army that day. The manner in which they fought was worthy of admiration; only those persons can appreciate this who know what it is to be attacked by such a large body of men, and not lose courage. The appearance of 40,000 men on a desert plain is like the movement of a mountain.

One of the spies, whom I had appointed in Kataghan to procure me information, was taken prisoner by Sultan Murad Khan. When the news of my victory reached Kataghan he was assisted to escape, and taking a horse came straight to me; but on arrival he fainted. When he recovered consciousness he told me that each day during his imprisonment he had received forty strokes of the lash. In corroboration of this, the surgeons told me that his body was as black as charcoal, which proved what he had gone through. He told me that all the people and families in Kataghan were trying to leave the country to secure their own safety. I immediately sent Naib Ghulam Khan Durani, a clever man (though dilatory), with cavalry and artillery to occupy the road at a narrow defile, though which these people would have to pass on their way to Badakshan. I also ordered the infantry of Talikhan to accompany the expedition. Having cut off their retreat, I sent the Kasi of Kunduz by the Shorab road, with two or three Mirs of Badakshan, who were very popular with the

people, and had a great reputation amongst them. With these men I sent letters, promising pardon to the rebels. On finding their retreat cut off, and escape impossible, and perceiving their army was no match for mine, and, moreover, being satisfied with my promises through the Mirs and priests, they came to ask my pardon and forgiveness.

In reply, I issued a proclamation that I would overlook the rebellion on two conditions. The first of these was, that they should promise in the name of God and His prophet Mahomed, that they and their offspring would be faithful to the government of Afghanistan, and not be persuaded by their Mirs and chiefs to act contrary to the welfare of this same government. Secondly, that they should pay twelve lakhs of rupees as a fine for their misbehaviour.

After a short interval I received a reply in which the people unanimously agreed to the above-mentioned conditions, adding that they would be faithful to me and my sons, and would ever be ready to fight against my enemies, and serve me with their lives. They also expressed their gratitude at having been allowed to retain their property, which included camels and horses worth 20,000,000 rupees.

I sent this treaty to my father, and the people settled down quietly under my rule. The first thing I did was to collect fifteen lakhs of rupees, due for arrears of revenue, with which I paid the army all that was due to them.

About this time a certain class of Badakshan cloth merchants gave me a good deal of trouble. It was customary for merchants, trading between

Badakshan and Kataghan, to ride on horseback between those places on certain days in the week, and it was found that on these special days for a long time past groups of dead bodies were constantly being discovered. To put an end to these murders, I appointed a few soldiers to watch the road without themselves appearing, and I also ordered some sowars, dressed as civilians, to travel to and fro, with instructions that if they were attacked they were to signal to the soldiers. It turned out as I desired, and one day the Badakshan merchants attacked the sowars, who immediately sent a man on a fast horse to give warning to the hidden soldiers. These galloped to the spot, and took some fifty merchants prisoners, who were brought before me. I distributed their arms, saddles and bridles among the sowars, gave their horses to the artillery, and the 10,000 rupees of which they were possessed I confiscated to the Government Treasury. On questioning these men, they owned they had acted as highwaymen for the past two years, owing to the contempt in which they held the Afghans, and although they offered 2000 rupees per head to purchase their lives, I ordered them all to be blown from the guns, as they had committed many crimes on my unoffending people. This punishment was carried out on market day, so that their flesh should be eaten by the dogs of the camp, and their bones remain lying about till the festival was over. When these were buried Mir Jahandar Shah, not being aware of all that had taken place, sent the same man to me who had acted as his envoy on the occasion when he had intimidated Abdul Ghaiz Khan

into releasing a thief from prison. This man brought me a letter, in which he asked why I had dared to take his subjects prisoners, and requested that they should be handed over to him on receipt of this letter. If this were not done, he threatened to write to my father and uncle that I was trying to turn the people of Badakshan against him, their true friend. I read this letter aloud in the public audience, and asked the man if the Mir was in good health and quite sensible when he wrote it. He replied in these words: "My King, Mir Sahib, has commanded me to bring back your prisoners to him, without loss of time, or he will immediately take steps against you." To this I answered: "Do not lose your temper, consider a moment." But he refused to be warned, and said again rudely: "Hand over the prisoners. How dare you imprison our people?" Without further conversation I ordered my servants to pull out his beard and moustache, and to dye his eyebrows like a woman's. I then took him to the place where the remains of the merchants lay, and put his beard and moustache in a gold cloth, advising him to take it to his Mir, both as a caution, and as a reply to the letter he had written me. With this man I sent a strong force, consisting of 2 battalions, 2000 cavalry sowars, 1000 Usbeg sowars, 2000 infantry, and 12 guns, under the command of Mahomed Zaman Khan and Sikander Khan, with Naib Ghulam Ahmad Khan, to Talikhan. When they arrived there the commanders sent this man with his reply to Mir Jahandar Shah, who abused him, and demanded to know why he had returned without the prisoners whom he had sent him

to fetch. The man uncovered his face, and threw the gold cloth at the Mir's feet, saying: "This is what I have suffered by carrying your idiotic messages, and this is what you will suffer, if you are not careful." The Mir, furious at this treatment, ordered his army to repair at once to Khanabad, when he received intelligence of the proximity of the Afghan army, which had already practically taken the country, and subdued the people.

On discovering the truth of this report, the Mir was overcome, and he lost heart. The chiefs, instead of trying to comfort him, said: "Your father saved himself from this dangerous man by offering his daughter in marriage; you were foolish enough to send him rude messages." The Mir replied: "You were the counsellors of my father, advise me what can be done?" Upon this they took counsel together, and suggested that the Mir's brother should go to salaam Abdur Rahman, with twenty chiefs, forty slave girls, and forty page-boys; also that he should take many Chinese presents of silk, carpets, china, etc., and that Mir Shah should write a letter of apology, offering one of his sisters or cousins in marriage, so that by this ruse the Mir might manage to save his kingdom and himself from the fate of Mir Atalik. The Mir having no other course open to him, was obliged to do as his chiefs advised, and at once despatched the apology and presents to me, at the same time writing to my officers to "delay taking action against him for God's sake," till his brother should reach Khanabad, and they should receive further instructions as to the course they were to take. My officers received this

letter at Gulugan, in Badakshan, where they had marched in three days, and they agreed to halt, sending a messenger to me to report what had happened. In due course Mir Shah's brother arrived before me with 3000 servants and the letter in which Mir Shah had explained his behaviour on the plea that he was always intoxicated, and did not know what he was doing. I smiled, and told the chiefs that I considered his apology most reasonable. Having no real cause to quarrel with the Khanabad people, I received the messengers kindly, and agreed to forgive their Mir. I also gave them khilats, but refused the offer of Mir Shah's niece in marriage, saying that as a daughter of his had married my uncle, there was sufficient relationship between the family. Thus ended, for the time being, the troubles of Badakshan.

I must repeat a wonderful experience, or inspiration, which came to me at this time, and about which it gives me much pleasure to write. One day when I was holding my Court, I received a letter from Amir Azim's daughter who lived at Kabul, and who was betrothed to me. She had instructed her messenger to deliver the letter into my hands only, and that it was not to be shown to any one, and the reply was to be written and sealed by me. As I have before mentioned, I was never fond of reading and writing, and I had forgotten what little I had ever learned. Imagine my disappointment on receiving this letter! I felt my heart beating, and I blamed myself very much that while I boasted of being such a fine man, I was really most unmanly, being so ignorant. On retiring that night I wept bitterly, and prayed to my God with

all humility, beseeching the souls of the Saints to intercede for me. I repeated this prayer: "O God, send a light into my heart, and enlighten my mind, so that I may read and write. Thou shalt not make me ashamed in the eyes of Thy creation." At last, being overcome with weeping, towards morning I fell asleep. I dreamed that the figure of a holy man appeared to me. He was of middle size and very straight, with almond eyes, and delicate eyebrows, a long beard, and an oval-shaped face, also small long fingers. He wore a brown turban and a striped cloth around his loins, and carried a long staff, at the end of which was a piece of iron. He appeared to be standing at my head, and saying very quietly: "Abdur Rahman, rise and write." I awoke with a start, and seeing no one, I slept again, and again the same figure appeared to me, saying, "I say *write*, and instead you sleep." I hesitated, and awaking a second time, and seeing no one, I again fell asleep. For the third time the holy man appeared, saying with evident annoyance: "If you sleep again, I shall pierce your chest with my staff." At this I was frightened and awoke, but not to sleep again. I called to my pages to bring pen and paper to me, and began thinking of the letters I used to write at school, the unseen power of God representing the shapes of the letters before my mind one after another. My memory helped me to recollect what I had read, and I scribbled on the paper one word and then another. In this way I finished a letter before sunrise of about sixty or seventy lines. Some of the letters were not joined and others hardly formed. When I read this over I found I could read it all, and

I also noticed the mistakes, of which there were many. I tore this up, and re-wrote it, being so happy and glad I could hardly contain myself. On rising that morning I opened one or two letters addressed to me from the governors, and finding I could understand the subject of the letters, my pleasure was multiplied ten times. When the hour arrived to attend the Court, the secretary, whose duty it was to read my letters, came to me as usual, but I said: "*I* will read my letters to-day, and you shall correct my mistakes." He smiled, and said: "But your Highness cannot read," at which I opened a letter saying, "Hear if I can." With that I commenced to read, and dictated the replies. In this way we got through 200 letters, and answered 100. At the end of a few days I was quite independent of my secretary's help, and read and answered my private letters myself. Some days after I re-read the Koran, and gave money away in the names of the Holy Saints and Prophets. I also wrote to my father an account of the providential help which enabled me to read and write. I sent this letter through my guardian, and when at first my father doubted the truth of my story, my guardian said: "You know your son could not write anything to you which was not the truth. How could he show his face to you if he told you a lie?" My father at last believed him, and presented him with 5000 tangas[1] and a valuable khilat. To me he sent one gold-mounted sword, ten sheets of gold cloth, and a few pieces of woollen material. I praised God, and wrote my thanks to my father for his kindness.

[1] A coin of Bokhara = 4d or ½ rupee (Kabul).

No sooner had the countries of Badakshan and Kataghan settled down peacefully, than I experienced trouble with Kolab. The Mir of that country, named Shah Khan, appointed 2000 sowars to plunder 13,000 sheep belonging to the Kataghan people, which were grazing near the Oxus, as is the custom in the winter. Hearing of this, I sent 2000 sowars to release and return the sheep to their rightful owners. The plunderers had already succeeded in crossing the Oxus, and my sowars forded the river at a shallow point on horseback. A severe fight took place on the opposite side, in which the plunderers lost 500 killed, while many were taken prisoners, and the sheep released. My force did not return at once, but halted there, expecting reinforcements with instructions to conquer Kolab; but, receiving no further orders from my father, I sent for them to return. I restored the sheep to their owners, who offered me 6000 of them, it being the custom of the country that one-third of all plunder taken from robbers belongs of right to the Government. I refused the sheep, but accepted 8000 gold coins offered me instead, out of which I gave 3000 to the soldiers, keeping the remainder myself. I wrote to Mir Shah, warning him that on such an incident being repeated, I would take Kolab away from him. The Mir answered with many apologies, sending presents, and promising that such a thing should not happen again. I then sold the prisoners for one lakh of tangas (5000 sovereigns), thus making 10,000 out of the transaction!

The different countries were very peaceful after this for some time, and I took the opportunity of adding

3000 ponies and 2000 camels to our supply of transport animals. About this time I received a letter from my father, announcing his intention of coming to visit Kataghan, and saying that he would let me know a month beforehand. I answered: "Bakheir braiyed." (Come safely).

CHAPTER II

FLIGHT FROM BALKH TO BOKHARA

(1863-65)

Now I must turn the attention of my readers towards Herat. When this country was attacked, my grandfather was ill,[1] and Sirdar Shere Ali Khan was most attentive to his father, while his other sons, Sirdars Azim, Amin, and Aslim, owing to their hatred of their step-brother, entered into intrigues with Sultan Mahomed, Governor of Herat, who was the enemy of Amir Dost. In this way they much irritated their father by their behaviour. To be friends with their father's enemies! God forbid that I should ever fall into such bad ways! Dost Mahomed was buried close to the tomb of Khwaja Ansar at Herat. After this, his sons, finding they could not succeed to the throne, proclaimed Shere Ali as Amir, and departed without his permission or knowledge, to their own states. Amir Shere Ali, finding himself deserted by his brothers, made his son Yakub, Governor of Herat, and started for Kandahar. On arriving there, he found that his brothers still did not visit him.

Meanwhile my uncles escaped from Herat to their states; Aslim being Governor of Hazhda Nahr and Azim Governor of Kuram Khost. They soon began to create

[1] Dost Mahomed died June 9, 1863.

trouble towards Kabul where Mahomed Ali, the Amir's eldest son, had been appointed Governor by my grandfather at the time he left for Herat. This Mahomed Ali wrote to his father at Kandahar, urging him to return soon to Kabul, or there would be a rebellion. On hearing this, Shere Ali left his brothers unpunished, started for Kabul, thinking he must first deal with his step-brother, before he punished the faithlessness of his own brothers. On his arrival at Ghazni he sent a Koran as a pledge of his sincerity to my uncle Azim, telling him that as he was the eldest, he would always respect him as his elder brother, and that he must come and see him once in Ghazni. Being reassured, Azim visited Shere Ali; and they renewed their oaths on the Koran, after which my uncle returned to his states, leaving his eldest son, named Sarwar Khan, as companion to Shere Ali, who returned to Kabul. Sirdar Aslim, who was at Bamian when Shere Ali arrived at Ghazni, escaped to Balkh, leaving his family and estate behind. My father was at Balkh at the time, and I wrote to him not to encourage Aslim, who was a mischief-maker, and not to allow him near him. He answered that it was impossible to send him away, as he had come to seek his protection. Shere Ali now broke his oath with my Uncle Azim, and sent an army against him, under the command of Sirdar Rafik-i-Din, a very clever man. My uncle, being unable to withstand such a powerful enemy, fled to the dominions of Her Majesty the Queen in India, while Shere Ali took possession of Katawaz, Zúrmat and Loghar states, belonging to my father, and which had been presented to him by his father. These states were now in the

charge of Ahmad Kashmiri, who had been brought up by my father. These injustices committed by Shere Ali naturally did not improve the feeling of his brothers towards him, and there were many mischievous people ready to stir up enmity in my father's mind against him. Among these people were my uncles, Sirdar Aslim Abdul Rauf, and Sirdar Amin Khan of the family of the Gunners,[1] who were great intriguers. According to his promise, given some time back, to visit me, my father came to Khanabad as my guest, accompanied by these mischief-makers, and at the same time Ahmad brought him a letter from the Amir, assuring him that he had no desire to take Turkestan from him, and that his feelings were all of a friendly nature. This Ahmad was a traitor, being paid by his master to spy out my father's actions, and to circumvent any plots made against Shere Ali. My father and his advisers were accustomed to meet together for private conversation, and I was excluded from their conference, in case I should disagree with their plots. This I should have done had I known what was going on, and I was grieved to hear that my father had been persuaded that many of the Kabul Sirdars were willing to accept his rule, and that his best course was to make friends with Mir Atalik, by giving him back the country of Kataghan, and so to unite the armies of Balkh and Kataghan, and start for Kabul. Mir Atalik agreed to this, and directly afterwards we received the news that Shere Ali was marching on Turkestan.

My father sending me to take his place at Taktapul, announced his intention to meet Shere Ali himself. I

[1] Descendants of the old Artillery officers of the Mogul Emperors.

tried hard to dissuade him from this, begging him to let me go instead; explaining that if I was defeated by Shere Ali, he would be there to support me, but if fortune deserted him, I could not manage to put matters right. My father saw the justice of my proposal, but his friends, the traitors, overruled him, by persuading him that he understood the Kabul people, and would be better able to communicate with them. Believing this to be the case, my father turned a deaf ear to my entreaties, and I was sent to Taktapul.

During my Governorship of Khanabad I had saved fourteen lakhs of rupees, after paying the army salaries, and my father ordered boxes to be made for the conveyance of this money, with which he started to Bajgah, which country is situated midway between Kabul and Balkh. The officers commanding his army were Ghulam Ahmad, Naib Mahomed, Colonel Sohrab, and Colonel Wali Mahomed. These officers my father sent one day's march ahead to take possession of the hill-tops surrounding the pass, but instructed them on no account to fight until his arrival. I think I have mentioned before that Ghulam Ahmad, although a good officer, was a very lazy man, and on this occasion he did not carry out his instructions, but, instead, postponed taking the hills until the next day. In the meantime the experienced officers of Shere Ali's army, among whom were Sirdar Rafik Khan, and General Sheikh Mir, took advantage of the delay, and posted their men all along the hill-tops, so that before the lazy Ghulam Ahmad awoke the next morning, he was fired upon from these heights. The consequence of this mistake was disastrous, and, in spite of the bravery of

my army, they were defeated, leaving the strong pass in possession of the enemy.

News of this encounter reached my father, who hurried on to be in time to help his officers, but at a place called Kara Kotal his defeated army met him with the sad news. He had no choice but to return with the fragments of his army, and he halted at a place called Doab (Two Rivers), being one day's march away. He arranged his men and guns carefully, and prepared to make another stand against the enemy at that place, but the disloyal Sirdars, having contrived to place him in this position, now turned against him, and wrote to the Amir, explaining that the army trained by Abdur Rahman was too strong for him to stand against, and that he must resort to intrigues, or he would meet with defeat. Shere Ali, listening to this, sent Sultan Ali, son of Sirdar Kuhandil of Kandahar, with an oath on the Koran, in which he undertook to look upon Afzul as his father, and saying he was determined not to disgrace the name of their father Dost Mahomed by fighting against his son. My father being deceived by these assurances, took the Koran on his eyes, and kissed it, starting out for the camp of Shere Ali, leaving his army to return, although they all begged him to fight it out. On his arrival at his brother's camp the Amir walked out to welcome him, and kissed his stirrups, thus treacherously flattering him, and expressing his sorrow for thinking of going to war with his elder brother. He also put a chair for my father, waiting on him himself. My father, whose conscience was innocent, praised God that he and his brother were again friends, and after a few hours re-

turned to his camp, from which he sent 7000 sheep, and 2000 kharwar of flour and barley for the horses, because Shere Ali was short of provisions.

The following day Shere Ali visited my father in his camp, and on his return sent Mahomed Rafik to request his permission to go on a pilgrimage to the tomb of the King of the Saints, after which he would go to Kabul, where he had much business. My father gave his permission, and sent his army by the Darah-i-Yusuf towards Balkh, starting himself with 3000 sowars of his body-guard to accompany Shere Ali by the road of Afak.

When the army arrived at Taktapul, where I was staying, I wrote to my father that he had made a great mistake in sending his army away from him, but he turned his face from me. The Amir sent his son Mahomed Ali to the Saint's tomb, thinking I should go and pay my respects to him there, but I only wrote to welcome him, saying that if he would take the trouble to call on me, I should be pleased to see him. He replied that at present he was anxious to return to his father, but, God willing, we would meet again. When my father arrived at Mazar, I went to kiss his hands; at the same time I tried to persuade him that Shere Ali was playing him false, and asked permission to take the Amir prisoner when he should arrive. But my father, lifting the Koran, said: "For the sake of this Holy Book, do not do such a disgraceful thing." I answered: "You will see my uncle will not mind doing this disgraceful thing." The following day Shere Ali arrived, and passed the night at the Saint's tomb. My father visited me at Taktapul, from

whence he sent presents to his brother, announcing his intention of going to wish him good-bye. I begged him not to do so, but, as usual, he would not listen to me, and started for Tashkurghan, where the Amir broke the terms of the treaty he had made, and thrust my father into prison.

When the army heard this they were furious, and demanded to be led against the Amir, and I marched with this purpose to Mazar, where I pitched my tents, when I received a letter from my father, instructing me not to fight, saying if I did so, he would disown me. I read this letter to my army, who, being angry at my determination to remain inactive, deserted for Kabul, leaving me with only 500 or 600 followers. At midnight I received another letter from my father, ordering me to go to Bokhara with all these loyal followers who were desirous of following me. I started at once, and travelled so fast, that by sunrise I was half-way to the frontier. On my arrival at a place called Daolatabad, I saw about 2000 sowars standing round a hill, on which were some more people. I sent a messenger to make enquiries about these men, and learned they were Usbeg sowars of Balkh. Upon hearing this I started towards them, and they salaamed me, explaining that they were attending a marriage ceremony. I then asked what those sowars were doing on the top of the hill, and they replied they were Afghans, and had nothing to do with them. From this I inferred they must be Naib Ghulam and Abdur Rahim Khan, who had parted from me the night before, and I sent a man to them inviting them to join me. They refused to do this without a written proof that my messenger

was speaking the truth, and when I had satisfied them as to my identity they joined my followers. Ghulam Ahmad was alone, having missed the others by night. We all started at once towards the Oxus, and the Usbeg sowars also prepared to go with us, but I told them they must return, at which they protested they were willing to serve with my army. I replied, I did not require their help, and again requested them to return. I knew well that the Usbegs hate the Afghans, always being ready to do them an injury. At last they consented to turn back, and we continued our way past Hazhda Nahr, after which there were no more villages or habitations, only a sandy desert reaching to the Oxus. Seeing a field of water-melons, I gave directions to my followers for each to take two melons and two water-melons in their horse-bags, in case they should not be able to procure water on their way through the desert.

When we had journeyed about half-way towards the Oxus, about half of my sowars dismounted to eat their melons. I tried to dissuade them from doing this, telling them they had not chosen a safe place, and suggested their eating the melons on horseback, but Naib Ghulam Ahmad said it was better to pass the heat of the day in the shade, and after a short rest they would ride after me. At this they spread their carpets under the jungle trees, and rested in their shade. I took thirty sowars and all the money we had and continued my way, leaving the lazy Ghulam Ahmad with 240 sowars behind. The chief officers of his force were Nazir Haidar, Abdur Rahim, Colonel Sobrab, Colonel Nazir, Commandant Sikander

Charkhi, Commandant Haidar, son of Sikander Charkhi, also forty captains and risaldars. I may mention that I had left in Taktapul my son, aged three years, with his cousin, Sirdar Azim Khan, aged fifteen years. Both boys were in the charge of Sikander Khan Orukzai, and Ghulam Ali. After continuing my way for some nine or ten miles, I was stopped by a sowar who had galloped after us, bringing news that the Usbeg sowars, whom I had dismissed, had followed us instead of returning to their homes, and had attacked Naib Ghulam and his men, whom they had found asleep beneath the trees, and who had despatched their messenger to me to go to their assistance. I said: "How wise my people are! Instead of escaping and saving themselves, they are anxious for me to be killed with them. It is not only bravery a soldier requires in time of war; he must also have the sense to escape in times of necessity. To escape a danger is also a victory." I explained to the messenger that when I had 300 followers I did not fight, and now I was not going to do so with thirty only. One of the officers with me, named Nazir Khan, returned for the sake of his brother Sohrab, who was behind.

We then continued our way to the Oxus, and arriving a short distance off, I directed my men to halt while I galloped on with a single follower to hire a boat. I did this in order not to frighten the boatmen by our numbers. I found only one boat to be had, and many raisin and almond merchants of the Turkoman tribes disputing over the hire of the boat. One of them had already placed his cargo on board with ten camels. I dismounted and got into the boat,

upon which the sailors demanded in Turkish who I was. I replied in the same language, "A merchant," and during the dispute that followed, I sent my sowar to fetch his comrades, who arrived to the surprise of the sailors and merchants who endeavoured to seize the boat. I pointed my rifle at them, saying: "The moment you enter the boat I will shoot you." At last they agreed to dispute no longer, and asked a sowar who I was. On his replying: "Sirdar Abdur Rahman, son of Afzul Khan," they salaamed me and apologised. I forgave them, and divided my men, half of whom, with their horses, were to fill the boat with me; the other half were to remain behind, of necessity. These I advised to borrow pickaxes from the sailors and raise sand-walls for their protection.

When we had almost crossed the Oxus, I saw another boat in front, and I ordered one of my men who was a fast swimmer to go on and make enquiries. He returned with the news that it was Abdur Rahim with an envoy from the King of Bokhara, and we were delighted to meet. I landed in Bokhara territory at ten, it being a six-hours' journey. The boatmen put their horses at my disposal, but I preferred waiting on the shore till any detachment of the others should arrive. I gave them ten gold coins to bring food for themselves and our horses. Abdur Rahim and the envoy went on with the boatmen, and to him I gave 200 tangas, instructing him to buy ten sheep, and to have the mutton ready cooked, also to provide 300 loaves of bread for my sowars, who were to arrive the following day.

I wrote to the Mir of Shirabad under the King

of Bokhara, informing him of my arrival in his territory, and asking him to send 200 sowars across the Oxus for the support of my sowars. On receiving my letter the Mir agreed to send 400 sowars and several boats early in the morning for this purpose. At daybreak I heard the firing of guns, and after some ten volleys I awoke my sowars, persuading them that the firing came from their comrades as a token of pleasure on their embarkation. To the boatmen I promised fifty sovereigns for each boat they brought me up to the number of twenty. They replied that, as there was fighting going on on the opposite side of the river, they would not take the risk of going across. I hesitated a few minutes, and then ordered my page-boy, named Hassan, to bring a package of 1000 sovereigns which was in his charge. We counted these coins before the boatmen, to whom I promised them all if they would bring the boats. They would not believe this was my real intention, but I said they could take them away now, if they sent their men for the boats. In short, thirty boats arrived, and we travelled so fast, that in little more than two hours we had crossed two-thirds of the river.

I found that my sowars whom I had left asleep in the desert, after being attacked by the Usbegs, had gradually retreated fighting until the Oxus was reached. These sowars, seeing there were no boats, desisted fighting for the night, thinking to capture their enemies in the morning. This was the firing I had heard, and my sowars being encouraged by the sight of my boats fought bravely. The others behind their sand entrenchments also took courage to fire on the enemy,

who finally fled in confusion. We all crossed the river safely, and the sowars took every advantage of the meal I had ordered to be prepared for them, having eaten nothing for thirty-six hours. We slept very soundly in the houses of the boatmen until the afternoon of the following day, when I started for Bokhara, halting one night at Aliabad, where the Mir of Shirabad and the chiefs of the country came out to receive me. We went to the Mir's house, which was prepared for my reception, and remained as his guests for ten days, after which the King sent a letter to me, inviting me to go to see him, and I started at once. The first day I halted at Shorab, the second day at Sar-i-ab, and so on, staying one night at Bilak, Chakbazgalah, Chasnah, Hafizar, Pihi Karah Sakh, Kharaz, and Kadukli. I stayed five days at Karchi, from thence I went to Bokhara, passing Khoja and Kakar. The Wazir of the King, with the Kazi, or head priest and the Kotwal, came to receive me, also some of the chief officials, at a place called Kakar, and they escorted me to a house which had been prepared for my reception. The guest-receiver, or host, came and salaamed to me, and I was given banquets for nine days, after which the King sent khilats for me and my officers, with 10,000 tangas for me, and 1000 each for my officials, 500 or 600 for those of lesser degree, and 200 for each of my sowars. He also sent two sets of gold-plated harness for me. In return I sent him one gold-handled sword, one set of gold-mounted harness weighing 12,000 sovereigns, one gold-covered dagger, 200 gold coins, one jewelled belt, price £400, with two Arab horses of my own breeding, also

gold-mounted English saddles, nine pieces of gold cloth, nine pieces of Kashmir cloth, nine Kashmir shawls, nine Kashmir shawl turbans, nine pieces of white muslin, and nine gold caps. The King had also sent me some clothes, with three shirts and trousers. The trousers had no straps to them, and I was told they were worn by the King himself, at which I was surprised, as they were made of four different coloured cloths—red, white, crimson, and green.

When I and my officials had put on these clothes, a servant came to say that the King would like to see us. On our arrival at the palace, the Wazir received me, leading us to the King's rooms. The custom of the Kings of Bokhara is this. The King sits in a big house with two or three favourite page-boys. All his officials sit round the house on small raised terraces under the wall. At the door of the house there are two door-keepers who peep in occasionally to see if the King makes any sign with his eyes. If he gives them a wink, they run to see what he requires, retreating backwards to repeat the message to the Hudachi, or head of the Court. When I arrived near these door-keepers they ran to the King, then back to the Hudachi, saying their King had been pleased to accept my presents. I was then told to take the bridles of my two horses in my hands, also to balance the tangas on my back, and make a bow to the King. I replied that the tangas were one man's load; the two horses required two grooms, and that I would not put my head on the ground for any one in existence. I added: " I am created by God, and shall kneel to no

one but Him." The door-keeper, who had never heard such a reply from any one before, was much annoyed, so I offered to take my message to the King myself, or to go to some other country. At last the Wazir said something to the Hudachi, who went to the King, returning to tell me that His Majesty accepted my salaams. I entered the house, saying in the ordinary way, "Salam Aleikum" ("Peace be on you"), and I shook hands with the King, who told me to sit by his side. I sat with proper respect and addressed him during our intercourse with due courtesy. We talked together for an hour, when I returned to my house.

Two months after this the King appointed one of his servants to tell me that he was kindly disposed towards me, therefore it was advisable that I should give him 1000 sovereigns and three handsome page-boys. I replied: "These boys are to me as sons. To give gold away is the part of sovereigns. I gave to the King presents, according to the custom, and now I expect gifts and grants from him in return." Ten days later the same man came to me, and said: "The King sends you his salaams, and wishes to make you one of his Court officials, so that you should attend on him every day. He is very friendly towards you." I replied that I had never been a servant, and did not know how to behave as one, upon which the man assured me that if I accepted the service I should be given an estate. I replied: "I pray for the King's long life, and do not require money or estates." The man then told me that if I did not accept the post I should get into trouble, which idea I repudiated, saying that only those who did wrong got into trouble, besides I was under

the King's protection. I expressed myself willing to obey his commands in any other way. I did not see how I could accept such a position, never having been required to perform such duties even for my grandfather, the Amir of Kabul. I also suggested to the man, that if I agreed to become an official, I could not be idle all day, as the others did, and if I worked for my pay, the King would become dissatisfied with those in his present Court. I repeated a maxim which applied to me, "Neither is a camel's load on my back, or am I on a camel's back," *i.e.* "Neither the King of subjects, nor a subject of the King." After all this the man discovered that his advice to me was so much waste of breath, so after writing down our conversation he left me.

When I had first arrived in Bokhara, I had appointed a confidential servant at twenty sovereigns a month to let me know all that was passing in the palace. The etiquette is that everything is done verbally, nothing being written, therefore all those in the Court get to know what is going on. In the month of Ramadan (Fasting) all the officials did very little, fasting daily, and I had no rest from the fear of the Kotwal's assistants, as from the day I refused the post the King had offered me at Court, I was watched, being little more than a state prisoner. I took no apparent notice of this, not mentioning it to my servants.

On the day of Id the King's servants brought me two robes, a turban, and a handkerchief as khilats, saying the King had been kind enough to command my presence at the palace at sunrise

next morning, to join in the Id congratulations. When I arrived there I saw forty men sitting in a large hall, amongst them being one Mahomed Khan, one of the writers of Balkh.[1] I was appointed to sit on the lowest terrace with twenty men, while Mahomed Khan was on the highest terrace with ten men. Meanwhile the King arrived, and the people rose and kissed his hand. I followed suit, and he retired. After this a great many trays of refreshments were brought, containing sweetmeats and confectionery. A table-cloth was spread, and the food was placed on it. The servants then retired, and those present immediately began eating as much as they could. Those sitting further away filled their handkerchiefs and returned to their place, eating the food before them, like so many cattle, who also require no plates. I was gazing amazed at all this, when some one said to me: "This is a sacred feast of the King, why do you not eat?" I took a cake, saying I did not want anything more. As soon as possible I went to the praying-ground, where I was shown a place selected for me by the King. I noticed that among those present were Naib Ghulam Mahomed, and Commandant Sikander Khan, with about forty former followers of mine who had joined the King's service a month before. These men ignored me, not even salaaming. The King then arrived riding a white horse, wearing a long aigrette on his turban and another on the head of his horse, while a third was on his horse's

[1] He was formerly Mir of Saripul, who having rebelled against Afghanistan and being defeated by our army under Ghulam Ali and Colonel Wali Mahomed Khan, had sought refuge in Bokhara.

back. He wore a Kashmiri Arah belt round his waist, and about twenty or thirty yards of gold cloth around his head as a turban. He carried a jewelled dagger in his belt, and was swaggering a good deal. All the people bowed almost to the ground at every third step, but I stood motionless. The King came and sat opposite to me, calling the Takbir,[1] while every one repeated his prayers. I noticed that three of the straps fastening the King's turban had come undone, and when the prayer was finished he could not raise his head for fear of his turban dropping off. I could not bear to see this grand King disgraced, so I salaamed to break my prayers, and leaning forward I fastened the straps. God is forgiving, and although I lost my prayers I was pleased to have done a good act. At the end of the prayer, the King mounted his horse, the people meanwhile bowing to the ground. When I was free to do so, I retired to my house. A short time after this the King instructed the Kotwal to accuse me of intercourse with other people's wives, but this accusation fell to the ground, as it was proved I was never alone, having always sixty or seventy people following me about. Next, the King advised that mischief should be made among my servants, so they should all leave me.

At this time news arrived that the Russians had taken Tashkend, and intended to take Bokhara. The King left at once for Samarkand, leaving me and my followers behind. I immediately sent a servant to my uncle, Mahomed Azim at Rawal Pindi in Her Majesty's dominions, with a letter in which I

[1] That is the Magnification "Allah Akbar" ("God is the greatest").

expressed my determination to release myself—Insha' allah (God willing) and start for Balkh, and begging him if he could possibly leave India by the road of Swat, to go thence to Chitral and Badakshan, so that we might meet at Balkh. I also wrote to the army at the latter place, and to the King of Bokhara at Samarkand, asking his permission to return to my country. I sent this letter by Nazir Haidar Khan and Commandant Nazir. On hearing of what I had done, the Wazir of the King, the Kazi, and Kotwal of Bokhara sent a message to me, demanding to know why I had sent to the King without their permission. I replied: "The King has many servants, I do not acknowledge any of them to be my superior." They then said they would send after my messenger, but I gave them to understand that if they did this, I would depart without the King's or their permission, leaving them to explain my action to him. The King did not reply to my letter, and kept my messenger with him, so in a few days I again sent to him General Ali Askar Khan, and at this second letter the King consulted with his advisers, who suggested that as I had received no support in money or provisions from the King since the beginning of the year, it was of no use my remaining at Bokhara. The King listened to this, and ended by giving me the permission I desired, to leave his kingdom. The King also wrote to the Wazir to find out whether my servants would prefer to accept his service or remain with me, but the letter was not very explicit, and the Wazir understood the King to mean those servants who

were at present in my service, instead of those who, after having arrived with me at Bokhara, had gone over to the service of the King. In consequence of this misunderstanding the Wazir sent a message to ask me to send my servants to receive some instructions which the King had sent for them. At this I naturally thought the Wazir intended taking them all prisoners, and myself afterwards, so I refused his request, saying that if he had any message for my servants, he could come and repeat it in my presence. My followers also agreed to this, saying they would fight on my behalf, and their dead bodies could be taken to the Wazir, for they refused to go alive. They armed themselves to the teeth, and I sent the messenger back with our reply. In answer he sent his secretary, who delivered the King's message to me, but my servants replied they had come to Bokhara to serve their own prince, and not to act as slaves to the King.

Two days after this, when I was preparing for our journey, Sikander Khan with Naib Ghulam and all their followers, having their sleeping rugs and bedding strapped to their shoulders, came to me with the news that the King had asked for a signed paper from each of them, admitting that they were his slaves, and on their refusal, he had dismissed them, upon which they had returned to me. During this conversation a great many creditors had followed them, clamouring for the payment of their debts, which amounted to about 2000 sovereigns. I remarked to Naib Ghulam that had they remained faithful to me he would have spent more than this

sum himself. He was unable to raise his eyes to mine.

I then asked Commandant Sikander what he intended to do. He told me that he had lost his heart to one or two women of Bokhara, and if they refused to accompany him, he would rather stay behind. I sent to those people, offering them 1000 sovereigns to go with us, but they refused, so Sikander preferred to remain behind also. I bought horses and harness for Ghulam and his followers, as theirs had been sold to pay their expenses. In five days our preparations were completed, and we started for Balkh.

CHAPTER III

STRUGGLE WITH SHERE ALI

(1865-1867)

I MUST now return and mention Shere Ali's doings from the time of my flight from Balkh.

When I turned my back on that country the Amir went there, after six days' halt at Tashkurghan. His first act was to send our wives and children as prisoners to Kabul, taking my father about with him in all his journeys. After appointing Sirdar Fatteh (son of Akbar Khan), his nephew, to be Governor of Balkh, he left for Kabul, and at once set about preparing for war against his own brothers, Amin and Sharif Khan. His preparations being completed he started for Kandahar, leaving his son Ibrahim, and Sirdar Naizar Khan in charge of Kabul. My father accompanied him as a prisoner, but our families he left behind with neither money to defray their expenses nor guardians to look after them. My father wrote a letter to him from prison, in which he remonstrated about his actions, saying he had treated his step-brothers so badly, and now he was going to treat his own brothers in the same way. He added: "Do not disgrace yourself further by being the cause of bloodshed, or the consequences

may be serious for you, and you will repent." Heedless of this warning, Shere Ali fought for two days[1] with his brothers, the result being that his brother Amin was killed as well as his own son and heir-apparent, Sirdar Mahomed Ali Khan.

On hearing of these casualties my father again wrote to the Amir, saying: "Your wickedness will mean an unhappy future for you, sorrow be upon your head." At the death of Amin Khan, his dead body was brought before the Amir, who said: "Throw the body of this dog away, and request my son to come and congratulate me on his victory." His officials, not daring to tell him the truth, brought his son's body to him, and when it was a short way off, he said: "Who is this other dog?" In reply the body was laid at his feet, whereupon he began tearing his clothes, and throwing dust upon his head. When this wild grief was exhausted he fainted, remaining in this state for an hour. On recovering he began talking to the body of his son and again fainted. This continued for two days, when he sent his son's body to Kabul, and the body of Amin was buried by his servants in Kandahar at the door of the sacred *Khirka*. Shere Ali was sometimes delirious and sometimes sane on his way to Kandahar, and when he arrived there, he cried like a lunatic. I took this opportunity of leaving Bokhara, and on my arrival at Shirabad, I wrote letters to the army at Balkh and its dependencies, with the result that I was unanimously invited to join the soldiers in that country.

[1] June 5, 6, 1865.

I must here give a short sketch of the life of two brothers, Wali Mahomed and Faiz Mahomed Khan. These men were Governors of Akcha, my father having granted them this province. They were the sons of a slave girl, and when at Kabul had 2000 rupees annual salary during the lifetime of Amir Dost Mahomed. On his death they enlisted the sympathies of my step-mother, Bibi Marwarid, who wrote a letter to my father, stating that their mother was most anxious for them to be accepted as his slaves, and that they were short of money for their expenses. In answer my father sent 5000 rupees for Wali Mahomed and instructed him to go to Balkh. When he arrived there, he was given 1 battalion, 6 guns, 1000 militia, and 1000 sowars with the province of Akcha. My father also sent for Faiz to bring his family with him. Now Wali Mahomed was a traitor, and had afterwards joined Shere Ali in his plot to take my father prisoner. In consideration of his assistance, Shere Ali had taken Wali with him to Kabul, leaving his estate to his brother Faiz. At the present time Faiz was asked to render his accounts of the country, which, owing to certain monopolies on his part, he was unable to do. I heard from my spies that Wali was also discontented, so I decided to send a letter to them by Nazir Haidar, and General Ali Askar, in which I mentioned that 200 sowars of the Hazhda Nahr cavalry, who were under Wali's command, had already joined me at Shirabad, and I promised rewards if they would do the same. I also sent for the chief of the robbers of the province, and after giving them khilats and rewards, I bor-

rowed 3000 sowars from them. When the King of Bokhara gave me leave to return to Balkh, he also wrote to the Mir of Shirabad that he was not on any account to allow me to remain there longer than three days. Now, as I had accumulated 2500 sowars, and the Mir had only 100, it was for me, and not for the Mir, to decide how long I should stay at Shirabad. The Mir was very perplexed how to act, and came to ask my advice, telling me if he ordered me to go I should probably kill him, while if he disobeyed the King's command he would kill him, so he was between two stools. I told him I would suggest a way out of his difficulty. First, he must write to the King that Abdur Rahman had too strong a force to be turned out against his will, and he (the Mir) was awaiting further commands. This letter I advised him to send by a very slow messenger, and if the King should remark on this, he must say he fell seriously ill on the road, almost to the point of death, but God saved him to enable him to appear in the King's mighty Court. This plan pleased the Mir, who sent a letter by a trustworthy messenger, according to my suggestion. I hurried my arrangements forward, but in a few days I heard that the army of Saripul had rebelled, and, killing their new officers, had started for Akcha. On receiving this news I started at once and halted some hours at Wazirabad, and from there I reached the Oxus. There were only two boats to be had, so, placing my trust in the Almighty, I ventured with thirty of my bravest sowars and officers to cross. The officers with me were Colonel Nazir Khan, Colonel Wali Khan, and my confidential slave,

who was a perfect lion in the field of battle (he is now my Commander-in-Chief). At the time I am speaking of he had no beard, but I had tried his skill several times in warfare, and observed that he, single-handed, was equal to forty sowars. Another man of noted bravery with me was my slave Frihad. We crossed the Oxus, and in due time the remainder of my followers crossed also. We marched all night, and at sunrise arrived at a village in the Akcha province, called Chilak Sarabad. Halting there, I sent a message to the two battalions who had come with the artillery of Saripul, and also to the battalions of good militia, who possessed the six guns presented by my father to Wali Mahomed. After despatching these letters I slept, having had no rest for three nights. My letters so pleased the soldiers, that they responded immediately to my proposals, and about 1000 came on foot to receive me. I gave them many assurances of kind treatment, and in return they swore to fight for me. They also told me that since I had left they had all been unhappy, and were awaiting my return to show their courage against the treacherous Shere Ali Khan.

We all left for Akcha, and were received there by Faiz Mahomed, but he was half mad, and said he had not wished me to come, but his army had invited me. I said: "It does not matter, you are a wise man." I encouraged the army by assuring them that we should certainly be victorious over Sirdar Fatteh Mahomed, who appointed 2000 Militia sowars, and 5000 Usbeg sowars to fight against us. These sowars having the fear of punishment from me before their eyes for their former disloyalty, were abusing their officers for alienat-

ing them from the service of my father and myself, who treated them like brothers and sons, and who had made them owners of camels, horses, and flocks of sheep. Fatteh Mahomed placed his infantry in a fort called Nimlek, arranging his cavalry outside. His army was under the command of Shahabdin, son of Wazir Ahmed, a former servant of my father's, who had treated him very kindly. On one occasion he had appointed Wazir Ahmed Governor of a town in Balkh, and he having stolen two lakhs of rupees from the revenues, had been pardoned by my father, who had also made him and his sons Khans over 100 sowars, and presented them with flags and an army. Shahabdin and Fatteh Mahomed were always drunk. The officers having filled Nimlek with sowars, encamped the remainder of their army just out of Taktapul facing me. I wrote a letter to Shahabdin, in which I said: "Oh traitor, the kind treatment you have received from my hands you have forgotten, and are now serving my enemies for a few bitter mouthfuls of spirit." To the army I wrote as follows: "You are my army, therefore I will not fight against you. If you wish to kill me, I will come to the fort to-morrow, and you shall shoot me, and obtain rewards for killing your old employer." This letter melted their hearts, and leaving 100 men in the fort, they started for my camp. Shahabdin hearing of their desertion sent some Kandahar and Usbeg sowars to stay their progress, and the fighting began. On my ordering my sowars to the field, they rushed in with good-will, overwhelming the enemy, who fled in such haste as to leave 400 horses in our hands. Shahabdin also fled towards Taktapul,

and on his taking flight all the Taktapul sowars started to join me, and the battalions dispersed. Sirdar Fatteh leaving all his property, departed for Tashkurghan with 300 or 400 sowars, at the same season as that in which I had fled for Bokhara in the previous year. This world is full of experiences and trials, of ups and downs.

On my arrival at Balkh the army salaamed and welcomed me. I sent Naib Ghulam Ahmad to Taktapul to pacify the subjects, and two days later I joined him and assured the army of future kindness and my good-will. After improving the condition of the army I promoted Ali Askar Khan to be General of the artillery, and Nazir Khan to be General of the infantry. Other officers I raised to the ranks of Colonels and Generals, also promoting all the soldiers who had been with me from the beginning of my journey.

Soon after I started for Tashkurghan, where Sirdar Fatteh Mahomed was stationed with six battalions.[1] I was anxious to free the country of them entirely. I entered Tashkurghan quite unopposed, and after staying there two days I went to Aibak. Fatteh Mahomed and Shahabdin, who were at Ghori, fled towards Kabul by the Hindu Kush, and during their flight Shaikh Ali of the Hazara tribe, plundered all their property. By this time Mir Atalik was dead, and his son Sultan Murad was Governor and Mir of Kataghan. He salaamed me, and gave me 500 horses, 200 camels, 2000 sheep, 4000 loads of corn, with 40,000 rupees and other miscellaneous presents. I expressed my sympathy on the death of his father, and said: "When my father

[1] Shere Ali had appointed his nephew, Fatteh Mahomed, Governor of Balkh.

gave the country of Kataghan to your father, he retained to himself the Tajik, the Arab, the old Afghan and Hazara tribes, only giving the Kataghan people to you. I will observe the same rule." He replied that Shere Ali had done the same, except that he exacted one lakh of rupees annually for the revenue, but instead of being content with this, he had ended by taking three lakhs, and wanted more.

At this time I received a letter from my uncle from Badakshan, in which he said he was at Faizabad, where he intended marrying the daughter of Mir Atalik, and after the ceremony he would join me. As I had made my arrangements, and the winter was fast approaching, while Shere Ali was still absent from Kabul, I started for Bamian, and crossing the Kara Kotal and Badkak Passes, halted at Bajgah, and from thence I entered Bamian. I gave khilats to the Mirs of Hazara, and asked them to collect 2000 khawars of wheat and barley, 1000 khawars of butter, and 3000 sheep for my army. I waited at Bajgah until these supplies were being collected, and also to await my uncle. He arrived in a month's time, and I went with my army to meet and welcome him. He told me of all the troubles and difficulties of his journey through Chitral, and of the cold treatment of the English Government, which he resented, as he was the medium of friendship while at Jamrud between his father Dost Mahomed and the British Government. He told me that at the end of the Mutiny in India, all the people were persuading Dost not to join the English, and the rupture would probably bring the kingdom of Punjab under the rule of Afghanistan, as it was before. If

Dost had agreed to this, there was no doubt Punjab would have been in our possession by this time, but he (my uncle) had advised his father to keep his promise to the English, as he would have earned a bad name in the eyes of the world if he broke his word. He expected to be rewarded by the British Government, and went to India for this purpose.

On becoming aware of their treatment, my uncle had fled to Banu, and entering Swat, he went near the Star of the Saints, viz. Ahmed. After staying there a short time he entered Chitral by Dir and Kotal Lahore, and from there returned to Badakshan, through the Pass of Dora Kotal, reaching Kataghan and Ghori, to Bajgah. I expressed great joy at his safe arrival, and said I thanked God that he was with me in the place of my father. We at once opened communication with the Kabul chiefs, and after ten days entered Kohistan through Ghorband. I have mentioned before that Sirdar Sharif Khan had been taken prisoner at Kandahar, and his brother Amin Khan was sent to fight against me at Tutam Dara, but on receiving a letter from my uncle, he came and salaamed him, and embraced his brother, who was with us. How short-sighted is Shere Ali to send such men to fight against his brother's friends.

Amin Khan dismissed his army, which returned to Kabul, and I entered Tutam Dara, through Charikar to Saidabad. By this time winter had arrived, and the snow was waist deep. With the aid of the cavalry I cleared the road to make way for the camels which trampled down the snow, enabling the infantry to pass

over. The artillery was dragged over last with great difficulty.

Our march was so severe that we could only travel two hours daily. In this way we made slow progress, but at last arrived at Tharak-hal. Shere Ali's army was stationed at Khwaja. I took advantage of the hills and posted my army on the heights, where they remained some time, awaiting some movement on the part of the enemy, but none was made. I observed through the telescope that no proper preparations had been made to protect Kabul from an invasion.

After resting that night, I received the following morning a letter from Shere Ali's son at Kabul, in which he promised to release my father and leave the country of Turkestan if I would agree not to attack Kabul for forty days. To this I agreed, because it would have been extremely difficult to fight in that heavy snow, and if they were true to their promise we could return to Balkh in the spring. Meanwhile Sirdar Mahomed Rafik Khan, and General Sheikh Mir, who were courtiers of Sirdar Ibrahim, had quarrelled between themselves, and Sheikh Mir, having a large number of followers, had defeated Mohamed Rafik, who was a clever man and a Wazir of Shere Ali. After his defeat he discovered a plot in which his life was to be attempted, so he escaped from Kabul by night, and took refuge at Tagao, and when I arrived at Charikar he joined us, giving us information of the maladministration of the rule of Shere Ali. This man was now with us, and on our agreement to remain neutral for forty days, we returned to Kohistan with the army.

My uncle remained at Charikar, which is twenty-seven miles from Kabul.

In due time March arrived, and the time of Shere Ali's son's promise had elapsed. When I saw no hope of it being carried out, I marched on Kabul, and arrived at the fort of Dodah Mast. Azim Din Khan, who had been sent with 1000 militia soldiers to stop my advance, abandoned the place after a few rounds of shot, and returned to Kabul. My uncle entered Kabul with a large escort,[1] and on going into the house of Sirdar Shain Khan, the Chiefs and the Wazirs salaamed him. Meanwhile, as Sirdar Ibrahim Khan had fortified the fort in Kabul, my army laid siege to it for nine days, after which General Shaikh Mir and others opened the gates. Shere Ali's son, who was sitting in his harem at the time, came out and salaamed us. Thus we took Kabul, and Shere Ali's son fled to Kandahar.

After six weeks of quiet we received news that Shere Ali was marching towards us. I had prepared my army for this, and dividing my sowars into three divisions, one of which I left at Kabul, I started with the other two divisions for the Surkh Sang Hill. The reason I left part of my sowars at Kabul with my uncle was because a daughter of Fatteh Sing was attacking Kabul from Jellalabad, where the army had been stationed during the winter. Some 3000 soldiers whom I had lately employed I also left with my uncle. I took with me 9000 sowars and 30 guns. I directed Mir Rafik Khan to accompany me to Ghazni, and left Shaikh Mir with my uncle at Kabul. When I reached Ghazni, I found that Nazar Wardak had already

[1] February 1866.



THE FORT OF GHAZNI.

[To face p. 72. Vol. I.

fortified the fort. I surrounded it, but it was too strong to be taken by my small mule-battery guns, and I did not consider it wise to waste any powder and shot, of which I had only a limited amount. The enemy in the fort was encouraged by a daily communication from their Amir, in which he told them he was marching with 40,000 soldiers to their relief. Eleven days passed in inaction, until Shere Ali's army was within one day's march from Ghazni, when my spies brought me the information that his troops were all well trained and amounted to 40,000 in number. Hearing this, I consulted with Mir Rafik Khan, and we agreed it was impossible to fight against such a large army in an open field with our small force. We therefore retreated to a narrow pass, where our small numbers would have a better chance. Mir Rafik demurred at first to this plan, saying that the army would probably lose courage and desert if we marched them back, but I over-ruled this objection, persuading him that my army was trained to follow me anywhere, and was not composed of ordinary Afghan soldiers. Saidabad was a very narrow pass, having small hills rising from one end to another; we arrived there that night. During our retreat Shere Ali ordered 10,000 Herati and Kandahari sowars to attack our rear, and also to take possession of the road to Kabul, so that we should be unable to escape if the fight next day went against us. These detachments of the enemy came across 600 of my followers whom I had sent ahead as an advance guard, and engaged them in battle. These sowars fought bravely, gradually retreating, and, as they did so, sending me word of their difficulty. Directly the

messenger reached me I sent to their assistance two battalions of infantry, who arrived unexpectedly, and as Shere Ali's sowars were massed together in a large body, a few shots did great damage, putting them to flight. My soldiers returned in triumph with booty, and we continued our march to Saidabad.

When Shere Ali heard of his defeat he sent another detachment of the same strength to their aid, but they, finding the ground deserted and my army in full retreat, returned to the Amir with the news that, being discouraged by his numbers, I had turned my face from him and refused to fight. Upon this the Amir ordered a triumphal salute to be fired, and directed the cavalry to pursue us and take me prisoner. On our arrival at Shashgao about 9 A.M., we were surprised by this cavalry. I was marching behind the transport with four battalions and twelve mule guns. I had appointed Sirdar Rafik with one division to march to the right of the baggage, and General Nazir with Abdur Rahim in front of the transport. On the near approach of the enemy's cavalry I marched very fast, taking advantage of a large roadside cave in which to secrete one battalion, with orders to be ready to fire the moment they heard my guns. I then ordered my sowars to march on slowly, and directly I observed the cavalry pass the cave, I turned my twelve guns to their front, ordering immediate fire. Simultaneously my hidden battalion, who were quite close to the enemy, fired, with the result that 1000 sowars fell, and after a short skirmish the rest were put to flight. Very soon, however, they rallied again, and followed my force without having the courage to attack us. They followed us for some time till I

ordered 1000 sowars to attack them. This was carried out successfully, and 150 were taken prisoners. These men I released, telling them it was impossible for them to fight against my trained army. On experiencing my kind treatment, and observing the bravery of my soldiers, they returned to Shere Ali. On their way they cut off a hundred heads of the Wardak subjects, whose villages they passed through. These heads they presented to Shere Ali, saying they belonged to the Afghan sowars. But very soon after, the relations of these sacrificed Wardaks arrived to complain to Shere Ali of the treatment of his cavalry. Hearing their complaints, he called the chief officer to explain the truth of the matter. This man said that Abdur Rahman's soldiers were very difficult to fight against, and had the field of battle been a desert his sowars would have been surrounded, so that none could have escaped.

The Amir marched upon Ghazni, where he rested four days, and, leaving my father a prisoner in the fort there, continued his march against me at Saidabad.

I had taken up a strong position at this latter place, having arranged my guns on the tops of the hills, and prepared for fighting. After four days' march the Amir halted in front of our entrenchments. I had previously plundered a village called Unchi, to secure provisions for twenty days. The people of Unchi had refused to allow me to buy the food. My army consisted of 7000 men, while the Amir possessed 25,000 with 50 guns. We were soon engaged in a struggle, which was exceedingly severe. The smoke of the guns and cannons rendered the sun practically invisible.

It was not before 4 P.M. that the fighting ceased, and I found I had lost 2000 men killed and wounded. Shere Ali's losses were estimated at more than three times the number.[1] Directly I was sure that God had granted the victory of the day to me, I appointed a band of fast cavalry to ride to Ghazni to release my father, but before they arrived, the sentries, hearing of my victory, had set him free, and salaamed him. The chiefs who were set free with him were as follows:—Sirdar Sarwar Khan, son of Sirdar Azim, Sirdar Shah Narwaz Khan, Sirdar Sikander, his uncle, and Mahomed Omar, brother of Sirdar Sultan Jan, Governor of Herat. These last mentioned were taken prisoners at Herat. The former Amir, finding the fort of Ghazni in our hands, fled to Kandahar, and his cavalry (which originally had belonged to my father) left him directly he was defeated, and returned to our allegiance.

Before the war began I had written to my uncle to come and assist me, but though he came to within a short distance, he did not join me, preferring to watch the progress of the battle from afar. His son, Mahomed Aziz, who was only seventeen years old, fought very bravely by my side. My father also wrote me a letter in which he expressed his pleasure at my victory. I was delighted to receive this, and praised God. I answered his letter by asking permission to pay my respects to him, but he replied that he was soon coming to join me, and that I had better not leave my army.

For four days my soldiers plundered Shere Ali's treasury and goods, and on the fifth day my father

[1] May 10, 1866.

arrived. I went at the head of my soldiers to receive him. Dismounting from my horse, I kissed his feet, thanking God many times for his release. The next day I determined to follow Shere Ali to Herat, and my father consented to look after affairs in my absence, but my uncle would not agree, which made me angry, and I suggested that if he objected to the danger of war, he might join me after Shere Ali was captured. My father being influenced by my uncle's objections, added his voice, with the result that we all left for Kabul. The people there received us very gratefully, and dispensed much charity. We entered the palace, and I read the Khutba[1] in the name of my father as King, and the chiefs gathered together to congratulate him on becoming Amir, saying that he, being the eldest son of Dost Mahomed, and their rightful heir, they were pleased to acknowledge him as their ruler. They also said that only a few of the military chiefs acknowledged Shere Ali as Amir, and that they never approved his rule, nor his act of killing his real brother, and imprisoning my father, who, being older, should have stood in place of a father to him. They lamented the loss of Shere Ali's son, through his own sin, in which we joined.

The summer passed pleasantly, my father administering state affairs, while my uncle and I looked after the army. In the autumn the Amir informed me that

[1] Khutba is the sermon preached by the Mahomedan clergy in the mosques on their Sabbath day, which is Friday. On New Year's Day and such other holy days the name of their King must always be mentioned in the sermon. It is customary in Afghanistan, when they proclaim a new ruler, to enter his name in their sermon, which is called "reading the Khutba in his name."

Shere Ali had made arrangements to march from Kandahar on Kabul, to which I replied that had he allowed me to follow him after my victory, he would have been unable to prepare for another war. He then asked me how many days it would be before I should be ready to start, and I told him that I had foreseen all this, and I had therefore kept my army in readiness to start at a moment's notice, and was prepared to do so that day. He was much surprised, and said it was the first time an Afghan army had been ready to start for war the same day as war was declared. Without leaving the Amir's presence I gave directions, and in four hours my army, amounting to 12,000 soldiers, encamped near the palace of Kabul, left for Dihburi. My father examined my arrangements before I started, but found nothing lacking in my preparations. The Amir turned his face to my uncle, and asked if his army was ready to accompany me. He replied that, except for tents, they had nothing else ready, and would take a month to prepare for the journey. I agreed to wait for him at Ghazni, and after kissing my father's hands, I started for that place. After waiting twenty days there, I heard that Shere Ali had reached Kalat Tokhi, upon which I wrote to the Amir to enquire when my uncle proposed to join me, saying that as he had only 3000 sowars, it was a pity my whole army should be delayed for him. I also said that my cavalry only amounted to 4000, which number was not sufficient for me, and should my uncle be delayed longer, some cavalry must be sent after me at once. After despatching this letter, I left for Mukur. Hearing this, Shere Ali fortified

Kalat and remained there. After waiting at Mukur twelve days for my uncle, I started for Kalat.

The following day 10,000 sowars, under the command of Shah Pasand Khan and Fatteh Mahomed, were appointed by Shere Ali to plunder the country surrounding my camp. I heard from a spy that these men had hidden themselves about six miles away, and later on, on arriving at a place called Chashma-i-Panjak, I was informed that they had spent the night on an old fort. Upon this I ordered General Nazir Khan and Abdur Rahim, with 1000 cavalry sowars, 1000 Durani sowars, 2 battalions, and 6 guns, to make a night attack on the fort. This order was carried out and the enemy surprised, with the result that they fled, leaving 300 dead and 1000 prisoners in the fort. Of my army only one man was killed, as the enemy never attempted to fight, but fled panic-stricken. These prisoners I sent to Ghazni. Shere Ali being crestfallen at his bad fortune, did not attempt to fight for eleven days, during which time my uncle arrived with cavalry and infantry, and I informed him of what had happened. From our position there were two roads, one leading to Kandahar, *via* Kalat-i-Ghilzai; the other passing through the territory of the Hotaki people into Nawa Arghastan, runs again through Mundi Hisar into Kandahar. These two roads are separated by a high mountain, and it occurred to me that, as Shere Ali had taken great pains to fortify Kalat, if we marched by the road of Arghastan, his labour would be lost. I mentioned this to my uncle, who agreed to my plan, and we started by that road.

My plan of marching was invariably as follows. The baggage I sent in front with strict orders never to

unload until I arrived. Following behind were General Nazir Khan, Abdur Rahim, and a few other officials. I marched on one wing of my troops to prevent side-attacks. On our arrival at a place called Dewalak I gave the word to halt. My uncle and I remained about a quarter of a mile behind, having with us two guns, and 200 sowars. At this moment some sowars brought me word that a flock of sheep appeared to be coming towards us, but on looking through the telescope, I found the supposed sheep to be part of the enemy's forces. Upon this I gave the order to the 200 sowars with me to continue climbing up and down a hill, four or five at a time, to give the appearance of being a large number, and to gain time. I also sent a messenger to Abdur Rahim to hasten to us and prepare for battle. In a short time all Shere Ali's troops appeared in the following order—10,000 from Pusht-i-Rod, 3000 from Herat, 10,000 Kandahari, and 4000 of Shere Ali's own sowars from Kabul. All these troops were marching towards us, when my officers came to me and advised me to ride on to join our army. But I objected on the ground that the enemy would observe our small numbers, and their cavalry would probably cut us off, whereas, by constantly moving, and keeping fires burning, they would take some time to discover our real number before they would attack us. To this they agreed, not knowing how anxious I was getting. On one side the enemy were arranging themselves in fighting order, but evidently delaying their march upon us until they discovered our strength. On the other hand, as our troops were so far away, it would take some time before my messenger would reach them, and they could come to



KALAT-I-GHILZAI

[To face p. 80. Vol. I.

our assistance. At last I observed Abdur Rahim in the distance, but before he could join us the enemy charged our guns (which made small impression on their large numbers), and, after killing two gunners and wounding one, they managed to take possession of them, while the remaining gunners escaped. When they were engaged in dragging my two guns away, I sent two battalions of infantry and two more under Abdur Rahim to surround them on all sides. In the struggle that ensued 500 of the enemy and many horses were killed, and our guns were rescued. I pursued the remaining sowars towards the south of Kalat. On their reaching a village called Thalla late in the afternoon, they stationed themselves on the hills called Tabak Sar. We halted close by, from where we could see Shere Ali in the fort of Kalat, without the help of a telescope. I could also see that the arrival of the defeated sowars discouraged the rest of the army, and they were moving about within their entrenchments dispiritedly. I took great pains to form my line of battle, and pointed out the hills on which to place the guns. My troops comprised twelve battalions of 600 soldiers, 2000 cavalry sowars, and 1000 Durani sowars. The rest of my men were in the camp. I stood on the hill till dusk, returning without the enemy's knowledge, and directly it got dark I marched my army back to my camp, where we arrived about 2 A.M. From that time, by the grace of God, rain fell until ten the next morning, making the roads muddy and the tents wet. We halted two days, and then started for Kandahar, upon which Shere Ali also marched in that direction, and there being one range of mountains in between us, my army was march-

ing on one side, while his marched on the other. We hoped to reach Kandahar before Shere Ali, and he intended stopping us on the way thither. We continued in this way for five days. Our armies were about 5000 paces distant from each other, but neither army was prepared to attack the other.

On the 5th we arrived at a place very suitable for a battle, and Shere Ali also halted. I arranged some of my guns with flags on the hill-tops to deceive the enemy, the others I hid behind the hills. I sent all superfluous baggage on ahead, and also directed General Nazir and Abdur Rahim with 3 battalions and 1000 militia infantry to take possession of the caves adjoining the road by which Shere Ali would have to pass. Observing that I had occupied this road, Shere Ali was obliged to fight, and he formed his men in position. When he noticed my few men on the hill-tops, and that my baggage had gone on, he said to his officers that they would make one attack, as the enemy had so few men. He therefore attacked my sowars on the hills, and simultaneously I ordered those hidden to come out, and when the battle became serious, and both sides were getting exhausted, I sent for Abdur Rahim and General Nazir, who attacked the enemy's flank and rear. A short time after this, Shere Ali's army gave way and fled towards Kandahar, and I allowed my sowars to plunder their baggage. We also captured thirty-five guns. I marched to my camp, which was thirteen miles distant, and had a long sleep, as in the last fifteen days of anxiety and small skirmishes, I had not slept more than two or three hours daily. I awoke next evening and ate, and then slept again until the

following morning. Having rested so long, I felt very well, and thanked God for my victory.

The following day I went towards Kandahar with my uncle, and entered the city five days after. Shere Ali had fled straight to Herat. On our arrival at Kandahar my uncle was anxious to go to Kabul, and leave me behind; but I refused, saying that I would go to Kabul, and he must remain as Governor. I arranged to procure transport animals and riding horses for my men, and for the artillery, as during the winter those I had had become very weak, and had to be turned out to graze and get strong.

I must here mention an officer in my uncle's army, named Fatteh Mahomed, son of Sultan Ahmad Khan. This man's father was captured by Shere Ali at the battle of Herat, and my father had released him, and appointed him Governor of Hazarajat. He had run away from this latter appointment, and had joined Shere Ali, who placed him at the head of his cavalry, so that he was now fighting against me. What can be thought of the character of one who fights against the man to whom he owes his freedom, and joins him who took him prisoner? An evil-minded man cannot be made good by culture. In gardens grow flowers, and in jungles grow thorns.

CHAPTER IV

STRUGGLE WITH SHERE ALI—*continued*

AMIR AZIM

(1867-1870)

Now I must draw the attention of my readers to Balkh. I have mentioned that after taking that country, I appointed Faiz Mahomed with Nazir Haidar Khan and General Ali Askar Khan, as Governors. When I arrived at Bamian, Faiz Mahomed had been quarrelling with the General and Nazir. On hearing this I wrote to them to refrain from disagreeing at such a time, when I had to attack Kabul. In the winter I had sent to Faiz for 1000 pack ponies; and that traitor, seeing me engaged in warfare, refused to send them. After the victory of Saidabad, my father wrote to him inviting him to come to see him. This invitation he also declined. About this time my cousin, Sirdar Sarwar Khan, was sent with 8000 sowars and Ghulam Ali to Bamian, for the administration of Hazara. At the same time Shere Ali was marching from Kandahar to Ghazni, and I faced him at Kalat, as mentioned above.

During this time Sirdar Faiz became more and more troublesome, and at last my father ordered Sarwar Khan to march against him. This officer left Bamian at once for Balkh, and they met at a village called Ab-i-

Kali, five days' march from Aibak. This encounter resulted in the defeat of Sarwar Khan, who rallied his men, and again offered battle at Bajgah, but was again defeated. Sarwar fled, and many officers and men were taken prisoners by Faiz Mahomed, who killed Naib Ghulam and Ghulam Ali, with two or three other important officials. He then returned towards Kataghan and Badakshan, which countries he took from Mir Jahandar after a small skirmish. Mir Jahandar came to complain to my father in Kabul, but he had no army there with him, and hearing that Faiz was marching on Kabul, he sent for me to check his advance. On receiving his letter I started at once, although I was very weak, suffering at the time from kidney disease. I could not ride my horse, so was carried in a "Gakht-i-rawan" (moving throne); and, making two days' march in each day, I arrived on the 5th day at Ghazni.

On my arrival there I received a letter from my father, saying I need not hurry, as the traitor Faiz had returned towards Balkh and Kataghan. I was pleased with this news, for although I was better in health, my men were very tired with their long marches. I halted at Ghazni for five days, and then started for Kabul. My father sent many people to receive me, and to these I gave friendly assurances. I was delighted to kiss my father's hands, and to pay my respects to my mother. I encamped my army on the banks of the Kabul River, going once daily to see my parents, returning always to the camp to sleep. Thus the time passed until the summer, when cholera broke out in Kabul, and my father suggested that I

should go to stay in the Bala Hissar,[1] as the air in the tents was unhealthy. I dismissed my soldiers, who dispersed to their homes, and I left for Bala Hissar.

Soon after I heard that my father had taken the disease, and the medicines which the ignorant druggists of this country know of were being tried upon him, until the malady turned to cholera fever, and he was very ill. At the same time, news came that Shere Ali had arrived at Balkh, and being reinforced by Faiz Mahomed, had marched with him on Kabul. I immediately wrote to my uncle, telling him of the dangerous condition of my father's health, also that Shere Ali and Faiz were marching against us, and though I wished to be free to fight them, I could not leave my father till he came to take my place. I had no answer to this letter for a long time, so I arranged for my spies to bring me an account of Shere Ali's marches, and prepared to go and fight him, when he was within two days' journey of Kabul. I was surprised one day to hear that the enemy had returned to Panjshir, and intended entering Kabul Kohistan suddenly. Upon this I took leave of my father, who prayed for my success, and started for Charikar. My uncle also arrived at Ghazni, but halted, with the intention of remaining there until the war was over. When I reached Charikar my spies reported Faiz Mahomed's intention to come through the Panjshir Valley. On hearing this I marched all night, and at sunrise arrived at a place called Gulbahar, and Kala Alahdad, which is at the mouth of the valley. I arrived at the head of my entire army, and Faiz Mahomed also reached the top of

[1] Persian—Bala = high ; Hissar = palace or fortress.

the mountain. I afterwards learned that he was surprised to see the Kabul army in front of him, for the Kohistan chiefs had invited him to come through their country, as he would be less likely to meet with resistance, and that the unexpected evil had taken hold of his throat. He also received a letter from Shere Ali, telling him not to continue his march till he arrived, which he expected to do in two days. Faiz was much upset at this, and sent many reproaches to Shere Ali, explaining that Abdur Rahman had arrived, and would kill them both, if he waited longer.

He made entrenchments on the hill-tops that night, and next morning I attacked his position. The fighting was very severe, as Faiz had the advantage, being above us, but after many hours I succeeded in taking possession of some of his sangars. When he heard of this he came from behind the hills, and I fired a shell straight at him, hitting him in the stomach. The salt which he had eaten of us was thus exposed—so ended the life of a traitor, his end being worthy of his character. I took nearly all his army prisoners, and Shere Ali fled to Balkh with 2000 sowars whom he had brought from Herat.[1] I sent the dead body of Faiz to Kabul, to his elder brother, Wali Mahomed, and his mother, and returned there four days afterwards myself.

My uncle received tidings a few days later at Ghazni of my victory. Immediately on arriving in Kabul I went to my father, and found him in a dying condition. The ladies of the harem called loudly to him that Abdur Rahman had arrived, and was waiting for an audience. He was unable to speak, but

[1] September 13, 1867.

moved his hand towards me, and seeing that he would never speak again, I wept. After spending some time with him, I left for my camp, and paid attention to my military duties, going twice daily to see my father. The third day after my return, being a Friday, he departed from this world, leaving in my heart the sorrow of our parting. But I was contented to acquiesce in the desire of my God. After all the proper funeral services, his coffin was deposited in the place appointed by him, in the fort of Hoshmend Khan, being his own property, and broken-hearted I returned to Kabul, giving feasts to the poor and helpless people.

Three days after, I said to my uncle (Mahomed Azim) that as long as my father was alive, he was his younger brother, and I was as a younger brother to him (my uncle); now my father was dead, I would look upon him as occupying his place, and I would take his myself, leaving my place to his eldest son. My uncle replied that I was the rightful heir, being the late Amir's son, and he would be my servant. But I replied: "Your white beard, uncle of mine, makes it unfitting for you to be a servant of any one. I am young, and therefore will serve you as I served my father." We discussed this question for four days, and on the Friday night I invited the Kabul Royalty and chiefs of the provinces, and gave orders that the Khutba should be read in my uncle's name. When this was done, I first offered the hand of allegiance, and the other Sirdars followed my example, and we congratulated him. I then returned to my camp, and for forty days and nights the priests repeated the Koran, and offered their prayers, with much charity to

the soul of my father. A few months after his death, the mischief-makers turned my uncle against me, persuading him that while I was in Kabul his influence was limited. It would therefore be better that I should be sent to Balkh, while his own son was appointed in my present place. I must mention the names of these disloyal people who, with their fathers, have pulled the noses of his camels, the Amir being a puppet in their hands. They are as follows: Sarfaraz Khan (Ghilzai), Sahib Jadak Ghulam Jan, Malik Shere Gul (Ghilzai), Nawab Khan, Sufi Khan (Kayani), Mahomed Akbar Khan (Ghilzai), Mir Akbar Khan (Kohistan), Mir Jan Abdul Khalik, son of the before-mentioned Ahmad (Kashmiri), and Malik Jabar Khan. These men prejudiced my uncle so much against me, that one day when I went as usual to salaam him, I was stopped outside by the doorkeeper, who told me that the Amir Sahib was asleep. I had to sit at the door from morning up to one in the afternoon, whilst all the servants and other officials were going in and out. His luncheon was then served, and I was surprised at the kind of sleep he was enjoying. After this I was allowed to go in, and upon my doing so, I saw all his officials sitting round him. I sat down also, and when asked to go in to dinner, I said I had had mine, and sat in a corner until they had finished. The courtiers then began whispering to each other, so I got up and walked away. This intriguing and secrecy lasted two or three days, when my uncle told me it was better I should go to Balkh. I assured him that his wisest policy was to send his son Abdullah, with Abdur Rahim, General Nazir, and

such other military officers of my army who were inhabitants of Balkh, with twenty-four guns, leaving me free to remain in Kabul to be at his service when required. I considered if Shere Ali marched from Herat I should then be able to resist him. My uncle said: "The country of Balkh cannot be managed without you," and seeing by this that he wished to get rid of me, I left for Balkh in ten days, leaving my family in Kabul. It was winter at the time, and the ground was covered with deep snow. I suffered a good deal, and about 300 of my army lost their hands and feet by frost-bite.

I must mention that before I started the Amir had ordered Mahomed Ismail, son of Sirdar Amin, to march at the head of 1 battalion, 6 guns and 5000 cavalry sowars to Hazara, and Colonel Sohrab with 400 cavalry and 4 guns to march to the mouth of the Bajgah valley to meet me. These officers came to salaam me, and I requested them to return with me as far as Balkh, and help me to fight the people of that country who had rebelled. I promised to send them back the following spring. They did as I requested, but Colonel Sohrab received a letter from my uncle with instructions to return at once with or without my permission. A few days after, the Governor of Bamian, who had been appointed by me, wrote to tell me that he had received orders to go to Kabul to render his accounts and to receive his dismissal. The only answer I could give him was that he must obey the Amir. When I arrived at Aibak, after a severe journey and many difficulties, the Mir of Kataghan came to pay his respects to me, bringing many presents,

including 400 camel and 1000 horses. From there I started for Tashkurghan. I found the country much upset in consequence of the maladministration of Shere Ali. The Mirs of Balkh, who had taken refuge in Bokhara, Kolab, Hissar, and other directions, were invited by Shere Ali to return to their country, which he had sold to them with the guns, taking payment in cash. These idiots, believing he had the power to sell the country, had handed over the money to him, and immediately plundered the Afghan inhabitants, saying that they had been sold to them by Shere Ali. To this the Afghans replied that Abdur Rahman was their king, and they did not acknowledge Shere Ali as Amir. This caused much discussion, which ended in bloodshed, and when I arrived the Mirs, afraid of the consequences, fled to Akcha, Andkhoi, Shibarghan, and Maimana, and fortifying the fort of Nimlek, endeavoured to raise levies to fight against me.

I went from Tashkurghan to Mazar, and thence to Taktapul. Some days after my arrival, the officers of Ismail's artillery and infantry reported to me that Ismail did not appear very friendly to me, and they would be glad if I would take them into my army. To this I replied: "My uncle, Amir Azim, having appointed you to serve under Ismail, I cannot transfer you until I receive his permission to do so." I promised to write to my uncle, which I did, but in answer my uncle said that any one who spoke against the light of his eyes, Ismail Mahomed, would be a traitor and a liar. I showed this letter to the officers, and left for Nimlek, the fort being held against me.

I tried hard by friendly assurances with an oath on the Koran to persuade the people not to be ruined by fighting against me, but they, believing the fort could not be taken, would not listen. It seemed almost impossible to cross the moat, which was about 330 yards long and 50 yards wide. Next day I arranged my guns, and at sunrise ordered the attack. By 9 A.M. the gate of the fort was destroyed and two minarets. My army threw down 10,000 trusses of dry hay in the moat to make a bridge across, and gaining foothold, they reached the walls. The rebels and inhabitants of the fort set fire to large bundles of cane, and threw them in the faces of my advancing troops, also attacking them with bayonets when they were climbing the walls. Notwithstanding this, they managed to gain a footing, and soon entered the minor fort, although 700 were left dead and dying in the attempt. All those in the fort were put to death, 2500 in number, only one man being found alive, and that because he had thrown himself into a dry well. He told me that the Mirs on hearing of my march towards Balkh, selected 2500 of their bravest men, who voluntarily offered their lives for the protection of this fort. They had been given khilats, swords, guns, etc., as a reward for their services.

I asked the commander of the fort, Kara Khan, son of Ashan Sadur, Mir of Balkh, why they did not accept the Koran which I sent them as an oath, to which he replied: "You know as well as I do, that this fort has never been taken before, therefore we were convinced of its impregnability." I knew that this was so, as my uncle had besieged it for eighteen

months, and then was obliged to make a treaty with the defenders, as his provisions had run out. By the grace of God I had taken this fort in six hours, and avenged all the cruelties practised on the Afghans in this country. The next day I released this man, sending him with an account of the capture of the fort to the Mirs. I then marched against Akcha. The inhabitants came out to meet me, offering their salaams, and apologising for their Mir's behaviour. I forgave them, as the fault had originated in Shere Ali selling them the country. The Mirs fled towards Maimana, all except Mir Hakim Khan, who submitted himself to me, and the Mir of Saripul, named Mahomed Khan, sent me many presents. This man was mentioned by me before, when I gave an account of his residence at Bokhara. I returned his presents, and sent a letter with a new governor to take possession of his country, and he also fled towards Maimana.

Arriving at Shibarghan, I restored the former Mir Hakim Khan, and sent a new governor to Andkhoi. Mir Hakim, being grateful for my kindness, offered to me the hand of his daughter in marriage. At first I refused his offer, but afterwards accepted it. The guardians of Ismail reported to me that he was an enemy of our government, and I must take precautions against him. This warning being the same as that I had received from his officers, I advised them all to write to the Amir, adding their seals. I also wrote to my uncle on the subject, but he paid no attention to our letters, except to abuse us all. He sent me orders to go to Maimana at once, but as this would have been unwise, I remonstrated with him, saying that as

my army had travelled all the winter, enduring many hardships, and having fought and gained a victory since then, it was due to them to have a long rest. I added that, owing to the disturbed state of this country, it was most important I should remain here until the inhabitants had grown accustomed to our rule. To this he replied that he was certain Shere Ali would send his army to fight against his sons, Sarwar and Aziz, at Kandahar, and should this happen, and result in the defeat of his sons, he would consider it my fault. I wrote in answer, suggesting that he should send some other reinforcements to Maimana, and allow me to remain here near him, in case Shere Ali attacked Kandahar. I added that the siege of Maimana would of necessity mean a matter of months, and Shere Ali might take advantage of my occupation at a distance to march on Kabul. My uncle would not heed any of my advice, writing that if I was his friend I would go; if I was not, I could do as I chose. I was much disappointed, and felt inclined to write: "If I am not afraid of Shere Ali's enmity, I am not afraid of yours." But, on second thoughts, I desisted, considering that as I had put him on the throne, I ought to uphold him in everything. I therefore appointed governors in all directions, and started for Maimana by Andkhoi. At the same time I despatched a letter to the Amir, advising him of my departure, adding that I was sure he would be sorry for the fact one day.

I reached a village within one day's march of Maimana, when he wrote me that the sons of Shere Ali were marching against Kandahar, having already

taken Larah. He requested me to send half of my troops to Kabul at once, keeping the remainder to besiege Maimana. He also desired me to send the "Light of his Eyes" (Ismail) with this force. I replied to these commands that I had warned him of these possibilities, which had already come to pass. As he would not listen to me, and it was now impossible for me to besiege Maimana with only half my army, I could not come nor send to his assistance.

I thereupon proceeded on my way, and arranged for entrenchments to be made outside the fort. I erected my tent on a hill called Tal Ashikan, about 1500 paces from the fort, on higher ground. When I had opened the siege I received another letter from my uncle, in which he said that his son, Mahomed Aziz, had been defeated by Mahomed Yakub, and was a prisoner in his hands. Yakub had also seized the province of Pusht-i-Rod, and he commanded me at once to send the half of my army to him. But I again refused, saying that as I was in the face of the enemy, and besieging the fort, I had not sufficient troops to send half away.

I attacked the fort vigorously, but could not take it, because Mahomed Ismail had told the enemy of the hour we intended to attack them. They judged from the force of my attack that they might not be able to resist a second one, so the Mir of Maimana sent his son, with some chiefs and priests, also an oath on the Koran to me, offering 40,000 sovereigns as annual tribute to us. He sent, too, presents of horses and other things. I agreed to his conditions, because of the troubles in Kabul, upon which the Mir came

himself to salaam to me. I took possession of the fort with the six guns which were in it.[1] Hussein Khan (the Mir) interceded on behalf of the other Mirs, and I forgave them also.

My uncle wrote to Ismail, saying he had written five letters to him, asking him to return, and he had taken no notice. I handed Ismail this letter, explaining that I did not give him the former ones, as I had need of his force, but now as I did not require him any longer, he could go. The following day he started, and I left also for Balkh. Mahomed Ismail, being in his heart a traitor, made long marches on purpose, to arrive there before me, so as to plunder the city, but I suspected his intention, and did not allow him to get ahead of me. On my arrival at Balkh, I received a letter from Colonel Sohrab, saying he had brought Sirdar Sharif Khan (according to instructions received from my uncle) to Taktapul, and I was to see that he was kept in proper confinement. Now this Sharif Khan was the uncle of Ismail, and I thought that most probably Ismail would attempt to release him. Accordingly I sent two battalions and one battery the same night, with instructions to march day and night to fortify Taktapul. They marched through the sandy desert across through Akcha and Balkh, thence to Taktapul. Ismail arrived the next day with intent to attack the city and release his uncle, as I had suspected, but finding my army already there, he changed his mind, and returned towards Mazar. On arriving there, he forced the governor, with threats of torture, to give him all the government money,

[1] May 1868.

amounting to 30,000 tangas, after which he marched to Tashkurghan to plunder the treasury there, but the people being advised of his intent, fortified themselves, and prepared to resist him. On becoming aware of this, he altered his course to Bamian, plundering everything he passed on his way. My uncle having heard nothing of his misbehaviour wrote to him at Bamian, asking him to come to Kabul as soon as possible, as he was going to Ghazni to fight against Shere Ali, who had conquered Kandahar, and was marching to Kalat. This Ismail, with the title of "Light of the Eyes," wrote in reply that his two battalions, artillery, and sowars would not let him leave for Kabul until he had paid them twelve months' salary. At the same time the news of his march from Taktapul reached my uncle's ears, and he sent me word that I had been right in saying Ismail was a traitor. I replied that he had yet to have many services rendered him from the "Light of his Eyes;" I added: "For God's sake, do not leave Kabul, wait a month, when I shall be able to help you." I sent at once 2000 brave men to him under the command of Ghulam Ali (Populzai) until my arrival.

The following day I took fever, which did not leave me for twenty-one days, and directly I recovered I started for Kabul. At the time of my illness I had appointed Abdur Rahim and General Nazir, with other officers, to make all necessary preparations for the journey, and these being carried out, I started for Tashkurghan, and thence to Aibak, where a page-boy of my harem, disguised as a Fakir, met me with the news that Amir Azim had gone to Ghazni, and

Sirdar Ismail, with a few chiefs of Kohistan, was besieging Kabul. There were only 200 soldiers in the fort, who fought for six days, when the Kabul inhabitants went over to Ismail, and opened the gates to him. He immediately turned my family, as well as that of the Amir, out of the palace, and proclaimed Shere Ali Amir. I heard through my page-boy that my mother was much upset. I also received a letter from Sirdar Sarwar Khan from Ghori, in which he said that his army had suffered defeat at Ghazni; and having become separated in flight, had missed the Amir without knowing in what direction he had gone. This news depressed me much, and I wrote to Nazir Haidar, Governor of Balkh, to send men to search for my uncle. They discovered him at Balkhab, which place he had reached through Hazara. I wrote to the Governor of Balkh to send him 100,000 tangas, with riding-horses, and everything he required, and giving up my intention of marching against Kabul, I started for Ghori, at the same time advising General Nazir to desist from his project of marching upon Bajgah.

When we reached Ghori, Mir Jahandar Shah, who was with me, offered his niece (daughter of Mir Shah Jat) to me in marriage. I refused this offer, saying that the connection my uncle had formed with his family was sufficient for me. But, upon his insisting, I accepted her. Mir Mahomed Shah (to whom Faiz Mahomed had given Mir Jahandar Shah's country) sent presents to me, which I returned, saying he must either give the country back or leave in any direction he chose. To Mir Jahandar himself

I gave 200 sowars, under Shah-ud-din Khan, to take his country. I remained at Ghori, putting the affairs of Kataghan straight, whence I wrote to my uncle to come and join me. To this he replied that I must go to him, but as I was staying at Ghori for the purpose of commanding the roads of the Hindu Kush and Kabul, I could not leave. My uncle, satisfied with my explanation, came to me, and I welcomed him. He was very anxious to secure Kabul again, and insisted on my marching against Shere Ali. I explained how important it was that we should wait till spring, and that we could do no good in such snowy weather, but, as usual, he would not heed me, and said that if I did not leave at once, he would go to Bokhara. I promised to be ready to fight in six months, and did my best to get him to take my view of the situation, but all to no purpose. I was obliged to start with him for Bamian, through the road of Badkak and Shuluktu. From Bamian we arrived at Gardan-dawal, where 3000 Herati sowars of Shere Ali's were stationed. They fled to Sar-i-Chasma on my approach, upon which my army advised me to follow them, so that Shere Ali would lose courage. I agreed to this suggestion, but my uncle refused, and insisted on going to Ghazni by the Nor and Dara-i-sokhta roads. We reached Ghazni after many troubles, the season being severe. Khodainazar Wardak fortified the fort, and we encamped at Roza. My uncle had previously sent his son Sarwar to Sarfaraz Ghilzai in the direction of Tazan. He had great faith in the loyalty of the Andra subjects,

and being one day's march from their country, he wrote to them for help. After a few days they came to our camp, but refused to give any help or to accept our khilats, so my uncle was again deceived.

Shere Ali, hearing we were at Ghazni, marched against us. This was greatly to our disadvantage, as we should have had a better chance of success if we had attacked him at Kabul. On reaching Shashgao, he found the snow about a yard deep, and he had no provisions, neither was there any sunshine. We, on the other hand, were encamped on a sunny level ground where there was no snow, having large stores of provisions.

One day we had sent our camels as usual for provisions under convoy of 2 battalions and 6 guns, when they were met by 10,000 of Shere Ali's sowars. I happened to be looking through the telescope at the time, and observing a large body of the enemy approaching, I sent 2000 sowars, who were ready at once, to their assistance. These men soon reached the spot, and attacked the enemy from the rear with drawn swords. Our sowars were greatly encouraged with this reinforcement, and did great execution with their guns, so that the enemy being surrounded lost great numbers, especially as being raw levies from the country and not properly trained, they fell over one another in their efforts to fly, and for this reason about 1000 horses were captured, with 4 guns, and many prisoners.

The same night Shere Ali appointed 10,000 sowars to attack my transport animals at Nani and

Shandip, under Fatteh Mahomed. On receiving information to this effect, I employed spies to bring me news of their halting-place for that night. I sent 2000 sowars, 6 mule-battery guns, and 6 horse artillery, with 2 battalions of infantry, and 500 militia, under Abdur Rahim and General Nazir, to take them by surprise. These marched the whole night, and before daybreak attacked and put the enemy to flight. This skirmish was so successful that the Herati sowars fled to Herat, and the Kandahari to Kandahar, leaving 3000 wounded, killed, and prisoners.

After this triumph I wrote to the military officers of Shere Ali's army, saying that I was very fond of them all, and asking why they fought against me. They replied that they hated my uncle, and being tired of his cruelties, had joined Shere Ali; also adding that, if my uncle were not with me, they would submit to me. I showed this letter to my uncle, and said that as long as I had remained at Kabul these people were satisfied, and it was his treatment that had caused them to rise against us. To this he could find no reply.

Shere Ali being in trouble for provisions, moved his position to Zanakhan (a place close to Shashgao), where there are six or seven forts. He was thus enabled to obtain food. About this time my uncle thought it would be advisable to attack Zanakhan, and in the event of it falling into our hands, Shere Ali would be unable to obtain provisions. I tried to make him understand that in such severe weather it would be extremely unwise to march out of our

position, as the snow lay waist-deep on the ground. It would be impossible to make entrenchments, neither could the sowars stand in such snow at night. My uncle, with his usual obstinacy, refused to believe that my plan was the wiser, and insisted on my attacking and taking the forts of Zanakhan. These forts were nearer Shere Ali's camp than mine, and if I could take them in a few hours all would be well; but Shere Ali would probably seize the opportunity to attack me with his whole force at daybreak, and if by that time they were not taken, I should have very little chance of success against him. It would also necessitate the troops marching all day and over heavy snow towards night. Besides this, I should have had to leave half my army with my uncle, and the remainder would not be sufficient to face Shere Ali. I explained all this at length to him, but he still refused to be convinced: and, as he insisted, I was obliged to start, which I did at sunset.

On reaching the fort I took up my position in front of it, and after failing to induce the Militia sowars to give it up in a friendly manner, I sent General Nazir, with 5 battalions, 24 guns, 2000 militia infantry, and 4000 cavalry sowars—in fact nearly the whole of my army—to the top of the surrounding hills, to make entrenchments during the night, to place the guns in advantageous positions, and to make all preparations for a battle next day, as I foresaw the following day would be the decisive battle. By this time it was dark, and the cold most intense. Our sufferings were very severe, sitting all night in the snow.

The morning dawned, and the fort was still impreg-

nable. I sent a messenger to my uncle to come at once with 1000 cavalry sowars and 500 Kataghan sowars, also to send Sultan Murad with 3 battalions, and batteries of horse artillery. I pointed out to him that Shere Ali would attack us, and the result one way or the other would decide everything. My uncle replied to my message that the cold was so intense, he would start directly it got warmer, although my messenger explained that as it would take three hours to reach Zanakhan, he ought to start immediately, and the fighting would begin at sunrise.

Owing to the intensity of the cold, General Nazir drank a great quantity of wine and spirit, and fell asleep before the guns had been placed on the hill-tops, or any entrenchments made. At sunrise a sowar came galloping to me with the news that Shere Ali had arrived with all his army. I had only forty sowars with me, and I galloped with these men to the hills, only to find all the guns in the valley, with no gunners, artillery, or magazines. I climbed the hill, and found Shere Ali's army quite close, in good fighting order, and General Nazir still in an intoxicated sleep. I awoke him saying: "Why have you done this? You are responsible for your behaviour. Where are the gunners, the soldiers, and transport animals?" He replied: "It was so cold I permitted them to sleep in the camp, they will arrive directly." I said, "You will see directly what will happen." He replied: "I will tear Shere Ali's mouth." In spite of my depression and disappointment I could not help laughing, seeing he was drunk. As we had no army to fight, and those few who were with me had fled in all direc-

tions, the enemy proceeded to take our guns. Being anxious to escape, and the enemy being all round me, I joined some of these sowars who were chasing a small body of men, calling out, "Catch them." In this way I travelled two miles, and directly I was able I disguised myself, and joined a few of my sowars, who were looking for me. With these men I turned my steps towards Maimana, where I met my uncle, and explained to him all that had happened, saying: "If you had only listened to me, I should not be in this plight now." I then inquired for twenty loads of gold coins which I had left in his care. He replied he did not know, as he had fallen asleep while the treasurer had moved the loads. I said I had left the money with him, not with the treasurer, and now we were defeated and had no money. The road to Balkh being closed by heavy snow, we could not return there, so were obliged to go the Waziri Hills. Before we had decided, 200 or 300 sowars of the enemy appeared. Seeing a frozen canal on my right, I crossed with four sowars, and the rest were pursued and captured by the enemy's cavalry within my view from the opposite side of the river. I was most disappointed to see all this without being able to help. Later in the day my uncle joined me with Abdur Rahim, and 300 sowars. Towards night we reached the fort of Zurmat, tired, ruined, and broken-hearted.[1]

After resting two hours in the village, we rode on again. At 8 A.M. we arrived at Sar Roza. The inhabitants, thinking we were some of Shere Ali's troops, came out in a large body and fired a shell, but recog-

[1] Jan. 1869.

nizing us, they apologised, while their Maliks and priests brought food for us and our horses. One priest gave me a copper drinking-cup as a present, and another gave me a jug. I bought a hubble-bubble, and some tobacco; not having smelt tobacco for two days, I greatly enjoyed a smoke. All the property I possessed in the world was one copper cup, one jug, and one hubble-bubble, also one small rug, either to wear or stand upon, also the suit which I was wearing in battle, a sword, rifle-belt, revolver, and riding-horse. A few days before I had possessed in my treasury 800,000 gold coins of Bokhara, 20,000 English sovereigns, 20,000 drams of gold, eleven lakhs of rupees, Kabuli, five lakhs of rupees, Kunduz (each of which is equal to an Indian rupee), 10,000 khilats, cooking utensils for 2000 people (the number that used to eat with me every day), 1000 camels—in fact, I possessed more property than any one in Afghanistan. However, this did not weigh upon me heavily. My grief was at being parted from all my kind and sincere servants, who had brought me up so kindly, and of whose fate I was ignorant.

The same afternoon I started from Sar Roza, taking one Amir Mahomed, a man of the Kharoti tribe, as a guide. We went to Birmal, where we arrived after 8 P.M. Dismounting, we found some ground from which the snow had been cleared, and set light to some wood to warm ourselves. The people of the fort of Birmal came to speak to us, and began quarrelling with me, during which my sowars and uncle rode on, leaving me behind. Soon after, seeing my opportunity, I seized a horse which an inhabitant of Birmal was going to mount, and putting one foot on the stirrup, I jumped

on. The man tried to throw me down, upon which I drew my sword, and he let go, I hastened on, and my uncle was surprised to see me. I asked him why they ran away leaving me alone, and they had nothing to answer. As none of us knew the road, we were at a loss which way to go, and consulted among ourselves. I suggested halting there until daylight, when we could see our way, and they agreed. We slept on the top of a hill. On lighting a fire my uncle said we should be seen and followed, and it would be better to endure the cold. I replied I was not such a coward, and would take the risk, as my followers would lose their hands and feet if we had no means of keeping warm. Soon after, about forty people of the Kharoti tribe came, and said they were looking for us, and only discovered us from the light of our fires. They placed their houses at our disposal, and provided food for us and our horses, paying us every attention, for which I am greatly indebted to them. We left them in the morning, furnished with a guide, and towards sunset we reached the fort of the Pir Koti tribe, taking the people by surprise. They attempted to shut the gates, but I galloped in without hesitation, and my followers close after me. They were obliged to welcome us, and asked us to remain as their guests, but we refused, and only taking tea we started again, but without a guide, and as there were many paths and valleys on every side, we were again puzzled as to our correct route. I went ahead, telling my followers to came after me, until we came to some habitation where we could secure a guide. We had gone about four miles when we met a sowar, who asked who we

were. Hearing I was Abdur Rahman, he galloped to me, and kissed my feet, telling me he was my father's old servant, and the servant also of Dost Mahomed, and he reminded me of many things which happened when I was young. As he was a guide by trade, and offered to go with us, I decided to trust him. He told me that the Waziri country was two days' journey by road, but he could show us a quicker route over a high mountain, and by going that way we should arrive that afternoon. My uncle was so afraid the guide might be deceiving us that he proposed going by the longest route, but I was sure he spoke the truth, and we started for the mountain. Gaining the top of one high hill, we were surprised by the sight of an army which seemed to be following us. All my sowars dispersed, except forty brave men who remained with me.[1]

These men and a few sowars turned and faced the enemy. But for some reason they all dispersed as suddenly as they had appeared, leaving about ten men, who fled on our firing the guns. This danger over, we again started, and a few miles further on we overtook our sowars and my uncle. On climbing another mountain we were stopped by 200 sowars of

[1] Their names are as follows:—Abdur Rahim Khan, Parwana Khan (now Deputy-Commander-in-Chief), Abdullah Khan (now Viceroy of Badakshan and Kataghan), Jan Mahomed Khan (now my Treasurer), Faramurz Khan (Commander-in-Chief of Herat), Said Mahomed (Colonel of the body-guard), Mahomed Sher Khan (Colonel of the cavalry), Abmad Khan Rasildar (who died at Samarkand), Mahomed Alah Khan, Rasildar Haidar Khan (whom I made Commander-in-Chief at Kandahar, but who was obliged to fly to Kakar, because of his cruelties and oppression), Commandant Naibulla Khan, Colonel Marsirili (now at Kabul), Colonel Merab Khan (brother of General Nazir) and Mir Alam Khan (now General of artillery at Balkh.)

the same tribe. Our numbers being about 300, I dismounted, and prepared to fight, but before I began, I tried to tell them it would not be to their advantage to fight without reason, but they said I had wounded five of their men, and they intended to avenge them. I divided my men into three divisions, sending one division to the right, one to the left on higher ground, and with the third I attacked the enemy. Being surrounded, they were soon vanquished, and we again continued our way.

Very soon we espied the forts of the Waziri country, called Murgha. My uncle, who knew the people, wrote letters to the Maliks, which he sent by our guide. In consequence of this, 100 sowars came out to welcome us, and about 1000 footmen played national music in our honour. They feasted us for two days, and fed our horses. We endeavoured to induce them to accept money for their kindness, but they refused. Sirdar Abdullah (son of Abdur Rahim) had placed 200 gold coins at my disposal, and this was all the money we had in the world. Abdullah had sewn this money in his cartridge-belt, and it was black with powder. After two days' rest we started again, and halted in another part of the country, where we were asked to pay for our necessities, and on my offering some of these coins, the natives refused them (thinking they were copper), and demanded rupees. Hearing that Sher Jan had 1000 rupees, I offered to exchange my gold coins for them, but he refused, saying, "If no one will take them from you, who will accept them from my hands." At last I was obliged to take the money by force, giving

him 100 sovereigns in return. With this money I bought provisions for men and horses.

Two days later, we entered into the forts of Malik Adam Khan Waziri, who received me very warmly, and entertained us that night in his fort. The following day we reached the next village, where the people also received us very warmly, and gave us a banquet. Next day both Maliks who had acted as guides took leave and returned to their country, and we entered Dawa, an Afghan village outside the Indian boundary.

I must mention an interesting incident which happened to me a short time before. The first night I entered the Waziri country I had eaten nothing since my defeat, and I told my sowars I was very hungry, and should much like a piece of meat. They had one piece of money between them, and with this they bought some mutton, butter, and onions. We had no cooking utensils, and the people in that country only used clay pots. However, my men managed to procure an iron saucepan, and in this I cooked some of the meat, making also some gravy. I had been obliged to tie the saucepan to some sticks to hang it over the fire, and as I was going to take the cooked meat out of the saucepan, a dog, thinking the hanging string was the intestines of some animals, seized it in his mouth and ran off with the whole thing. My sowars ran after the dog, but the meat was upset. From this I learned again the power of God. Three days before I had 1000 camels to carry my cooking utensils, and now one dog could run off with my cooking pans, together with the food. I

could not help smiling at so humiliating an incident, and eating the piece of bread without the meat, I went to sleep.

At Dawa, Sirdar Mahomed Khan (whom my uncle had sent to Jagi and Khost to his mother's brother), arrived with forty sowars and General Ali Askar Khan and Moa Zula. A few days later we celebrated the Id Festival, the people of Dawa coming to join in our thanksgivings. To these I gave sweatmeats and turbans, welcoming them. My expenses were now becoming heavy, as we were then about 600 in number, and I was much pressed for money. Imagine our gratitude when a servant of Abdur Rahim came from Kabul on foot to bring us 2000 sovereigns. This act of loyalty impressed us all. The man had formerly been Abdur Rahim's treasurer, and having no shoes, had bound up his feet (which were torn and bleeding) with bits of carpet. He asked leave to return to Kabul to look after the family of Abdur Rahim, and also to execute further commissions for us. I gave him permission to return, also offering him a horse, which he refused, preferring to go on foot in case we might need the horse for our own use. I changed the sovereigns for 20,000 rupees, with which I bought medicines, clothes, and provisions for my followers.

Meanwhile, my uncle received a letter from two English officers of the districts of Banu and Peshawar, asking why we were staying at Dawa instead of taking refuge in British territory. My uncle replied after compliments: "When the Viceroy of India writes me a letter of invitation, promising not to take us beyond

the Indus, we will come." To this letter he asked me to affix my seal, but I refused, saying I had never seen the benefit of English friendship, and if he, after being once deceived in them, cared to trust again, he could go alone. I asked him why his opinion of the English had altered so much since he left Rawal Pindi, when he complained to me of their cold treatment. He replied that his opinion was just the same, and that he had no intention of going to their country, but was corresponding "for something to do." I answered: "Do you call lying something to do? It is not a good habit. Answer them plainly that you will not put yourself under their Government, as you have no hope of benefit from them." At last he wrote as I suggested, but I would not put my seal, saying my name was sufficient, and that I was not a recognised person. He complained of this, and at last, being angry, I broke my seal into pieces, but told the messenger to take a verbal answer from me, to the effect that "I never would have anything to do with them. They were the enemies of my friends, whose enemies were my enemies." The man returned to Peshawar and Banu, and I suppose repeated my message.

We remained at Dawa eight days longer, and then left for Kaniguram, at which place we arrived after five days' journey. We halted there for seventeen days till our horses were recovered, there being quantities of green grass growing. I had an attack of fever, which lasted five days, but I started for Wana, halting there two days, after which we crossed the Gomal river. As we reached the opposite side

we saw a man running towards us, waving a handkerchief in his hand. I sent Ali Askar Khan back to find out what he wanted. To his surprise, he discovered the supposed man to be a woman, who had been stolen by the Waziri tribe from Afghanistan at the age of twelve years. She was now twenty, and had seized the opportunity to come to us for protection. I comforted her, giving her a horse to ride, and promising to return her to her parents.

Starting from there we reached the territory of the Sherani people, at a place containing only two habitations. They had no rice, only one sheep, four goats, and three fowls to sell. We were then 300 in number, the others having left me to go to Banu. We bought these animals, and managed somehow to subsist on them. Next day we reached one of the villages of Kakar Zhob, where we bought flour, butter, and mutton, also cooked food enough to last two days, doing the same in future. We next arrived at a village called Dihbring, where we laid in a store of provisions. Besides what we required, the inhabitants brought a large quantity of different stores, which they insisted on our buying, but I refused; on which they left the goods on the ground and went away. The next morning, finding the stores were untouched, and that we were not to be forced into buying them, they very reluctantly took them away, scolding me all the time. When we had started a few miles, we saw about 2000 men standing awaiting us in our road, carrying naked swords. One of them took hold of the bridle of my uncle's horse, but before he had time to draw his sword I

galloped up, and placed my rifle against his chest, threatening to shoot. He dropped the reins, and when I demanded to know what they wanted of us, they replied that the name of that place was "Zhob," and if we did not pay them twenty rupees a head as duty, they would not let us go. I argued that if we gave in to them the whole Kakar country would also intimidate us into paying duty, so I refused, and made ready to fight. Seeing this, they declared they were only joking, and let us go on our way.

Before we arrived at the end of our day's march, an old man at the head of ten disciples, wearing a white turban, with hair matted on each side of his ears, and carrying a stout stick in his hand, appeared in our road. This apparition had been preceded by two of his followers, who told my uncle that they were chiefs of the country, and on the appearance of this old man they bowed low to him, saying to us: "This is a holy Saiyad."[1] At this my uncle rose, and after kissing his hand, seated him beside him. I had seen many impostors of this kind, and his appearance gave rise to the suspicion that there was something behind all this saintliness. It was my habit on going into every fresh village to make the acquaintance of some inhabitant, and present him with a few rupees to give me information of all that was going on there. On my making enquiries of such a spy, he told me that the old man was a celebrated thief, having a band of 100 robbers under him, and he had brought forty of them with him to plunder our property. I reported this to my

[1] The descendants of Mahomed's daughter Fatima.

uncle, who would not credit the story, and, instead, told his son Sarwar that the "Saint" was to be a guest in the camp for that night. Near sunset, a few men surrounded the wells from which my servants wished to water our horses. Seeing this, and being on the look-out for treachery, I had recourse to the ruse of dividing up my horses into small bands, and sending a double escort of men to water them in different parts of the village at different times, without approaching those wells near our camp, where the robbers were waiting, and where they expected the horses would be watered. In this way our horses (300 in number) all arrived safely in camp. My uncle and his son had about fifty horses, and their followers who looked after them brought word to him that the men surrounding the well refused to allow them to go near it. At this the "Saint" professed anger, saying: "I will go with the horses and command the people to allow your servants to give them water." This he did, and when some distance off, he sent the grooms on to draw water in buckets, and when they were thus employed he and his men ran off with thirty horses, twenty being rescued by our sowars, of whom five were wounded. I was present when these men returned with the story, and laughed heartily at my uncle, saying: "I told you this afternoon, but you would not listen. You forget a well-known maxim that 'There are many devils in the guise of men; do not give your hand to all.'" My uncle and his son Sarwar spent their night lamenting the loss of their horses and dressing the wounds of their servants.

The next march my uncle's followers were obliged to ride behind the backs of the others. On the eleventh day we arrived early in the afternoon at a village in the Kakar country, where my followers laid in provisions for themselves, and I was looking about for a young fat sheep for myself. Finding one, I paid twenty rupees Kabuli for it, the price agreed upon to the owner. When we were about to kill it, the owner said he had changed his mind, and wanted it back, but when I said he could have it, he changed his mind again, so it was killed for me, at which he threw my money at me, demanding that I should make his sheep alive. I replied I had not sufficient power to do this, but he could have the dead body of his sheep as well as the money. He refused again, insisting on my performing the miracle! At this I was obliged to resort to a trick, and turning to a priest who was standing near, I told him the man had been cursing him all the time. At this the priest turned his face to the owner of the sheep, to whom I said, "Curse me if you like, but do not insult the wife of this holy man, who is a prophet." The priest was naturally furious, and called the man a pig for insulting his wife, and the sheep owner cursed him in return. At this they began to fight, and I took both sheep and rupees away, leaving them to settle their little difference. Half of the inhabitants were on the side of the priest, and half on the side of the sheep owner, and after a good fight the people interceded. An hour or two after, the sheep owner brought me two jugs of custard, two trays of bread, and one young baked sheep, offering me salaams. I said to him, a little time ago he was rude, and now he was respectful, and noticing from

his conversation that he was quite reasonable, I asked him why he had made the sheep an excuse to pick a quarrel with me. He replied that Sarwar Khan had treated him badly when at Kandahar, and therefore he took his revenge on me. I replied: "Sirdar Sarwar is here himself, why do you quarrel with me instead of with him?" and he explained that as I had appointed Sarwar Governor of Kandahar, he held me responsible. We talked for some hours until he returned home, and I went to sleep.

Next day we started on our way again, in a heavy wind and dust storm. When we were near our halting village, the chief of the tribe came out with two sowars to receive us. Before he met us, one of his servants came to tell us that "Shah Jahan Padshah is on his way to receive you, you must dismount and embrace him." My uncle asked me what we should do. I replied that before deciding I would go on in front. I went on, and saw two men coming towards me. I asked one of them where his king was, to which he replied that his companion was he. This so-called king was an old man, wearing a coat of old sheep-skin, which was patched in parts with different pieces of coloured cloth, where the skin was worn. He wore on his head so dirty a turban as to disguise the material of which it was made. It also had no conical-cap in the centre. On his feet were woollen socks, without any shoes. His mare was nothing but skin and bone, with bells tied to her knees, and the saddle was of wood. The bridle was of hair-cloth, with bells tied to the corners. I smiled at such a grand apparition, and approaching him, I said it would be a pity to dismount to

embrace our Amir, that he had better welcome him verbally. To this he agreed, and I galloped back to say the "Shah Jahan" would welcome him without dismounting. When they met, my uncle's horse took fright at the extraordinary apparition covered with jingling bells, and began to rear and jump about. My uncle was very frightened, and called to me to help him, but I laughed, and said I could not interfere between two kings. He cried: "For God's sake, suggest something, or my horse will throw me off. This is not the time for joking." I replied: "If you will give me something, I will help you." He offered me one of his two swords, and I agreed. I first quieted my uncle's horse, and then went to Shah Jahan, asking him to come with me to make arrangements to receive his followers. He told me he had prepared some goats' flesh soup, and had forty pieces of Indian corn bread. I assured him it was too grand, but we would go ahead and see about it. With this excuse I got him away from the horses. After going on for about a mile I said I had forgotten some necessaries, and must go back to fetch them. At first he would not agree to go on without me, but on my saying I would bring back sugar with me, he was delighted, and consented at once. I returned to my uncle, and asked what he thought of so grand a king, and he laughed. On our entrance to the village we began hunting for the king, for some time in vain, but at last discovered him in a hut made of straw. He told me that he had sent for fuel from the jungle with which to cook, but it had not yet arrived. Also, the bread was not baked, because the sheet of iron on which it was baked had been borrowed for a marriage ceremony.

I replied: "It does not matter if you have nothing to eat, we are your guests." I then sent for our own provisions, and we asked the people if this was their king and chief. They replied in the affirmative, upon which I said: "How wise a people to have for a ruler so powerful a king," and the more I flattered them the better pleased they were. We stayed that night in the jungle, and next day the king came and told me that our next halt would be in the village of his cousin, Dost Mahomed, who would give us a warmer reception than he had done. He said it would be better for us to start early. We enquired for a guide, on which he offered his own services. I suggested to my uncle that there was perhaps some reason for this, but he did not think so, and we started.

At the end of our first day's march we arrived at the bottom of a high mountain, and the next day we had to cross another, passing through a village where there were no inhabitants. I told my uncle that our devil guide was leading us astray, and we had neither grass for the horses or food for the men. I asked him what we should have done if we had not had provisions for two days with us. We halted in the desert at night.

The next day Dost Mahomed came to meet us with 2000 followers, sending a man on first to tell us he was at our service. He asked us why we had come such a difficult way, and not kept to the road, and when he found our guide was his cousin, he demanded that he should be given over to him as his enemy for having taken us by the mountains to escape passing his village, and by so doing cast a disgrace on him.

He told us we must retrace our steps a long distance to get to his house, where he hoped to entertain us, having prepared Indian hemp for us to smoke, and provisions for my followers. I said to my uncle: "If you had been warned by me, this would not have happened. What are we to do between these two devils?" During this conversation a few thieves who had been sent by Dost Mahomed to plunder anything of ours they could come across, had attempted to steal our baggage, for which they were fired upon and wounded. On hearing this, Shah Jahan went and hid himself, and I suggested leaving the place in the night, or the followers of Dost Mahomed would fight us. At last we found Shah Jahan, and told him that as he had brought us there he would have to take us back again. He said he had hidden for fear we should hand him over to his enemy, Dost Mahomed, but we promised not to do so, and marched with him all that night, although the cold was severe. We passed no village where we could get food until the afternoon of the second day, when we arrived at a deserted village, to be again disappointed. I asked the King of Devils where the people were, and he said the people come in the spring, and leave for the top of the high mountain which lay before us, so soon as it got cold. I said: "Curses be on your father, we and our horses have no strength left, this is due to your mischief." He said we had better go on to the mountain and meet the people there, who would give us food. He said he could not go with us, as the tribe was hostile to him and his family. We were glad to get rid of such a man, and gave him leave to go, and after sunset we arrived on the mountain near the

habitation of the tribe he had spoken of. They received us very kindly, after just preparing to fight us, thinking we were sowars of a rival tribe. We were very pleased to eat again, and feed our horses, but they would not allow us to pay for any provisions.

We accepted their hospitality for two days, when we started for Pishin *via* Kotal Sairi. On our entering a village near Pishin, a spy reported to me that the governor had collected 40,000 rupees of the revenue, which he intended sending to Kandahar. I consulted with my uncle, saying I would ride on all night, and surprise the village before sunrise, and secure the money. My plan was frustrated by a few servants who, in hope of reward, started before me to inform the Governor of my intention, and enabled him to collect a few hundred men from the surrounding villages to strengthen the fort. I had, fortunately, sent a spy ahead to wait for my arrival, and this man returned with the news of the treachery of five of my uncle's sowars. Failing to achieve my purpose, I returned to Karez Wazir, where we halted two days. The inhabitants of this place called themselves Sivards, but I do not think they have any right to the title, for the reason that generosity, courtesy, and mercy are the attributes of Sivards, while those men had none of these qualities—they are handsome, well-built, and wealthy, but very hostile among themselves, having the habit of killing each other, which naturally causes disputes. After leaving this place we halted in a village called Abrag. On our way to Nushki, rain fell heavily all the day, and the wind was very cold. We got soaked, and our hands and feet were nearly frozen. We

arrived after many difficulties, but the people received us very kindly. The next day we departed, and our march lay through a sandy desert where there was no water. We were obliged to retrace our steps, and were told it would be better for us to go by the Kharan road, although it would prove longer by four or five days. I decided, however, in favour of the desert, and hiring 200 camels to carry sufficient provisions, we started again through the desert. By God's help it rained each day, which gave us sufficient water for our needs. At the end of the tenth day we arrived in sight of Chaghai. The road was entirely broken up by the rain, and we were obliged to dismount, and lead our horses in mud knee-deep. At the end of our march both men and horses were well-nigh exhausted. I myself cooked some meat and distributed it among men who were almost fainting; the horses meantime lay down, unable to rise again. Only one horse (my own Arab, being a foal from my grandfather's stable) remained standing.

For two days we were in the utmost straits, but the third day we entered Chaghai. We were surprised that the Khan of the village would not welcome us. We remained there some time, and after a fortnight a servant came to my uncle with the tidings that the Khan and Mir asked permission to pay their respects to him. I asked why they had not done so before, and was told the reason was, that all their subjects had gone to the desert to graze their horses. They were now returned, and 500 had collected to salaam us. On our acceding to their request, the Khan came out of the fort on foot, with 500 followers behind in a single

line, and preceding him were two dancing boys of nine and twelve, who looked quite unlike human specimens, having no clothing save one small loin cloth, and matted hair which had never seen soap and water. There was one band of music, and this was our grand reception—the preparation for which had taken fifteen days! We stayed at Chaghai twenty-five days, during which time our horses had grown quite fat, having plenty of grass and hay.

Setting out again towards Palalik, by the side of the Helmand river, after six days we entered Kheil-Shah Gul, so named after Shah Gul, a Baluchi chief. This village was uninhabited save for two old men, who were doing their best to escape notice. On enquiring why the village was deserted, they first said they did not know, but on my insisting, they told me that the army of Mir Alam Khan, of Kanat, under the command of Sirdar Sharif Khan Seistani, was on its way to plunder their property. For this reason they had fled to a place near by to hide themselves. My uncle told them we would go to aid them, if we were led to their hiding-place. This the old men did, and Shah Gul was pleased to receive us, and glad of our help. He gave us a banquet, and at midnight two of his spies reported that the Seistani sowars, having passed through the next village, would enter his district on the morrow. Shah Gul told us he intended going next day to a fortified place on a mountain with his subjects and their property. My uncle asked my advice, to which I answered that they could go if they liked, but we would also go to meet the Seistanis, if Shah Gul would give us a guide. This he did, and on his

leaving for the mountain, we departed in the opposite direction.

After some hours' marching we observed the dust of the advancing sowars, whereupon we prepared to fight. Going ahead of my uncle with my followers, I arranged my line of battle, but the Seistanis were so surprised at seeing me, that they showed no intention of resisting us, but came to make enquiries as to who we were. We explained that we were Afghans, and not Baluchis, on hearing which the chief came to salaam us. I sent for my uncle, and we told them we were there to help Shah Gul and his subjects who were under the Afghan rule, and therefore the Seistanis must not interfere with them. The chief agreed not to do so, but stipulated that Shah Gul should salaam to him for the sake of retaining his prestige. I told the subjects of Shah Gul that they must allow him to do this, but his sister was so anxious for his safety that she would not allow him to go. I offered to remain with them as security, if he went with my uncle. At last they consented to this, and I impressed upon my uncle to send him back at the end of four or five days at latest. Seven days passed, but no Shah Gul, and all his people came to claim the fulfilment of my promise, saying they had already waited two days longer, and they were convinced their chief had been taken prisoner. I assured them this was not so, and offered to go and bring Shah Gul back with me, but they would not agree, saying, "As long as he remains away, you are our prisoner." I prepared my 200 sowars for a probable attack, and shortly after they came in a body with drawn swords. I ordered half my sowars to fire, and the other half to attack them with

swords. At this they fled towards their stronghold, and I loaded 200 camels with our baggage, and started in the direction Shah Gul had gone. His subjects soon followed us, apologising for their behaviour, and I took them to Seistan when I returned their camels.

On our arrival, after two days' journey, at the village I enquired for my uncle and Shah Gul. The former told me there were two chiefs, Sirdar Sharif Khan, chief of the Seistani sowars, and Musa Yusif Hazara, head of the body-guard of Mir Alam Khan. This latter man had imprisoned Shah Gul, and paid no heed to my uncle's objections. I went straight to this chief, and shook hands without dismounting, saying: "Where is Shah Gul?" and hearing he was in his tent, I called loudly, "Shah Gul, come forth," at which he appeared. I asked the chief the reason why he had imprisoned him, and he replied, it was his intention to take him to his chief, Mir Alam. I said: "I sent him with you, giving myself as hostage for his safe return. He is not your subject that you should take him before Mir Alam." I then took Shah Gul and a servant who had been imprisoned with him, and sent them with ten of my sowars to his own people, who were rejoiced at his safety.

After halting three days, we marched with the Seistanis to their country. Arriving the second day at the Helmand river, we found a clan of fifteen houses of Kandahar subjects, being attacked by some sowars belonging to the same Hazara chief who had wished to plunder the Palalik tribe. The inhabitants of the houses fortified themselves, and shot fifty Hazara sowars, wounding 100. Meanwhile, the neigh-

bouring villages collected together and prepared to resist the sowars. Things had arrived at this pass when our army reached the village. I ordered my servants to give a good thrashing to the Hazara chief, who had sent his sowars to plunder these villages, and I cheered the inhabitants by promising to make terms with their enemies to ensure their future safety. I went on foot to the fort, which I found garrisoned, and having no guns or ladders it was impossible to effect an entrance, so I sent a servant to make terms. This man was allowed to enter, and explained to them that their troubles were all due to one Hazara chief, whom Abdur Rahman had had punished and sent away, and that they might return in peace to their homes. Hearing this, several chiefs came out of the fort to salaam me, and I assured them that I regarded them as brothers, as they also were Afghans. We all marched back together, our road taking us for two days and two nights through the villages of these people, who gave provisions to us, but none to the Seistani sowars, whom we were obliged to feed until we arrived at Banjar. There the militia sowars went to their homes, and the military returned to Mir Alam Khan to bring him to receive us.

Sirdar Sharif Khan gave us a feast lasting two days in his place called Sharifabad. The third day we marched to the fort of Mir Alam, who came out to receive us, embracing my uncle and myself, after which we entered his new fort. He had made great preparations for our reception, and had erected new tents around the fort for our sowars, and larger ones for my uncle and myself. He had also appointed a clever

man as host to look after our comforts. They kept us twelve days with them as their guests. After which we started for Kolab Seistan. At the time of our taking leave Mir Alam begged us to take all the tents and furniture with us; saying that as he was a neighbour of ours, he wished to show us every hospitality. We refused, with thanks; but, on his insisting, we accepted two or three small tents. He also gave us 10,000 Persian rupees for our expenses to Birjand. I gave this money to my uncle, saying I had sufficient for myself, if I did not pay his expenses in future, as I was in the habit of doing, I had still 200 gold coins left of the money brought by Abdur Rahim's treasurer.

Quitting Kolab Seistan (called Hamun by the inhabitants) we entered Bandan, thence through Neh into the Lut desert, and from there into Birjand, where two of Mir Alam Khan's sons received us very warmly, and his mother entertained us at a banquet.

It was the 5th of Muharram when we entered Birjand, and on the 12th of the month we went towards Mashhad, in which place is the sacred tomb of the eighth Imam (Riza). We entered into the city of Sirahiyan, where we saw the grand ruins of the old buildings. Our next halt was at Nisi, a very unhealthy place, where the water is salt and bitter, and the inhabitants have built large tanks to catch rain-water, which they drink. They have dug two wells, but though the water is good for cooking, it cannot be drunk. Unfortunately, just before we arrived at this village, my uncle got an attack of severe fever, and we were obliged to stay until he recovered, which he did not do for quite a month, and

by that time my money was all spent. I begged him to let me arrange a travelling throne for him, as he was still weak; but he replied it was impossible, as there were no trees to procure wood from. Without replying, I cut from the building the people use as their mosque, four pieces of wood; and, when they objected to this, I explained that we were strangers, and suffering from illness, and therefore I was using God's property for the best purpose, namely, to help his suffering children, which satisfied them. By the evening of the same day I had completed this travelling throne, and we marched to Turbat-Isa-Khan, and thence to a place called Karez Shahzadah, which was considered very healthy. The Shahzadah had erected a very nice building for himself there, where my uncle took up his abode for a time, during which I cooked his food myself and nursed him. We were not short of servants, and his son Sirdar Sarwar was with us, but, notwithstanding my uncle's unkindness towards me, I was more fond of him than his own son was, for during his illness, which lasted forty days, Sarwar had only called twice to enquire after his father's health, occupying himself instead with private business.

One day some apricots were sent to my uncle, but as the fever had only left him a few days, I begged him not to be so unwise as to eat them. He would not listen to me, but began to eat the apricots, and I told him I had attended to him day and night, having very little sleep except during the last few days, when I had rested a little, but should he get ill again, I should have to be again in attendance. However, he finished the plate of apricots, and I was so angry to think that all

my services throughout my life were wasted on my uncle—for I was now reduced to selling my arms for his comforts—that I begged leave to go to Turbat-Isa-Khan. He gave me permission, and I made a two days' march in one night, as I had no money to keep men and horses, besides the heat of the day was so trying. I halted in one of the buildings used by a Shahzadah who had since gone to Tehran, and I prepared another house for my uncle's reception.

At this place a merchant of Herat, named Kazi Hassan Ali, who had lived here for several years, came to me, and offered me as much money as I required for my expenses, saying he possessed one lakh of Kabuli rupees of his own, and two or three lakhs of Persian rupees intrusted to him for commercial purposes. I replied that I was grateful for his offer, but as I could not return the money, I was obliged to refuse it, although I would gratefully accept food for my men and horses during our stay there. My uncle arrived six days after, and this same Kazi undertook to pay his expenses also, and as our men's suits were worn out, and their saddles and harnesses also, he offered to give me new ones for them. I refused for my followers, but my uncle accepted the offer for his. In fact this man did us such great service, that as long as I live, I cannot sufficiently return his kindness. For an ordinary man to bear such heavy expenses requires a liberal mind.

My uncle being careless about his food, again fell ill, during which time I nursed him for ten days and nights. After a few days the Governor of Mashhad, hearing of our arrival, sent by instruction of the Shah

one travelling throne with twenty-four mules for my uncle. He wrote, saying he had heard of my uncle's illness, and had sent the throne to carry him to Mashhad. We accepted this attention, and started for Mashhad at the end of a month. By this time our debt to the Kazi mounted to 70,000 Kirans (Persian coins=6d. each), my uncle having borrowed 60,000 and I 10,000. This good man accompanied us to a hill called Salaam Tadai, five days' march from Turbat Isa; from this place the people said they could see the blessed tomb of the Eighth Imam. I was much comforted to observe the light of God shining on the tomb, and prayed to Him after reading the Koran. On leaving this place, we were met by six Arabian horses, jewelled and properly saddled and bridled, pulling two carriages with 1000 sowars behind, being servants of the blessed tomb. This was the property of the Shah's cousin, and we were guided to the palace with great pomp, and told we were to take up our residence there. For three days we were guests of the blessed Imam, and after that we remained as guests of the state. The cousin of the Shah, having gone to fight against the Turkoman people, was absent, but he returned after ten days, when he invited my uncle, his son Sarwar, myself, and a few officials to dinner, and expressed many friendly feelings towards us.

The following day the Shah's uncle Hamza Mirza came himself to see us, and after the interview I went to the blessed tomb, to rub my face in the dust, to give my eyes light and my heart comfort. The Wazir of the Shah, who is employed as sweeper of the tomb, invited me to his house, and I was pleased to accept

the invitation. During the fifteen days of my stay at Mashhad I had a touch of fever, but God cured me, and on my second visit to the Shah's uncle, I asked if they would kindly give me leave to go to Turkestan by the way of the Pass of Gazba Tajan, and Urgunj. I also asked for a guide to accompany me to the frontier of Persia, to a place called Daragaz, where Ali Yar Khan was Governor. In reply, I was told that my requests would have to be submitted to the Shah before an answer could be given me, and that they would be telegraphed immediately. I waited two days, when the servant of the Shahzadah came to me, and after smoking hubble-bubble and drinking tea, he told me he had telegraphed to the Mir Munshi of the kingdom, who had asked the desired permission of the Shah. Before granting my requests, the Shah had requested me to go and see him at Tehran, when, if I still wished to go to Turkestan, he would give me leave. To this I replied that I would rather not go to the Shah at present, but if I did not succeed in gaining my purpose elsewhere (of rescuing Afghanistan), then I would return and visit him. I did not think it wise after seeing such a great King as the Shah, to leave him and appeal for help to another kingdom. Others would then think the Shah had refused his help, and it would be a kind of insult to him. The servant asked for two days in which to consider my resolution. At the end of that time I was told that the Shah would prefer my visiting him, but if I decided not to do so, I could go to Turkestan when I wished, but the Shah would always look upon me as his son, and I was to look upon Persia as my home. For all the kindness shown to me I

thanked the Shahzadah's servant warmly, and asked him to beg the indulgence of the Shah for me. He gave me from the Shahzadah one chief with ten sowars and a letter to Ali Yar Khan, who came out to meet us at the end of our six days' march with 1000 sowars. He allotted to me a garden to stay in outside Daragaz, a very healthy and comfortable place. This man received me so warmly, one would have thought him an old friend, and he kept me with him a month, during which time he asked for some security from the Turkoman people for my person, as he told me they were robbers.

About this time some Turkoman merchants with 1000 camel loads of commercial products came to trade in Daragaz, and these men Ali Yar Khan held as security. I started with three sirdars of Tajan, one of them named Uzbeg, the other Aziz, and the third Urtak, these men were to act as guides to me as far as Urgunj. I was escorted by the Khan and 1500 sowars to Ishkabad. There was a good deal of shooting to be had in the rice fields on our way, and as we had good guns and horses, we spent two or three hours daily amusing ourselves in this way.

After passing Ishkabad the Khan took leave, leaving a few sowars with me to take the news of my safe arrival back to him. We rode all that night, and next morning reached the jungle which skirts the streams of Herat. On the banks of the streams were melons and water-melons growing, and at the ripening season it is the custom for the inhabitants to take up residence in the fields, and eat nothing but these two different kinds of melons. Their horses

meanwhile eat green reeds, there being no other kind of grass.

The following day we arrived at Tajan, and halted with these gipsy people for five days, firstly, to get provisions, and secondly, on account of my health, as I needed rest, having been kicked on the leg by a horse.

On the sixth day we started for Urgunj. Of the three sirdars who accompanied me, one returned to his country, and the other two, Aziz and Usbeg, went on with me. We marched all night up to 10 A.M., when we arrived at a well, the water of which was very bitter. We stayed there two days, starting at mid-day, and riding till morning, only halting to feed our horses with corn. About 10 P.M. on the fourth day we came to another well, where the water was more bitter and dirtier than the former one, but we were obliged to drink it, our horses too could go no further, and we had to halt six days to give them a thorough rest. After this we continued our march by night, sleeping through the heat of the day, till we came across a caravan of the Turkoman people, who, thinking we were Persians about to attack them, hid themselves.

I must here mention that the Persians and Turkomans are enemies, although they are both Muslims, yet their high priests being servants of the Devil, instruct them to kill and sell each other. This is an ignorant infamy. God says that all true believers are brethren and parts of each other, and though these two tribes call themselves Muslims, they treat one another as heathens through ignorance. Thus do the unbelievers triumph over the true and faithful, the cause being

that the latter are disunited. Islam itself has no faults, it is we who are full of faults.

We were able to ask a few stray Turkomans if there were any wells near, and they replied, if we rode on at the pace we were going, we should reach one before daybreak. We continued our way till the sun increased in power and our horses could travel no further, but we saw no signs of a well, and our tongues were parched with thirst, and those of our horses were as dry as wood. I cut the tongues of some of them, but there was no blood, and I squeezed the juice of a lemon in my mouth and rubbed my tongue on that of my horse, but still there was no moisture.

From this want of water I learned the fact that hell itself is in a person's body, as he gets as hot as fire without drink. We went on till evening, when we came to a well, but only four of my followers arrived with me, the others having dropped behind on the road. After drinking a little water, I thought of my lost servants, and could not help weeping at their fate. I found one horse which I had got from the Ishkabad people, and which was not so exhausted as the others, and placing two buckets of water on it, sent a man to ride back and to find, if possible, the rest of my followers. I instructed him not to lose the trace of the horse, and gave him a compass in case he should be in doubt of his way. He found all my men, who had fallen from their horses, having no power to help themselves through thirst. He poured a little water in each man's mouth until he recovered, and in time brought them all back to me. We

remained at the well seven days, when the caravan of the Turkomans which I have mentioned before arrived, and hearing who I was, some of them came and apologised for sending us purposely out of our road to die of thirst, thinking we were Persians. I had come to the end of my store of food, so they gave us provisions for four days, and I bought sufficient for three more. They left the next morning, but we stayed there for three days longer. The city of Khiva was distant about five days' journey from the well.

We marched in this direction, halting outside the city under some trees, whence I sent a few men to buy provisions. The Khan of Khiva asked my servants for whom they were buying food, and on their replying for their master, Sirdar Abdur Rahman, son of the late Amir Afzul, and grandson of the great Dost Mahomed, he sent a Wazir to me, who told me they considered it most improper that I should pass a night in such an inconvenient place. He insisted on taking us to the city, where they had arranged a few nice houses for us all, and welcomed us very warmly.

After two days' feasting the Khan of Khiva and Urgunj sent his Wazir to me, with the news that he intended coming to see me. I suggested that as I was a stranger, and of no consequence in Khiva, it would be more fitting if I went to him, and I rode to the palace. Arriving there, I saw sixty guns and gun-carriages, but all the gunners were negroes. I had never seen so many in one place before. They fired fifty guns as a salute to me, and the Khan walked out to receive me. I dismounted, and we shook hands,

and hand-in-hand we walked into the Durbar hall. At that time I did not know the Turki language, therefore the Khan appointed an interpreter to translate the conversation between us. We spoke together for two hours, during which time he told me that he regarded me as his elder brother, as his father Mahomed Amin was most friendly to my father at the time of his residence at Balkh, and he thanked God that we had met. He offered me two of the seven cities now under his rule, and at any time I chose to go to Balkh, he would lend me 100,000 sowars and footmen, who would conquer the city for me, so that we might remain friends and neighbours. I thanked him for his generous offer, and told him that I would answer him in a few days, and give him a few suggestions as friendly advice, which might be useful to him. I then took leave, and his servant, who was acting as a guide, told me that the Khan had arranged his own residence for our use, and I should find my followers in the garden. This garden and house was about 200 paces from the city, and had very nice buildings in it.

About two hours later the Khan's treasurer came and said he was instructed by his master to give me as much money as I required, to the amount of 200,000 sovereigns. The Wazir also corroborated this fact. I said: "God prosper your Khan for a good man, I cannot find words to express how greatly I am indebted to him. What should I do with 200,000 sovereigns? My expenses daily amount to 30 Kirans."[1] The next day the treasurer brought me 1000 gold coins,

[1] Persian coins, 6d. each.

saying the Khan had instructed him to do this every day. At last I accepted this, telling the man to hand the money to my treasurer, and each day he brought a similar amount, although, as I had said, my expenses only came to 30 Kirans daily.

Five days later the Wazir came to ask for my answer to the Khan's suggestions, and for the advice I had offered. I answered that I thought it wise (if the officials agreed) that the Khan should send me as his Envoy to Russia, accompanied by a few of his own confidential officials, to make arrangements between them and the Russian Government. Otherwise I foresaw that one day the Russian army would arrive near Urgunj, and the handful of men they kept for their protection could not fight against such a great power. The Khan consulted with his advisers upon the wisdom of my advice, but the people never having experienced the power of a great nation, did not agree, saying, "Death awaits the Russians if they come near Urgunj." The Wazir returned to me with this news, saying that the Khan and a few officials approved of my plan, but the people had replied as above. I answered, "If the people are so ignorant, I cannot stay among them," whereupon the Wazir disclosed to me an arrangement of the Khan to marry his daughter to me, so that in time the people would accept my advice.

I answered that the people would soon be jealous of me, and would turn into my enemies if I accepted the Khan's offer of two of his cities, and therefore it was not safe for me to remain among them, and I would go to Bokhara. The Wazir was distressed by my resolve, and warned me that the King of Bokhara did not give

away ordinary food to my followers who found their way there, and he had made my cousin Ishak a state prisoner; he advised me instead, to send for my people from his country, but I insisted on going, saying that I had business there, and requested him to ask permission of his Khan for me. The Wazir took leave, promising to bring a reply the next day, which he did, saying the Khan was very disappointed to part with me, but if I insisted, he was obliged to let me go, but he hoped I should wait two days to allow of him making arrangements for my journey.

On the third day he gave me 150 camels, with provisions, carpets, and tents, and when I went to bid him good-bye, he expressed his great regret at my departure.

After journeying five days I arrived at the Oxus, and crossed from the frontier of Guz and Shorab Khan, which is now under Russian Government. From there I marched seven days, arriving at Kara Kol, one of the dependencies of Bokhara. My servants who were there, as well as my cousin Ishak, were all pleased to hear of my arrival, and sent letters expressing their pleasure. Reaching Bokhara on the third day, I found that the King had gone to fight against Mir Sora Beg at Hissar and Kolab, under the instructions of the Russian Government, as the Mir had not accepted their suzerainty. As I had some friendship with the King, I wrote to him informing him of my arrival, and asking if he would prefer that I should remain at Bokhara until his return, or that I should go to him at Hissar, as I was shortly to be at Samarkand. The unjust King wrote, inviting me to go to see him. I

produced the gold coins which the Khan of Khiva had given me, and bought riding-horses and other necessities. I also sold all the camels, which were also his gifts, and in this way prepared every necessary for my journey (with 500 sowars). I started for Hissar (releasing the slaves who had also been presented me by the Khan), and arrived there in ten days. On my way there I saw a high piece of ground, which had been prepared to receive the tents of the King. This ground was covered with blood. At first I supposed this was due to the amount of cows killed for charity to celebrate the King's victory over the new country, and asked why they had not been killed farther away. The villagers sighed, and replied: "This is the blood of men, not of cows." It appeared that fifteen days previously, when the King's tent was pitched there, the fort of Herat had fallen, and 1000 prisoners had been brought to the King. He had at once ordered their throats to be cut in front of him. I was shocked to hear of this cruelty, and said they may have been guilty, but no one kills prisoners. The people replied that hundreds of victims had been murdered by the King, without fault or trial. I was surprised to hear this, and thought to myself that this triumph of the Russians over Turkestan is caused by the neglect of the Muslim rulers of God and His religion. They make the true believers slaves, and kill human beings, who are God's creation, without fault. The King does not care for the laws laid down by God and His prophet, and the priests who are guardians and instructors of those laws take no notice of their violation. I was very disappointed to find that Bokhara, which

had the reputation of being a very religious country, acted so contrary to the teachings of Mahomet. I regretted the carelessness of the Muslims who are mad in their own conceit, so that the unbelievers, finding them ignorant and hostile to each other, take advantage of this. I wept over the death of these innocent people, and appointed a few sowars to cover over their blood with earth, in the shape of graves.

After passing a night in despair and unhappiness, I entered Hissar, where the King had sent 1000 sowars under a few officers to receive me. I took up my abode in a house which had been prepared for me. After three days the King's servant came with an invitation, and I went to see him, after which I returned, and he sent me 10,000 tangas (6d.) with a few pieces of gold cloth.

. . . .

After staying in Hissar a few days, I started for Samarkand. The Russian Governor received me very kindly, and gave me and my servants houses to stay in, paying us every attention as a host. I was shortly afterwards invited by the Viceroy of Turkestan to visit him in Tashkend, all necessary arrangements being made for my journey by the Samarkand Government. I was received with all kindness. Next day I was invited by the Viceroy to see him. He received me very kindly, and, after returning my visit, invited me to a conversazione, where I was interested to observe the European habits. They receive their guests in a large hall, and the guests walk from room to room to have quiet chats, smoke, or take fruits. This continued until 2 A.M.,

after which we all retired to our homes. The following day the Viceroy returned my visit, and I walked to the gates of my house to receive him. After making enquiries after each other's health, I gave him some presents, consisting of a jewelled sword, six pieces of valuable Kashmiri cloth, and two pieces of gold cloth. He sat with me for two hours, when he took his leave. The next day General Alikhanoff invited me to lunch, and we passed the day in a very friendly way. During the few days I was there, several other Generals invited me to their houses.

Meanwhile the great festival of the Russians, which they call Christmas, arrived. This is the birthday of the son of their God. On this day the Viceroy sent me his carriage, and an invitation by his secretary to go to his house. We drove together, and the Viceroy met me on foot as usual, taking me to the same hall where the former reception had taken place, all the officials and their wives and daughters being present. There was everything to eat, of the Halal and Haram. The friends never stopped eating till midnight, when they began kissing each other, saying, "Christos, Christos," after which we all bade our host good-bye, and retired to our houses.

After three days of these ceremonies, the Viceroy again sent his secretary with his carriage, inviting me to see the parade of their army. The infantry, cavalry, and gunners all saluted, and the parade began. It was very well arranged, and at the end they blew up an artificial mine. The following day the secretary came again with the intelligence that the lord would like to see me, and we had an interview. After taking tea

he told me the great Czar had enquired after my health by telegram, for which I expressed my thanks. He then informed me that the Emperor had graciously invited me to go to Petersburg to visit him, that he might give me all friendly assurances. I assured him that I looked upon the country of the Czar as a haven of refuge, and had come so far for the purpose of expressing to him my hope of hopes, for which I desired success and prosperity. The lord enquired whether I would go to Petersburg, and I promised him my answer the next day. I discussed the advisability of taking the journey with my confidential servants. They unanimously declared they would not let me go, as they could not do anything without me. I pointed out to them that there were many refugees like myself in Russia, and the Czar never invited any of them to go to see him, and I ought to comply with his request. But although I tried my best to persuade my followers, they would not agree that I should go. The next day I went to see the Viceroy, and, after taking tea, exchanging compliments, and smoking, I told him that I thought his King had shown me great kindness, but I was a new arrival in his country, and had 500 followers with me, who had all travelled a long distance, and after making due preparations, I would go if I were invited. To this he replied, "Very good, I will telegraph to the Czar."

Two days afterwards, the secretary again arrived with a carriage to take me to the house of the Viceroy. He informed me he had telegraphed to the Prime Minister, who was authorised to say that the Czar approved of my suggestion, and had ordered a place

to be bought for me, either in Samarkand or Tashkend, according to my choice. I was also given 1250 sums[1] monthly for my expenses. I replied I had come under the protection of the Emperor, and what he gave I accepted. I was also informed that the Czar had asked for my photograph, and those of a few of my officials; to this I agreed, saying they should be ready next day, after which I took my departure. The following day the secretary drove us to a photographer, but my officials refused to allow their portraits to be taken, saying: "He who allows his photograph to be taken turns an infidel." Up to now I had always given my followers credit for some sense, but now I perceived they had none. The secretary enquired of me why they had not been photographed also, and I replied they were none of them officials or chiefs of any tribe, but my own servants, therefore I honoured them, but that they are not of sufficient importance to be photographed for the King. He thought I was very wise, as, should the Czar have asked to what rank they belonged, we should have had nothing to say. In future, I did not ask the choice of my servants so much, as they had twice refused my requests; I also had not much opinion of their wisdom. A few days after the secretary again fetched me for a festival of the Governor, and we again enjoyed music, refreshments, and entertainments until midnight. On this occasion I asked permission to go to Samarkand to look after my followers. To this he assented, and gave me a letter to General Abramoff.

The next day I went to Kaufmann, and taking leave of him, I started for Samarkand by the way I had

[1] A Russian coin.

come. I visited General Abramoff, who told me he had been instructed by the Viceroy to buy any place and garden that I chose, up to the price of 100,000 roubles. I replied that the King of Bokhara possessed Government gardens, and I would send a servant to see these, and give my answer later. My servants looked about for several days, and I also made enquiries, and, finally, wrote to the General that there was a garden at the gate of Kalandar Khana, which belonged to the Bokhara Government. The size was two acres, and it was situated in a very healthy spot, having springs in it. I chose this garden, so that the General should not waste money in buying a new one, but give me one which already belonged to the Government. In the end I took up my residence there, and for my cousin, Sirdar Ishak Khan, I took one house on mortgage in the city, and one for my servants from the people of Samarkand.

A few days afterwards the same chiefs who had refused to consent to my going to the Czar to put my case before him, began asking leave one by one to take leave of me, and some went without leave. The soldiers stuck to me and served me faithfully, while the chiefs had been nothing but a cause of annoyance to me.

CHAPTER V

IN SAMARKAND

(1870-1880)

Many events happened to me while in Samarkand, but if I record them all my book will never end. I must, therefore, note only those which will be beneficial to my people. I spent eleven years altogether in the Russian city, spending my days hunting and shooting. Twenty riding-horses, with ten pack ponies, were always ready in my stables, and fifteen sowars, with double and single breech-loaders, always accompanied me; also some good hawks, falcons, and other birds. So I passed my time in amusements to beguile my griefs. I fixed the sum of Rs. 5 monthly for each soldier in my service, and more for my officials, according to their rank. As I have already mentioned, most of them had already left me, for which I was not sorry. We were very hard up for money most of our time, as our expenses were heavy, and my monthly subsidy from the Government very small, but, as I had no claim on the Russians, I was more than thankful for the small sum they allowed me. If any mention of money arose during my conversation with the Government officials, I used to say the money they gave me

for expenses was more than I deserved, and I prayed that God would preserve their Empire for their kindness to me. During any of their festivals General Abramoff and others would invite me to their houses, which invitations I always accepted with pleasure. The General always treated me as a friend, and when I required money or anything else, I would send my treasurer (Sirdar Abdullah Khan, son of the late Abdur Rahim, who is now Governor of Kataghan and Badakshan) to him, and the General would make an appointment for me to see him. At these interviews I would explain my difficulties. In short, I was treated very respectfully, and never bothered with court ceremonies. I was free to go to see the officials whenever it suited me, or *vice versâ.* I was in the habit of remaining ten or fifteen days in my house, and the same time in the country shooting.

So passed the eleven years of my stay in Russia. My only anxieties and griefs were the fate of my family, my mother, and my son Abdullah, who were prisoners. After two years of my stay in Samarkand, the friendship of the Afghans and the Russians grew stronger and stronger, and the communication between Shere Ali and the Government became more frequent. I discovered that Mahomed Alam Khan, Governor of Balkh, was in the habit of sending envoys to Amir Muzaffar, King of Bokhara, who forwarded these letters to General Abramoff and the Viceroy of Tashkend. The Russians would reply to the letters through the same medium until the matter became publicly known and published in the newspapers, but as my readers will know all this, I will return to my own story.

On my first arrival in Samarkand, I had married the daughter of the King and Mir of Badakshan, and in the second year the Almighty gave me a son, whom I named Habibullah (Beloved of God). He is now my eldest son and heir-apparent. Two years after his birth God gave me another son, whom I named Nasrullah (Victory of God), and in due course two more were born, and one daughter, who died when only a few years old.

After a few years of my stay in Samarkand, the Russian Government sent their troops towards Shahr-i-Sabz, and the General told me that I had better go too with my followers. To this I replied that in the beginning I had told the Viceroy and himself that I would not accept any service under the Russian Government, but if they wished, I undertook to persuade and bring the Mirs of Shahr-i-Sabz to their salaams, so that they should accept their terms. General Abramoff replied it was too late to do this, as the proclamation or ultimatum of war had been issued. I thereupon pointed out that it was out of the question for me to join their force, also, that if the people of Samarkand rebelled, my 300 followers had no arms, and I should like 300 guns to be given us, with cartridges for their use in time of necessity. These he promised, and the officers in charge of the magazine carried out the order. They all marched against Shahr-i-Sabz two days later and seized the city, writing also to the King of Bokhara to send his army *via* Karki to frighten the inhabitants. The Russian army attacked the fort of Shahr-i-Sabz four times, but could not conquer it, and General Abramoff was

wounded by a bullet, although not seriously. Out of the 5000 Russian soldiers who made the attack, 2000 were killed and wounded. They then sent a messenger to the people of Shahr-i-Sabz proposing an armistice of six days, saying that a great power like Russia would not break their oath and promise. The inhabitants of the city agreed, being deceived by the great power, and of the 12,000 gunners in the fort, 1000 went towards the hills to bring their families and children from where the army of the King of Bokhara was marching upon them. The Russian army, finding the fort deprived of its strength, suddenly attacked it at midnight three days later, and although the 1000 men left in it tried hard to repulse them, the fort was taken, and the Mirs of Shahr-i-Sabz fled with 300 sowars by the mountains towards Kokand. The Russian General, after giving the city into the charge of the King of Bokhara's officials, returned to Samarkand with his army.

The day following General Abramoff's return, I went to make enquiries after his health. His wound was only a slight one, and he offered me a gold snuff-box, a double-barrelled gun, and one large telescope from the plunder obtained from Shahr-i-Sabz. I told him that according to our religion I could not accept the plunder of Muslims. I was indignant at the breach of faith of the Russians, and soon took leave of their General. The deceived Mirs on arriving at Kokand were taken prisoners by the Khan of the town, named Khudayar, who sent them to the Viceroy at Tashkend, keeping their servants and property himself. These Mirs were kept in confinement for eighteen months, after which they were released, and a fixed

salary was given them. Mir Baba Beg and Mir Sora Beg with their brothers and a few followers were still state prisoners in Tashkend in 1888, their wives and families having been sent to them by the King of Bokhara.

Two years later the Russian army prepared to fight against Urgunj, and the Governor of Tashkend himself arrived with the army in Jazak, and invited me to go to meet him there, as he was going by the road of the sandy desert of Nur Ata. I drove to Jazak, arriving after two days. The Governor received me very warmly as usual, saying he was pleased to meet me. He enquired if I and my followers would go with him to Urgunj, for which journey he would make all necessary preparations. I replied, that it would take a month to make arrangements for my followers to start with him, and he was only to stay there four days; besides their quarrel was with Muslims, and as we were of the same faith, our religion forbade our fighting against the true believers. I mentioned also that I was a person without army or power, and my going would not add prestige to the Russian army, nor would my staying away reduce its strength. To this the Viceroy said he was only thinking of my own pleasure, and that my going with him was not compulsory. I answered that I was quite happy under the protection of his Government, and my pleasure lay in hunting and shooting, as I had taken a dislike to war after my long experience of it. I said this as a joke, laughing. He told me he had ordered me two Turki tents near him, for which I expressed my thanks. They were pitched some thirty paces from

that of the Czar's cousin, and forty from his Viceroy's.

. . . .

The Governor was in the habit of coming five or six times daily to see me, and we passed twenty days in this way. One day he sent for me and told me the army was on the point of marching to Afghanistan, and enquired if I would go too. I replied, if they intended taking Afghanistan themselves, what was the use of my going? but if they wished to give it back to me, they had only to give me orders, and I would guarantee to retake my country, only employing 1000 infantry, 1000 cavalry, and one battery. I promised to pray for them, saying I was far happier hunting and shooting at Samarkand. I did not really believe they were going to Afghanistan with a few hundred men; they knew the Afghans were warriors, and not like the Urgunj people, therefore, I was sure they had other objects in view.

Nothing was done until autumn came, which found them still discussing the advisability of sending an army to Kabul, but meantime a serious plague broke out in the Russian Army. The soldiers left the cantonment in fear, and 600 carriages were full of the sick and dying, who were taken to a place set apart for them. When the Viceroy took leave and started for Tashkend, I reminded him of my prophecy, and said: "You see you did not go to Afghanistan after all your preparations." He agreed that I had been right.

At the end of the winter and beginning of spring, it was proclaimed that Amir Shere Ali had turned against the English, and that the friendship between

him and the Russian Government was increasing daily. A little later the Muslims and priests of the Kokand people rebelled.

What happened was as follows, and it is an interesting story. About 50 priests and 200 chiefs had promised on certain conditions to help the Russian Government against the people of their own religion. I do not know the nature of these conditions. These chiefs and priests disguised a shoemaker, giving him the name of Tolad Khan, who was the cousin of Khudayar Khan, the King of Kokand. The Russians had heard of Tolad Khan, son of Musa Khan, the late King of their country, but had never seen him. The dishonest priests wrote to the Kokand people that Khudayar Khan intended to hand over the country of Kokand to the Russians, and it was the duty of all the Muslims to dethrone him, and to acknowledge his cousin Tolad Khan their King, as they had done. The ignorant people rallied around this Tolad Khan and dethroned Khudayar Khan, after which the Russians took the country, giving nothing to the priests and chiefs, according to their promises. Tolad, their impostor King, received no reward either, and many of the chiefs were taken prisoners and killed, while the Russians took Kokand and built a new city there, called Shahr-i-Sim, which is a very beautiful town, and still remains in their possession.

I must now return to Shere Ali. After a long communication, he was convinced of the firm friendship of the Russian Government, and entered into hostilities with the officials of the British Government, turning his face from Her Gracious Majesty, the Queen,

to that of His Majesty, the Emperor of Russia. He had not sufficient sense to understand that property which is not saleable in one market was of no value in the other. In other words, "What you do to your enemies you will do to your friends." He lost his credit by being faithless and untrue to one side, and promised things which no sensible Government could believe, viz.: that he would allow them to make roads through Afghanistan towards India, that he would ensure the safety of their telegraph wires, and would allow them to build railways towards India, and would join them in fighting against the English. In return for these concessions, the Russian Government had promised that the country adjoining the Indus, and which formerly belonged to Afghanistan, and is the hereditary property of Afghan Kings, being part of their country, should be taken and returned to Shere Ali. The Russian Cossacks were rejoiced that they were going to be led towards India, and their rejoicings were great at the prospect of plunder. Their calculations were upset, however, by the English and Shere Ali meeting in the Khyber Pass and at the mountain of Shutar Gardan, called Peiwar Kotal. The Amir could not stand against them, his army being untrained; and the Amir fled to Balkh, to which place he had sent his family some weeks before. He released his son Yakub from prison, and left him as ruler of Kabul. The English army arrived at Gandamak, and opened communication with Yakub from Jellalabad, who gave them Shalkot (Quetta), Khyber, Kuram, and Pishin. He also accepted one of the English officials, called Louis Cavaguari, as a British

Ambassador at Kabul. Meanwhile Shere Ali on his way to Balkh talked like a lunatic. He said the Afghans did not assist him against the English, and he would go to Russia, and bring back the Cossacks to his aid, and would give them as rewards the wives of the Afghans. However, he died in Balkh very soon afterwards,[1] and the chiefs at Kabul acknowledged Yakub Amir, although the army and subjects were not willing to submit to his rule. I have heard that the British Envoy looked upon himself as Ruler of Afghanistan, and dictated to Yakub what he should do. This boasting was disliked by the Afghan people, and they attacked him. Some say it was with the knowledge of Yakub, and the other version is that the mother of Abdullah Jan (the heir-apparent) had given 3000 sovereigns to Daoud Shah Khan to incite the people to rebel against the presence of Cavagnari, and to kill him, so that Yakub should lose his kingdom. This last account is credited by the Afghans at Kabul.

Daoud Shah Khan was at that time Commander-in-Chief, and belonged to one of the lowest classes of the Ghilzai tribe. When he was a boy, he was employed as a shepherd at a place called Deh-i-Sabz, and it was not until after he was twenty that he came to be employed at Kabul. The village of Deh-i-Sabz (green village) is a suburb of Kabul, well known for growing the best crop of melons. In consequence of the murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari,[2] the British army, under Lord Roberts, marched against Kabul, to make enquiries into the matter, and to revenge

[1] February 1879. [2] September 3, 1879.

the breach of faith committed by a cowardly and dishonest people. Yakub Khan came to receive them, but the British officers, seeing through his hypocrisy, took him prisoner, and sent him to India.[1] They took possession of Kabul and Kandahar, and ruled there with justice and peace.

Before Shere Ali fell ill and died, he sent representatives to the Governor of Russia. Their names were as follows:—Sirdar Shere Ali Khan Kandahari, Kazi Peshawri, Mufti Shah, Mahomed Munshi, Mahomed Hassan, with a few personal servants of the late Dost, and two or three military officers. These men arrived at Samarkand, while Shere Ali remained in Balkh, expecting the Russian army to be sent to his aid. The Russian Governor expected to see Shere Ali himself, and had decorated some very fine gardens for his reception. While they were waiting for him and making different plots against the English, Shere Ali died, as before mentioned, thus upsetting their plans. I went to Tashkend to obtain information about coming events, and Yakub wrote to the Russian Viceroy, saying he intended to carry out his father's promises and agreements with them to the letter. The Viceroy was very pleased to receive this assurance of friendship, and forwarded the letter to Petersburg. Yakub also said he was anxious about Abdur Rahman's existence, and would be glad if they would remove him from Samarkand. At this time I noticed that the feelings of the Russians were not so friendly towards me, but I pretended not to notice any difference in their manner to me, acting as though

[1] December 1879.

I was trying to pass my time in amusements all day. When I reached Tashkend, Shere Ali's officers were already there, and I appointed private spies to give me all information of their doings. From these spies I heard that they had entered into an agreement with the Viceroy for each one to carry out certain conditions, in return (I imagine) for the help of the Russian army. The conditions were as follows:—Sirdar Shere Ali was to submit the province of Kandahar to them. The Munshi was to submit the Kasil Bashis of Kabul, together with that of Hazarajat. The Mufti was to submit all the Ghilzais. The Kazi agreed to submit the Peshawar, Swat, and Bajaur Tribes. After receiving this information I left Tashkend and returned to Samarkand, and the representatives of Shere Ali went there also.

Now I must tell of my cousins, for whom I had provided since my stay in Samarkand. They were three in number, named Mahomed Sarwar Khan, Sirdar Aziz, and Sirdar Hassan. On the arrival of the above-mentioned envoys, Sirdar Sarwar wrote a letter addressed to Shere Ali Kandahari on my behalf. He asked for my seal. I refused to give it him, saying I did not wish to invite Shere Ali Kandahari to see me, as he and his companions had entered into treaties with the Russians against me. Upon this Sarwar told me that Shere Ali had made an oath on the Koran with him. I laughed, and said: "These men do not care for the Koran, why should they care for oaths upon it?" I argued in this way for some time, but the Sirdar insisted on my sealing the letter. I was very angry, and threw my seal towards the Sirdar,

saying I would not seal the letter with my hands, and would have nothing to do with the traitors. The Sirdar attached my seal and sent the letter to Shere Ali Kandahari. I assured him he had made a mistake, and would one day regret it. One of my followers named "Ghazi" Jan Mahomed, a very irreligious and dishonest man (although named a Ghazi), had grown a beard to deceive people into thinking him a grey-haired honest man, but his heart was as black as charcoal. This man was sent with the letter to Sirdar Shere Ali, who on reading it despatched it to the General of Samarkand, who in turn forwarded it to Kaufmann, the Viceroy.

When five days had elapsed, and the Ghazi had not returned, I told Sarwar he had ruined me, that notwithstanding my refusal he had insisted on adding my seal to the letter. On the 6th day, while we were out riding, a servant came galloping after us with the news that the Governor of the city, with the interpreter of General Ivanoff, were waiting for me at my house. I turned to Sarwar, and said: "This is the fruit of the seed sown by you." I returned, but Sarwar delayed doing so. After polite enquiries and taking tea, the Governor told me the Viceroy wished to see me at Tashkend. I said I would start to-morrow at ten o'clock, but the Governor said I must go at once. I refused definitely, and he left me. I thereupon sent for my cousins, and gave them instructions what to do in my absence. I told them I expected to be made a prisoner and sent to Tashkend, and exhorted them to escape to Balkh, in order to reach Turkestan. They must communicate with the army

and subjects of Balkh. I gave them letters addressed to people there, in which I stated that I had sent my cousins to their country, and should appreciate any service done to them as if it had been done to me. I gave them an extra seal, in case it should be necessary to write any more letters on my behalf. I also gave them 4000 Kabuli rupees for their expenses on the journey. This I had saved from the 15,000 "sums" the Viceroy had given me two months before. This sum is equal to 5000 Indian rupees. After delivering these instructions I went to my harem.

At twelve o'clock the same night the Governor came with the interpreter, 300 cavalry sowars, and 200 policemen, and ordered my servants to bring me out of my harem. They awoke me and delivered the message. The Governor said I must go with him, as the Viceroy required my presence. I replied: "Had I known I should be taken as a prisoner, I would have gone with him that morning." I put on my uniform and started. The sowars surrounded me with naked swords, and the police constable preceded us. I had taken two servants with me, one named Faramurz Khan, now Commander-in-Chief of Herat, the other named Jan Mahomed Khan, now Lord of the Treasury at Kabul. On our arrival at General Ivanoff's quarters, I enquired why I had been sent for, and he answered: "General Kaufmann has ordered you to go to Tashkend, and he will acquaint you with his reasons." On seeing General Ivanoff, I asked him what crime I had committed that I had been fetched by armed sowars in the middle of the night. He demanded of the Governor why I had been treated so badly,

to which the Governor replied, he was obliged to take this large escort, in case my followers had resisted and refused to let me go. As a proof of the truth of this, he said they were armed to the teeth, and if I had not gone willingly with him, it would have been difficult to take me by force. The General said it was folly to bring me away as a prisoner, and he answered it was foolish of the General to send him at such a time. While they were blaming one another I listened quietly, till at last the General said I could return home, if I said I would come to him at eleven the next morning, when he would send a deputy and a carriage to escort me to Tashkend. So I returned to my house, and found the door of the garden locked. On ordering my servants to open it I found my cousins, with their friends, already asleep, and quite regardless of what might happen to me. My sons, my wife, as well as Parwana, who is now Deputy Commander-in-Chief at Kabul, and Kurban Ali, my present household treasurer, were awake, weeping for my fate. I was disappointed and heart-broken at seeing my cousins and all my servants asleep. I had brought these men up like my children, and this was my reward. Entering my harem, I comforted my wife and my sons, and gave them instructions what to do in the event of anything happening to me. I then made preparations for my journey.

Next morning, on the arrival of the promised carriage, I started, taking with me Parwana Khan, and Nazim-ud-Din (afterwards a Cavalry Colonel), and on reaching the house of the Deputy, I found them writing letters, and so I told them I had

not slept at all, and would now take the advantage of the delay, and sleep if he would allow me to do so. He gave me permission, and I tried to sleep, but being unhappy, was unable to forget my troubles longer than two and a half hours, after which we started. My carriage passed the door of Shere Ali Kandahari, to show him I was a prisoner. The whole world was dark in my eyes from anger and grief, and I thought to get down from my carriage and kill some of my enemies before I myself was killed, but recovering my senses, I argued with myself that such impulses belonged to idiots, that the wise wait for proper occasions to revenge themselves. I told myself that the world was full of troubles and difficulties. I was nearly motionless for two hours, after which I regained my senses and recovered my peace of mind. We were travelling for two days and one night, when we reached Tashkend. I was given the same bungalow as before, a very nice house, which had cost 100,000 roubles to build. Attached to it was a nice garden, and stabling for carriages and 30 horses. I was accustomed to stay in this house four times a year when I went to see the city for pleasure. I was there for a different purpose now, and I wondered what would become of me. When the bearers and cook appeared as usual, the interpreter and secretary took leave. I heard nothing from the officials for two or three days, at the end of which the secretary drove to my house, and, after the customary politeness, he told me the Governor wished to see me, so we drove together, and I was received as warmly as usual.

The Governor made me sit near him and enquired

about my journey. I told him I did not know how I had travelled. He laughed, and said: "The Samarkand people say you have become naughty." I replied that it was to the credit of his Government that I had been made so. At this he pulled out a letter and asked me what it was. I said: "Give it me," and I saw it was the letter which Sarwar had sent to Shere Ali Kandahari. I said: "Though it is not in my hand I have sealed it." He asked me why I had done so. I replied if there was anything against his Government in the letter I was to be blamed, but why should I not have some private communications of my own. He agreed, but said I ought to have asked permission before I wrote the letter. I replied that he was so far off, that before I could have obtained his permission, the Afghan Mission would have returned to Balkh. On saying this I tore the letter in half. He looked at me, and then said: "Go to Samarkand, your family is unhappy about you." I said I had been disgraced in Samarkand by being taken prisoner, and I would not return on any account, but if he would give me a house there, I would settle down in Tashkend. The Viceroy answered I could choose which house I preferred. My object in this was to be at a more convenient point for entering Afghanistan, so that when the opportunity occurred I could escape. I selected a house, and after passing one night there, I went to Samarkand to fetch my family, with whom I returned and settled down.

I was very much occupied making my preparations for my journey to Afghanistan, and after many discussions with General Kaufmann I obtained leave

from the Russian Government to start for my country. One day I disappeared quite suddenly to go and stay with some merchants who had promised me money, and also with the object of finding if I was followed by detectives. I borrowed 2000 sovereigns from the merchants, and returned, rejoicing to find that I was unobserved. On arriving at my home I found all my servants searching for me in despair. Sirdar Abdullah Khan was standing at the door of my house looking most depressed. On my calling to him, he salaamed me, and expressed his pleasure at my return. Leaving the money in his charge, I entered the house. He followed me, asking where I had obtained the sovereigns. I explained that I had borrowed them, but cautioned him to say nothing about it, in fear we should get into trouble. The next morning I hired a carriage and went to the horse-market. The people salaamed, and the horse-dealers, on hearing what I wanted, came to me. From them I bought 100 good horses. I sent Abdullah to buy saddles, harnesses, and other necessaries for my journey and for my soldiers and followers. In this way I made preparations for my journey in three days. The fourth day being Friday, I started on my journey after prayers, wishing all my friends and acquaintances good-bye. That night I halted on the banks of the Chilchic River.

Next morning, when I started, I was on the road to the new Russian city, where I saw a wonderful sign from God. I heard a soft noise of many horses behind me, to the number of about 20,000, and when they came nearer the noise got louder, until it seemed to me they joined my followers, and after riding with

them about 500 yards, went on ahead. By this I reasoned that God had cleared my road for me, and I should be successful in consequence. On arriving at a place near the river I halted, and the Governor of the town (a Russian) sent an invitation for me to dine with him. I at first refused, but on his insisting, I accepted. He asked me during dinner how much the Russians had allowed me for my expenses during the journey. I replied: "They have done me great kindness in allowing me to go back to my country. I did not require anything more of them. God is kind, and He will look after my requirements." On my saying this the Governor (an honorary Colonel) left the room, returning with 5000 "sums," of which he begged my acceptance. I thanked him gratefully, but refused, saying I was not in want of it. At last, finding I would not be persuaded, he brought one six-chambered revolver, and a breech-loader rifle, and asked me to accept them as a remembrance of him. I did so, and passed the evening happily with him. The next morning some friends who had accompanied me from Tashkend, and the Colonel, took leave of me, and I started for Yartepe. Late in the evening I reached this town, and rested there two days. From there I went to Paskit, halting three days, and on to a village called Jintak Li. The next day I arrived in the city of Khojend, where I stayed with a friend for six days.

After three days of my stay I went to the horse-market with the intention of buying horses, but finding only a few bad ones in the market, I enquired of the people where I could buy some good pack ponies. A

man standing by asked me to go with him to take some coffee or tea. I did so, and found he had been a chief of Khojend before the Russians had taken the country, and as all the important citizens had been deprived of their posts, the chiefs had been obliged to open shops and trade like merchants. My new friend fetched other chiefs, also shop-owners, to meet me, and comforted me by telling me they had very good horses. They soon sent for 100, out of which I bought thirty, and they gave many assurances of their friendly feelings towards me.

CHAPTER VI

IN BADAKSHAN

(1880)

After remaining another three days in Khojend, I again started on my way. I intended going towards Kokand, but as I was told the passes were covered with heavy snow, I left the road, and started for Ura-Tepe.[1] I sent a messenger to the sons of Mir Jahandar Shah (who were at Kokand) with a messenger and 4000 rupees, saying that I was leaving for Ura-Tepe, but they must stay in Kokand until they heard again from me. It will be remembered that Mir Jahandar was my father-in-law. He had been sent out of the country by Shere Ali. His sons, to whom I was writing, had killed their father, and been imprisoned for doing so by the Russians, but released by me after three years, on my giving security for their good behaviour.

After my first day's march I reached Bimao. As it was dark and muddy, and I was a stranger, I called at a shop, and asked to be accepted as a visitor, saying I was one of the Islamic chiefs. They received me kindly, and each took two of my sowars to their houses, one of them taking possession of me. They expressed great sympathy with me, and the

[1] Called Pumbah Faroshi.

next morning gave us loaves of bread and other food for our journey. After marching two days I arrived at Ura-Tepe, where I took lodgings in a *sarai*. The Hindu inhabitants came to ask me to their houses, as being more suitable for me, and many merchants who had *sarais* also invited me. I apologised, asking to be excused, but they insisted, and I sent several of my officials in my stead. A friend of mine, also a merchant, hearing of my arrival, came to ask me to be his guest, and I was obliged to accept. I at once wrote to my cousins, instructing them to start for Balkh, and to follow the directions I had laid out for them when in Tashkend. I stayed at Ura-Tepe twelve days, buying khilats and other necessities, the merchants helping me a good deal.

I marched from there to the Auchi Pass, which leads through a mountain, and is the route any one would take coming from Samarkand. This pass is near to Hissar and Kolab, and it is impassable in winter owing to heavy snow. I followed this route to get to Badakshan, but I found the mountain like a hen's egg, being white with snow. Next day we reached its base. It was so high I was afraid we should never reach the top, but I put my trust in God, and we began the ascent. When near the top I found the cold intense, owing to a bitter wind which was blowing. The snow reached to our knees, and we allowed our horses to go in front, and held on to their tails to help us up. When we had climbed for three or four miles, my servants and followers were alarmed at the cold, and I cheered them on, but a few were badly frost-bitten. I

ordered my Muezzin (the priest who chants prayers) to call on the name of God; he had only done so about seven times, when, by the grace of God, the wind dropped, and the cold appeared to be much less severe. Thus God saved our lives owing to our faith. Both my shoulders felt as if they were dislocated by pulling myself up by the tail of my horse, but I was obliged to march on. Of the 100 followers who started with me, only myself and ten others reached the top. I was so tired I could not move my feet, therefore I descended by sitting on the snow and slipping down. Five of my followers arrived at the base before me, and when I also reached the base, I found about 300 inhabitants with wood, which they set alight to warm me; they also took me to their houses, and several volunteered to climb the mountain to fetch the rest of my men. It was sunrise when I reached the village, and on dismounting from my horse I was so tired that I fainted. The villagers put me to bed in a house which had been made warm, and I slept until sunset, when I awoke to find my joints aching severely, and I could only walk with difficulty. I found all my followers had been safely brought in, and I gave a sovereign to each villager, and five to each of their Maliks, with khilats, which pleased them greatly.

We remained ten days in this village, by which time all my men had recovered. I enquired if I could possibly get to Hissar, but on being told there were four more mountains, I decided to go to Samarkand instead. By this road there was only one mountain called Tilgar, but there were ten

difficult places to cross, viz.—Finwar, Pulkheshk, Varzimunar, Lak Lak, Paskhanda, Momin, Janat, etc. The people say about this latter place that there is a danger of falling into the pit of Pulsirat (a pass leading to Paradise, according to an old Eastern belief), the only difference being that there is fire on the former and ice on Janat. I passed these places with great difficulty and danger, resting two nights in the villages of Panjkand, thence to Kara Tarash and Maghian, resting there two days.

I carried with me a flag from the sacred tomb of the Saint Khwaja Ikrar, concerning which I had had a curious dream some years before; the Soul of the Khwaja had appeared to me, and said: "My dear son, take the highest flag of my tomb, and when you go to Afghanistan carry it with you, it will bring you victory and triumph." I had given the meat of two goats for the Soul of the Khwaja in the name of God, and said my prayers to him. Unfurling this flag, I started for Shahr-i-Sabz, arriving at a village called Joz, where the Governor received me. He had previously received a letter from the King of Bokhara, forbidding him to allow any one to sell me any provisions, as I had escaped from the Russian Government. The Governor welcomed me, saying his infidel King had sent these instructions, and he was obliged to keep away from me. I sent him word not to be anxious about me, God was my support. I found that none of the villagers would let us go near them, so I halted in a mosque, telling my followers to remain on the banks of the river. We removed snow from the ground; tied our

horses there, and climbed to the top of the mosque, whence we called loudly to the villagers: "If you will sell us provisions, O villagers, we shall be obliged, but if you will not, we shall be obliged to take them by force. If you are willing to fight, we are ready. You are Muslims, and so are we, therefore how much better it would be for us to remain friends, and buy provisions for ourselves and our horses." I then ordered my servants to enter the village, and the people brought out the Holy Koran, asking me not to plunder, and they would sell us all we wanted now that they had a good excuse to disobey the King's orders. They brought food for us, and told me they were well-wishers of my grandfather, Dost Mahomed, and were glad to do me service.

I passed that night comfortably with the chiefs, and the next day I started for Shahr-i-Sabz, the sacred tomb of Khwaja Am Khana, the Blessed Leader of the Faithful, being near this city. I halted there, and wrote to the King of Bokhara in this style:—

"I, Sirdar Abdur Rahman, write to my exalted uncle, saying I had entered this sacred place, and have the intention of marching to Afghanistan. If you will give me permission to do so, I will come and pay my respects to you, after which I will start for my country."

The next day he replied:—

"For God's sake do not come to me—I cannot see you."

At this, I thought to myself, his face was not worth seeing, being a supporter of the Russians. I started, intending at first to go to Shahr-i-Sabz, but I went instead to Yakobagh, thinking I had better pass the

base of the mountains. After marching about half my journey, we saw 2000 or 3000 cows grazing in the distance, and my followers thinking they were sowars sent by the King of Bokhara to fight against us, we turned our faces, and marched by another way towards the city, although it had not been my intention to enter it. After marching about four miles we saw the cattle coming towards us. The gates of the city were closed to prevent my entering. Some hundreds of my servants and courtiers who had been left in Samarkand had entered the service of the King of Bokhara, and he had thought that if I went to the city they would leave him and join me. For this reason he had written to me not to go there, but had told my followers he expected me shortly. In consequence they joined together and arranged a feast for me. Finding the main gates closed, I went to the other gate, where, luckily, I found a former servant, to whom I gave a letter addressed to those in the city, asking them to join me, as I was waiting for them to go to Afghanistan with me, but if they did not do so by late that afternoon, I would start towards Yartepe. The man took my letter to General Nazir, Kazi Jan Mahomed, and other chiefs, who took my messenger prisoner, and hid my letter from my other servants within the city. Consequently I waited for them in vain, and finally started for Yartepe, which was a long day's march, and which I reached by 3 A.M. I halted there for three days, and was joined by ten of my servants, who had escaped from Shahr-i-Sabz. They told me they had not seen my letter. At this I was disappointed with the cowardly action of my officials.

Three days later I started for a place called Kalta Minar. The King of Bokhara had sent 100 sowars after me to watch my movements, but when I reached this place at dusk, I perceived them on the bank of a river. I ordered my sowars to fire on them, with the result that ten or fifteen were killed or wounded, and the others fled. After this incident I considered it necessary to march forward at once, and though very cold I started immediately, and traversed three days' marches called Karah Khah, Chilik Shorab, and Bunda, arriving at this last-named place at bed-time the following night. The two last towns belong to Hissar. The next day I reached Baisun, and thence by way of Sari-asiya, Yurchi, and Regar, into Hissar. I heard that the King's son was in the city, but on becoming aware of my arrival he left the city for a place on the mountain called Karah Dagh. The only clean and nice place in Hissar was the Inn of the Drunkards and Smokers, and I halted there. As the King and his son had behaved very badly to me, and oppressed the poor of the country, I conceived the idea of taking their horses and those of the chiefs holding civil appointments in the city. With this object in view, I told Sirdar Abdullah Khan to tell them that he wished to say a few private words to them, at the same time, in order to convince them that their King was really friendly towards me, and only showed coldness as a matter of policy, because he was afraid of the Russians, and would incur suspicion if he appeared too friendly. The Sirdar wrote this letter to them, and I arranged to conceal myself behind a

curtain, and when they came to see him, he was to draw this aside and bow to me, and after explaining to them who I was, he must take their horses by the bridle, and offer them to me, saying: "As you are a Prince, these chiefs present their horses to you." This all happened as arranged, and by this ruse I took six of their horses and started for the Oxus, first writing to thank their King for the kindness and presents his chiefs had offered me, and saying I would receive him at Kabul in the event of his falling out with the Russian Government.

I passed one night in Hissar Shadman, the next in Tangi Kak, and proceeded by Kurgan Tepe, where I rested six days, to Khwaja Gulgun, where I had a bad attack of neuralgia, but God cured me in three days with medicine.

Here I learned on inquiry that Shahzadah Hassan (son of Mir Shah) and his uncles, Mir Yusif Ali and Mir Nasrullah, had divided the countries of Rustak, Kataghan, and Badakshan equally amongst them, the former ruling the province of Faizabad, the latter Rustak, and the last Kusham. I wrote to Shahzadah Hassan, sending the letter by a servant called Mir Alam, acquainting him of my arrival at Khwaja Gulgun. It will be remembered that this Mir was my father-in-law's brother.

After despatching this letter I started for Sujah Ab, a village on the Oxus, opposite Rustak. I reached this village after two days' march, and I crossed the river on the third day, entering the village of Rustak in the evening. Shahzadah Hassan did not receive my advances kindly, but took my messenger prisoner, and

wrote to me not to cross the Oxus, as they had vowed that if a piece of their land was touched by the feet of an Afghan, they would throw that piece of land out of the country as well as myself as being impure. This letter reached me in the above-mentioned village. I replied as follows:—

O idiot, O ungrateful coward, I brought you and your brothers up for many years, and I related myself to your cowardly family, believing you would do some service for me in the time of necessity. I have now discovered my mistake, and learned your true character. If I had feared death I should not have come so far. To-morrow will decide which of us is the stronger, O coward."

That same night the Shahzadah appointed 1000 sowars to guard the river to prevent my crossing. When it was quite dark twenty of my guard fired across at them, and they, thinking we were a large body of men about to attack them, fled, and six of them were taken prisoners. I had only 100 sowars to fight and ten to carry flags, etc., and we had to face 12,000 enemies the next day. I knew that no courage, however great, could succeed against such a number, but as I had given my life for the service of God, and knew all those verses of the Koran which promise rewards to those who sacrifice themselves for the suffering, to me 10,000 were the same as 1,000,000. The love of God was in my heart, and I was fighting for that love, and was happy to think that on the morrow I would die in His service. I knew that if I escaped this time, the people of Badakshan and Kataghan would kill me, and if I escaped them, I had to face the English army, so, considering all these dangers, I

had little hope of living. If the Almighty wishes to protect a humble person, he need not fear the whole world. My heart was so strong that if I had had to face the army of the whole world, they would appear as insects under my feet. I say this in the name of God. This is not bravery, but simply a feeling which He has given me. I distinctly want to tell all true believers what happened to me. This is the experience of my life, that if they have true hearts in the service of God, He will ensure their success. The result of my belief is, that I am a King to-day.

The next morning, putting my trust in God, I started to face the army of Shahzadah Hassan. After twelve miles' march, I saw the enemy, 12,000 strong with twelve flags in their midst, coming towards me. When we arrived about the distance of a mile apart, I saw to my astonishment that the enemy began to disperse gradually in different directions, as if under the influence of an evil spirit. I could not understand what had happened. In the meantime, a body of sowars belonging to the Mir of Badakshan, the cousin of Shahzadah Hassan, was approaching from another direction praising God. I told my sowars to remain where they were, and I marched on with a few chiefs, to find out the intention of the sowars. On reaching them they told me they had come to salaam Abdur Rahman. I answered them that if they submitted to his rule, they must approach him only in small bodies at a time. They selected a few chiefs and returned with me, upon which I told them that I was Sirdar Abdur Rahman. They were surprised and saluted me,

asking if I wished them to follow and kill the army of Shahzadah Hassan. I returned that I had not come to kill Muslims, but for the religious war. I assured them that if those flying sowars would become friends, I would take them all with me to fight against the English.

I entered Rustak, and took up my residence in the fort of the Mir, outside the city, and from there the chiefs came to visit me with presents and friendly assurances. I gave them khilats, and they became faithful subjects. A wise man will understand how I conquered the hearts of these 20,000 men in one day, because the hearts of men are in the hands of God, who turned them that day towards me.

The people and chiefs made themselves into a Jirga, and brought me presents. I ordered them to accumulate 2000 sowars and 1000 militia in a few days, and to send them to Faizabad, under the command of Mir Baba Jan. This command they accordingly carried out, and the detachment departed with the messenger who had acted for me, and who had been imprisoned by Shahzadah Hassan. He now carried a letter in which I had written:

> "O Muslims, I am not come to fight Afghans who are true believers, but to make Ghaza. Therefore it is necessary that you should all obey my commands, which are those of God and His prophets. We are all God's slaves, but Ghaza is a duty of us all."

I signed this letter "A Muslim," and trusted they would act as my friends. This letter was addressed to the people. I also wrote one to the chiefs and Mirs,

which I entrusted to Mir Baba. The contents were as follows:—

"Mir Shahzadah Hassan, chiefs and subjects of Faiza, I inform you that I have come to release the country of Faiza from the hands of the English. If I succeed in doing so peacefully, well and good, otherwise we shall have to fight. You are all Mirs, and should not let the country of true believers fall into the hands of the Feringis. If they gain our country, our reputation will go too, and the people of the world will think the Mirs had no shame or pride, and through the fault of disunion, had lost their country and their faith. Hearken to my advice, O Mirs. If you will not listen, it is plainly my duty to make Ghaza against you also, as infidels. Make up your mind either to be supporters of God and Mahomet, or to be prepared for war."

The chiefs and people on reading my letters went to their Mir, saying they felt it right to submit themselves to me, and so save their country from falling into the hands of the infidels, but their Mir replied that he was a friend of the Sikhs of Kashmir, and would rather go there than submit to a Muslim. To this the chiefs replied, if they had known he was a follower of the Hindus they would never have had him for their Mir, and he had better go to Kashmir as soon as possible. So the idiot Mir went to Kashmir, *via* Chitral and Ladak, with his children and family, but he died soon after, leaving his family without support. The people, on the other hand, submitted to my rule.

A few days after this I wrote to Mir Sultan Murad, Mir of Kataghan, saying I had come to release the country of Afghanistan from the hands of the English, and asking him if he would allow me to pass through

their country, and also help me with money or men. They replied as follows:—

"We have no power to fight or to offend the English, therefore we cannot let you pass through our country."

I replied to this, that by his resolution he joined hands with the infidels, and I should bring Ghaza also against him, but I could not make him change his mind, so I wrote about 1000 small letters addressed to the army of Balkh as follows:—

"You people of Afghanistan, I inform you that I am on my way to Rustak, but your Mir, Sultan Murad, will not allow you to meet me when I come."

These leaflets I sent by a man disguised as a beggar, telling him to throw them into the mosques, streets, and cantonments; the people would then find them, and would look after Mir Sultan for me.

Now I must return to affairs in Badakshan. As I have before mentioned, I gave my cousins Sirdar Sarwar and Sirdar Ishak their travelling expenses, with 60 breech-loaders and 12,000 cartridges, also letters addressed to the Turkoman people. I instructed them to leave Samarkand for Turkestan.

I must mention there was a certain man called Ghulam Haidar, of the Wardak tribe, who had risen to the post of Colonel in Shere Ali's time, and had held this post when Yakub became Amir. When Yakub introduced Sir Louis Cavagnari to Kabul as English Resident, he appointed Ghulam Haidar Governor-General and Viceroy of Balkh. This Ghulam in his new capacity appointed one Kadir Khan (of the Kazil-

bashi tribe) to be Governor of Shibarghan, and one Ghulam Muhazadin Nassari as Governor of Saripul, also Mahomed Sarwar as Governor of Akcha. Now when my cousins Sarwar, Ishak, and Abdullah Kudus, arrived in Turkestan, Ghulam Haidar sent 2000 or 3000 sowars (of the tribe of Kazil-bashi) without giving information to the people quietly to take them prisoners. My cousins heard of this in time, and being unable to fight, left the Balkh road and went towards Shibarghan, whence they communicated with the Governor, who was also a Kazil-bashi. It is possible the Governor gave them some hope of help, for when they arrived in Shibarghan it was late and dark, and Sarwar announced his intention of going into the city to see the Governor. His brothers all dissuaded him from such an unwise step, but he preferred to follow the advice of a servant called Sharbad of Khost, saying they must let him go to the fort or he would shoot at them, so he and his servant went alone to the fort. Arriving at the city gate they knocked, and in answer to enquiries, announced that they had a letter from General Ghulam Haidar to the Governor of the city. They were at once admitted, but Sarwar was recognised by the guard, who asked him his real object in entering the city. On his explaining, the guard told him to go away, or he would be taken prisoner by the Governor, but if he would return the next day with his sowars, he and the people would submit to him. Knowing that Abdur Rahman had taken Badakshan, Sarwar refused to listen to all this, saying the Governor had invited him, and would kiss his hands and feet, and submit to him. In short, directly he came before the

Governor his hands and feet were tied, and he was sent under the guard of a colonel and his sowars quietly towards Ghulam Haidar at Mazar, by the road of Dasht Arzana. They reached Dehdadi with their unfortunate prisoner at daybreak, sending a messenger on to Ghulam Haidar with their news. This General consulted with his Chiefs and advisers, and came to the conclusion that it would be wisest to put Sarwar out of existence at once, for fear of a rising among the hill tribes and Usbegs, should they hear of his arrival in Shibarghan. In consequence of this decision, Ghulam Haidar appointed his Wazir named Razwarn, and a courtier named Ghulam Muhazadin, to kill the Sirdar. They carried out their orders, and buried the body of Sarwar under a wall at Dehdadi, carrying his head to Ghulam Haidar, in proof of their obedience.

In the meantime, Abdullah Kudus and Ishak, hearing nothing more of their brother, went to Maimana. The Wali of this town, who was named Dilawar Khan, instructed the Turkoman subjects to take them prisoners and send them to him. The people refused to do this, saying they were the cousins of Abdur Rahman, and they would serve him to the death, and the 2000 houses joined the Sirdar's. But the Governor being anxious to imprison them (Abdullah and Ishak), sent them under pretence to Herat, where Mahomed Ayub was staying, who also tried to secure their imprisonment. Ghulam Haidar, on receiving the head of Sarwar, wrote to Sultan Murad, informing him that the army had put Sarwar to death, and he hoped he would do the same to Abdur Rahman, or also send him to him as a prisoner, but Sultan Murad replied that

Abdur Rahman was out of his reach, being in Badakshan.

It will be remembered that I had sent Mir Baba to Faizabad. After a few days I wrote to him with instructions to return to Rustak with the army, so that by joining the two armies I might make Ghaza against the Mirs of Kataghan, who did not desire the Muslims to make any progress in the world. Mir Baba wrote to me, saying he thought I had better go to Faizabad and show myself to all the people there, and start for Kataghan after doing so. Consequently I at once set out, taking with me Mir Mahomed Omar (whom I had appointed a Governor at Rustak), some chiefs, and 2000 sowars. On our arrival at a place called Argu we rested, and that night my tea supplier awoke me, saying that a half-naked man, who had the appearance of an idiot, demanded admittance to me. I sent for this man, who gave me a letter which ran as follows :—

"I, the writer of this letter, am an Afghan merchant, and have heard that Mir Baba Khan has consulted with a few chiefs of Badakshan and his secretary Dabir, to take you prisoner and send you to the English. This will leave the rule of Badakshan to their family in future. For God's sake, do not come to Faizabad."

I was most restless, thinking of various plans all night, and in the morning I sent for Mahomed Omar, with the other chiefs of Rustak, asking their advice. They read the letter, and answered, that Mir Baba was an ungrateful coward, and there was no doubt the merchant was right and his tale probably true. Mahomed Omar said he had always been an enemy of

Mir Baba, and therefore would not go to Faizabad. I answered if he liked to return he could do so, but that I would continue my way, not being afraid of the Mir. So I gave him leave to take his sowars to keep Rustak safe from attack, and they started. I also sent Abdullah to watch his movements and report to me. Placing my confidence in God, I continued my way. After going on a few miles we arrived at a hill called Razgan, when we perceived 6000 sowars coming towards us headed by Mir Baba. I ordered my sowars to stop, and said I would go ahead, and if they noticed that the sowars were unfriendly towards me, they were to fire. I then galloped on, and finding I was received warmly, I signalled to my sowars to join us. I talked to the Faizabad sowars, and said I had heard they were famous horsemen, and should much like to see them running races. At this they began racing, and I told my followers in Pushto to surround the Mir. In this way we marched, the Mir in our midst, until we reached Faizabad, when I ordered my followers to take possession of the fort, and I kept thirty sowars at the gate as guard.

After three days Mir Baba received a letter from Ghulam Haidar, asking why I had not been sent as a prisoner to him. At the same time another letter came from the King of Bokhara, with khilats and four horses with gold harnesses. He said that General Ghulam Haidar was a well-wisher of his, and had promised this country to the King, therefore he (Mir Baba) ought immediately to imprison me. He was also told I had fled from Russia, therefore, any one who killed me would not suffer punishment. Mir Baba, who did not believe in God, but only

in rich people and their wealth, began inciting the people of Badakshan against me. One day he came to me and proposed a shooting expedition, as there were so many partridges about. I agreed, but asked when the army would be ready to return, as arranged. To this he answered, that I ought to give him 20,000 sovereigns with which to bribe the people, but I explained I was keeping my money for expenses to fight against the English, and did not require sowars to be bribed into my service, having already 10,000 Kataghanis and 10,000 Rustakis, and expecting hundreds of thousands of Afghans to join me directly I reached Kabul. As a fact, the boxes which the idiot Mir thought were full of gold contained cartridges, and I had only 1000 sovereigns in the world. On our arranging a shooting expedition, I was warned by several Badakshanis that the Mir meant treacherously by me, as he had arranged with his secretary and chiefs to take me prisoner and kill me the next day. Hearing this, I ordered thirty of my followers to go shooting with me, and instructed them to watch Mir Baba, and be prepared to fire, but not to do so until I pointed my rifle towards the Mir. After giving these instructions, I joined Mir Baba, and we started for the mountains. I found on arriving at the base that we were joined by 500 armed sowars. The Mir's footmen were also armed as for a war. Finding there were no partridges, I said to Mir Baba on my left, that I had heard when I left Badakshan he had intended taking me prisoner and sending me to the English as a service to them; if this were true, he could not find a better opportunity of doing so than the present moment. I then turned my rifle at the chest of

Mir Baba and twenty of my followers turned theirs towards his companions. They were frightened at this, and cried out: "Do not kill us. We do not care for our Mir, you appointed him over us." Satisfied by their attitude towards Mir Baba, I did nothing further, but we started to return. Three days later I sent Ashan Aziz, a chief of Rustak, to invite Mir Baba to spend a pleasant evening with me. He came, with 300 armed men, but my guards would not allow them to pass, saying it was neither necessary or reasonable, but that he could take thirty inside with him. The Mir was so angry that he began cursing the nation of the Afghans, and ordered his sowars to take the fort by force, and his bugler to sound the signal for them to fire. They carried the first gate by storm, and my guards hastening back locked the inner gate, and a servant came running to tell me we were ruined.

I was sitting wearing a loose robe and a jacket, but I carried a seven-chambered revolver in my pocket. I got up, and started with my men to the gate, where I perceived 5000 armed men outside. I told my servants it would be impossible to fight against so many, so I would go out and mingle with the crowd in order not to be noticed, and if I got hold of the Mir's neck before being recognised, we were safe, but if I was killed I would leave them under God's protection, and they could fight or not as they chose. I then went out of the gate, hiding my revolver under the sleeve of my overcoat.

By great good luck I passed through all the men unnoticed, and came near the Mir, and seizing his neck from behind, I placed my revolver against his temple.

I said: "Hold now, this is the same Afghan you were cursing. Throw down your sword, or I will shoot." Mir Baba cried out, and implored me to remove my revolver, saying he would then throw his sword down, but I only twisted his neck tighter, until at last he threw his sword on the ground. I then said: "Order your men to come out of the fort." This he also did, and I told my men in Pushto to take possession of the outer gate also. I said to the Mir: "I invited you as a friend under my roof, why have you behaved so treacherously?" And then, turning to the people of Badakshan, I said: "Are you going to fight for me, or for this coward, who cannot move his hands?" And the people, seeing their Mir at the point of death, said: "For you." Upon which I ordered them to return to their homes. When they had obeyed my instructions, I took the Mir with ten sowars to his house, and ordered his wife and family to give me a dinner there. The next morning I returned to the fort, and took a long rest, thanking God for my safety.

I must mention that Mir Baba and Mir Omar were at enmity with each other, and I made great efforts to reconcile these two Mirs in friendship. I at last succeeded, and Mir Omar came to Faizabad with 4000 sowars, halting outside the city at a place called Jozun. I received a letter, saying they intended giving khilats to each other as a proof of their newly-made friendship, and they asked me to join the ceremony. I accepted, and sat between the Mirs, and in front was a large lump of sugar and trays of sweetmeats. When the Mirs had thrown khilats on each other, after making vows of friendship, Mir Baba said to me sarcastically: "Now that we two brothers have

joined hands, we can divide the big piece of sugar." I knew when he spoke like that, that his remarks were meant for me, and I said: "You will find it very difficult," and ordered the piece of sugar to be removed. A few hours after this I left them, but I was anxious in case they were concocting more treachery against me, and every day I urged a start, and as often they made excuses.

About this time the leaflets which I had had distributed broadcast in Balkh got into the hands of the military authorities, who intimated to Ghulam Haidar that they were anxious to make Ghaza against Mir Sultan Murad, as he was a friend of the English. Ghulam Haidar thought this a good excuse for taking Mir Sultan's country, and, moreover, he supposed that, as I was near by, I should be frightened lest the army was coming against me, which would probably result in my being taken prisoner by the people of Badakshan. He accordingly sent his nephew with 5 battalions and 1200 sowars, with 5 batteries of artillery to fight against Sultan Murad. On the arrival of this force in Tashkurghan the sowars began to say among themselves that they would punish the Mir for not allowing Abdur Rahman to make Jihad with them. Sultan Murad receiving information on this point, wrote to Mir Baba and Mahomed Omar not to keep me any longer, or the army would revenge itself on them as well as on him. This letter was sent without my knowledge, and I also received one in which he asked me to come to Kataghan, as he was anxious to give me a warm reception. Knowing nothing about the first letter, I was most surprised to receive the second one,

and said, as Mir Sultan had first objected to my coming to him, "Why has he suddenly turned round and invited me." Finding my suspicions aroused, the messenger spoke the truth, and told me what I have related above. I replied we would go to-morrow, and Mahomed Omar prepared to accompany me, but Mir Baba said he would do so later on. I ordered him to bring with him fifty rifles and fifty horses saddled and bridled for fifty Afghans whom I had released from prison. I started two days later, and arrived at Mashhad of Badakshan which is called Kishm. There was also another old fort called Kala Jafar, and notwithstanding Sultan Murad's messenger insisting on my continuing our march, I refused to go further until Mir Baba and the Rustak sowars joined me, my desire being to delay until Mir Sultan was properly punished for detaining me.

Six days later news was brought to me that Sultan Murad had been defeated by the army of Balkh, and had fled with his family and the ex-King of Kolab. Tidings came soon afterwards that they had fled in our direction, and were quite close to us. Hearing this, I sent Abdullah Khan with forty sowars to receive them on my behalf. When they arrived I comforted them by saying I would not harm them, but would treat them kindly if they would serve me faithfully. I promised Sultan Murad to allow him the rule of Kataghan again when I was in power, and I sent him, with Abdullah Khan and 600 sowars to Talikhan to give the people friendly assurances from me. I followed them almost immediately, arriving in Talikhan in two days.

CHAPTER VII

MY ACCESSION TO THE THRONE

1880

WHILE all this was going on, Ghulam Haidar was at war with the other half of the Balkhian army, which had rebelled against him on account of his murder of Sirdar Sarwar. He had started for Taktapul, taking with him 3 battalions of artillery, 3000 cavalry sowars, and 1000 militia infantry. The rebels had taken refuge in the fort of Taktapul, which had been built by my father and Dost Mahomed, and had taken five years to complete. I remember now hearing it discussed when I was about twelve years old, and now I am forty-three. I remember what they said as if I had heard it yesterday. It had been intended as a protection for the royal families, should we at any time lose Kabul and need a refuge from any foreign powers, and it was consequently very strong and well built. Ghulam Haidar arrived outside this fort, and opened fire on the rebels inside, but after a long engagement, in which neither army had gained any advantage, the rebels called out loudly: "We are not rebellious, but are fighting against Ghulam Haidar and the Kazil-bashes for having killed the son of your and our King at Dehdadi. We ought to be loyal to our royal family."

On hearing this the army stopped fighting, and attacked the General and the Kazil-bashes, who fled with his 200 body-guard towards Mazar, closely followed by the army, who pursued him so persistently that he was obliged to fly to Bokhara, across the Oxus and the Abdu Pass, leaving his property and family at the mercy of the soldiers, who plundered the property of the Kazil-bashes as well as his own, after taking their families prisoners. The rebels also released two of my officials from prison and appointed them to positions of trust. The armies of Tashkurghan, Kataghan, Shibarghan, Saripul, and Akcha soon heard what had happened, and imprisoned in their turn all officials appointed by Ghulam Haidar. At this time I arrived at Talikhan with 6000 Rustaki and 2000 Kishm sowars. When Ghulam Haidar's nephew and his generals were attacked by the Kunduz army the officials fled, but Ghulam's nephew shot himself to escape their wrath. After this all the armies came to me and salaamed. I knelt down and praised God, and said: "O God, You have of course the power to release the country from the hands of the unbelievers, and You have the power to punish those who are in league with them, and to help true believers. Power is in Your hands, Almighty!" When the armies joined me, I sent Sirdar Abdullah with letters to the army remaining at Kunduz, thanking them for their loyalty, and telling them I looked upon them all as my religious brethren and parts of my body; I added, I am sending Sirdar Abdullah to you to enquire after your good health, and to take you the news of my safety until we see each other, as I must remain here for a

few days to make arrangements for provisions and money.

I remained in Talikhan while Abdullah carried this letter across the Kunduz River. The army was delighted to hear from me, and illuminated the camp with fireworks, and gave banquets in token of their joy. They said prayers for the blessed soul of our Prophet, and through the medium of his holy soul prayed God to relieve the Muslims of Afghanistan from the hands of the English, begging Him to give us either victory over them, or to turn their hearts towards us. I received a letter from them, in which they congratulated me on my safe arrival, saying they were sure God was on their side, and had sent me to them to save them from being trodden under the feet of another patron. I gave thanks to God for His goodness to me in turning so many hearts in my direction.

I waited two days for Mir Baba Khan, Mir of Faizabad, but finding he did not arrive, I sent a letter to him, in which I enquired why he did not join me, and he replied he thought there was no need for him to do so, as the army had surrendered to me. I sent an answer to this, saying he must come to me, or I would go to him. He consulted with his councillors, who advised him to join me, or I might send an army to compass his ruin. Listening to their advice he joined me with 6000 followers at Talikhan.

The next day I sent an invitation to Mir Baba, Mir Omar, and Mir Sultan Murad, with their chiefs, to appear in the court, and when they arrived I addressed them as follows:—"You know in what position I stand at present, that I have come on Jihad,

and our army has neither food or money. All the rulers of this country must bring money according to their position, and the subjects must provide for the sowars as their guests. One sheep must be the present from every two houses, also one bag of wheat or barley. After this I will give them no more trouble." I requested an answer the next day, and dismissed the court. I also wrote to Sirdar Ishak, saying I had not heard from him since their start for Maimana, and I should be glad if he would come to Mazar and take charge of that country during such time as I was busy here. He received my letter in the desert of Andkhoi, having heard that I had taken Badakshan and Kataghan, and on receiving my letter he started at once, reaching Mazar in three days, whence he wrote that he had arrived, and was without provisions for his army.

In the meantime the Mirs and Chiefs sent me word that they had acceded to my request, and had arranged to send me 300,000 rupees in cash, and would give me more in future, if necessary, in consideration of the fact that I was relieving them from the hands of a foreign enemy, so they were willing to do all in their power to help me. I ordered some provisions to be put in the fort of Khanabad, and some in a few other places. I also wrote to Sirdar Ishak, saying that if he would send me 12,000 camels, I would load them with food and return them to him. At the same time, a merchant named Yar Mahomed Khan, an inhabitant of Tashkurghan, brought some presents for me. I could not understand why, out of so many, he alone should bring presents. I discovered soon after

hat the former Viceroy of Balkh, named Loi Naib, had eft a few thousand sovereigns with this man, after having plundered the Government money of 4000 Russian gold coins, 10,000 Bokhara gold coins, 60,000 Kabuli rupees, and 2000 pieces of 100 rupee notes. This money was taken from the treasury of Balkh, and the merchant had come to acquaint me with the fact. I sent him, with my page Faramurz (now Commander-in-Chief of Herat), to Tashkurghan to take this money in charge and bring it to me. They accordingly went, and returned safely with this large amount of money.

The day following was the first Nauroz (New Year's Day), and to celebrate it I ordered 6000 girls and women of the Afghan nation, who had been made slaves by the Turkomans at Shere Ali's death, to be released and handed over to their relations. Before my order was carried out, Mir Baba Khan took my messengers prisoners, arguing that I should soon be engaged in war with the English, and if they delayed releasing the poor women I would soon be too busy to remember them. Several of my messengers who did not agree to remain silent were killed, and one threw himself into the river, where he was supposed to have been drowned, but he escaped, and came to me disguised as a beggar, and told me all that had happened. Hearing this I lost all patience with Mir Baba Khan, and took him, with a few of his councillors, prisoners. I appointed Mir Mahomed Omar Governor of Faizabad, and his brother Governor of Rustak, and again ordered the release of the women slaves, and also that of the brothers of my wife, who were

lying in the prison of Shighnan. I sent all these poor prisoners to their friends, and thanked God for endowing me with power to help my nation.

The following day I reached Kunduz, and a salute of 101 guns was fired by the soldiers in my honour. They rejoiced greatly to see me, and brought 200 officers, who were my enemies, into my presence, with the intention of cutting their throats to please us. I would not permit this, and ordered their release.

The next day, while I was inspecting the artillery, I was astonished to see one man come forward, and, after salaaming, throw himself at my feet. I raised him, and found him to be Nazir Mahomed Sarwar, son of Nazar Haidar, who had left me at Samarkand. At first he expressed great contrition, but after my saying that I forgave him, he told me he had come from Kabul with a letter for me. I returned to my tent, and Nazar told me he had undertaken to act as a messenger of the British Resident, and had crossed the Hindu Kush, where the frost and cold were severe and the snow came above the knees of a man. I opened the letter, and found the contents to be as follows:—

"MY EXALTED FRIEND SIRDAR ABDUR RAHMAN KHAN,

"After greetings from your friend Griffin, and wishes for your good health, I write to inform you that the British Government are pleased to hear of your safe arrival in Kataghan. They will be glad to know in what way you have left Russia, and your plans and intentions."

I read this letter to my army, as it was the beginning of my relations with the British Government, and I did not think it wise to reply to it before first consulting my army. I was afraid of mischievous people

who might say I was plotting to hand over their country to the English, which would have been my ruin. I also considered that the opportunity had arisen which would prove to me how much authority they gave me in my foreign relations. After reading this letter out loud, I said I should be glad if the chiefs would help me to compose an answer, as I did not wish to do anything without first consulting my new friends, all of whom I wished to join in the composition of the reply. They asked for two days' delay, and on the third day brought me about 100 letters, some of which ran as follows:—"O English nation, you must leave our country. We will turn you out, or die in the attempt." Another demanded compensation for past losses and damage before they would enter into communication with them at all. Another wrote that they required 100 crores of rupees for the destruction of their guns and forts, or they would not allow one Englishman to reach Peshawar alive, as they did on a former occasion. One chief had written: "O treacherous infidels, you have taken India by treachery, and now you would annex Afghanistan in the same way. We will resist you as long as we are able, and then another power like Russia will join us to fight against you." In short, they presented me with all this rubbish and nonsense. I read these letters out loudly, and after I had done so, I suggested that I also would compose one in their presence, so that they should not think I had consulted with any one beforehand. I took a sheet of paper and pen, and asked my God, who is the God of all creation, to inspire me to write a suitable

answer. I then wrote, in the presence of 7000 Usbegs and Afghans, as follows:—

"To my Exalted Friend Griffin Sahib,

"Representative of Great Britain,

"Greetings from the writer, Sirdar Abdur Rahman Khan. I am pleased to receive your kind letter, expressing your pleasure on my safe arrival in Kataghan. In reference to your enquiries as to how I left Russia, I left it with the permission of the Viceroy, General Kaufmann, and the Russian Government. My only intention in doing so was to help my nation in much perplexity and trouble. With compliments, etc."

After reading aloud this letter to my army, I asked whether they approved of it. They replied that they were willing to fight for their religion and country under my command, but they did not know how to communicate with kings. On the oath of God and their prophet, they invested me with full authority to write what I thought fit. Raising their loud cries of, "Oh, *Chahar Yar*[1] (Oh, Four Friends), this letter which you have written is the correct answer, and to it we all agree."

As they approved my letter, it was handed over to Nazir Mohamed Sarwar Khan, who left Kunduz after four days' rest for Kabul.

I also marched slowly towards Charikar. At the same time I sent a verbal message to the British officials at Kabul, to the effect that I was on my way to Charikar to settle matters with them. On the 30th of April Griffin Sahib sent a letter again, urging

[1] *Chahar Yar* means "Four Friends," *i.e.* the four most beloved companions of the Prophet, *i.e.* Abu Bekr, Omar, Osman, and Ali. This is the usual cry or joy-song, repeated in the time of war by the Afghans.

me to try to go to Kabul and to hold the reins of the Afghan kingdom. I wrote an answer to this letter on the 16th of May as follows :—

"My valued friend, I had, and still have, great hope from the British Government, and your friendship had justified and equalled my expectations. You know well the nature of the people of Afghanistan. The word of one man can effect nothing until they feel that I speak for their good. But the people want to know the answers to the following questions before giving me permission to proceed to Kabul. Their questions were as follows :—

1. What are to be the boundaries of my dominions?
2. Would Kandahar be included in them?
3. Would a European envoy or a British force remain in Afghanistan?
4. What enemy of the British Government am I expected to repel?
5. What benefits does the British Government promise to confer on me and my countrymen?
6. And what services do they expect in return?

"These I must place before them, and in concert with them I will, having ascertained how far I can do so, agree to such terms of a treaty as I can accept and carry out. I trust in God for your honour that this nation and I may some day unite to do you service, although the British Government has no need of it, but occasions of necessity may yet arise in this world."

By the help of God the people were coming in crowds to pledge the Oath of Allegiance, and were reany to render all kinds of services with life and money.

So by the time that I entered from Panjshir[1] into

[1] Name of a province under Afghan rule, which means five lions or five tigers; for there are these five tombs of the five saints of the Mahomedans. The province is called after their name.

Charikar, about 300,000 Ghazis were concentrated and had joined me. I thanked God for bringing so many people, who were all very glad and pleased to look upon me as their future King, into submission to my will. They promised me sincere service to fight against Britain, to which I replied that there was no need to fight against Britain, as the British had written to me, inviting me to accept the throne of Kabul.

Again, on the 14th of June, Griffin Sahib wrote the answers to my questions as follows:—

After compliments:

"I am commanded to convey to you the replies of the Government of India to the questions you have asked. *Firstly*, with regard to the position of the ruler of Kabul in relation to foreign powers. Since the British Government admit no right of interference by foreign powers in Afghanistan, and since both Russia and Persia are pledged to abstain from all political interference with Afghan affairs, it is plain that the Kabul ruler can have no political relations with any foreign power except the English; and if any such foreign power should attempt to interfere in Afghanistan, and if such interference should lead to unprovoked aggression on the Kabul ruler, then the British Government will be prepared to aid him, if necessary, to repel it, provided that he follows the advice of the British Government in regard to his external relations.

"*Secondly*, with regard to limits of territory, I am directed to say that the whole province of Kandahar has been placed under a separate ruler, except Pishin and Sibi, which are retained in British possession. Consequently, the Government is not able to enter into any negotiations with you on these points, nor in respect to arrangements with regard to the north-west frontier, which were concluded with the ex-Amir Mahomed Yakub Khan. With these reservations the British Government are willing that you should establish over

Afghanistan (including Herat, the possession of which cannot be guaranteed to you, though Government are not disposed to hinder measures which you may take to obtain possession of it) as complete and extensive authority as has hitherto been exercised by any Amir of your family. The British Government desires to exercise no interference in the internal affairs of these territories, nor will you be required to admit an English Resident anywhere; although, for convenience of ordinary and friendly intercourse between two adjoining states, it may be advisable to station by agreement a Mahomedan agent of the British Government at Kabul."

I wrote a short answer to the above letter on the 22nd of June, but did not give my consent to their separating the town of Kandahar from the kingdom, on the ground that Kandahar was the town of the Royal Family, and without including such a town the Kingdom was of very little value.

Placing my confidence in God, I entered from Kohistan[1] into Charikar. The British army were rather uneasy about the large forces of the Ghazis which were gathering. The chiefs of Kohistan, Kabul, and other people who were fighting against the British were joining me daily, and taking the Oath of Allegiance; those who could not come themselves communicated with me by letter or other means. My spies reported from Kabul, that the British officials were rather perplexed about my intentions towards them. On the 20th of July all the chiefs and heads of the Afghan tribes who were present proclaimed me as their King and Amir at Charikar, and wrote my name in the Khutba as their ruler. The people were pleased, that

[1] This word Kohistan means "hilly province." It is one of the north-west provinces of Kabul, and is the home of very eminent Afghan chiefs.

God had delivered their country into the hands of their own Islamic ruler.

Griffin Sahib also held an audience at Kabul on the 22nd of July, proclaiming me Amir before the British officials and Afghan chiefs, and on this occasion made the following speech :—

"The course of events having placed Sirdar Abdur Rahman Khan in a position which fulfils the wishes and expectations of the Government, the Viceroy of India and the Government of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen Empress, are pleased to announce that they publicly recognise Sirdar Abdur Rahman Khan, grandson of the illustrious Amir, Dost Mahomed Khan, as Amir of Kabul. It is to the Government a source of satisfaction that the tribes and chiefs have preferred a distinguished member of the Barakzai family, who is a renowned soldier, wise and experienced. His sentiments towards the British Government are most friendly, and so long as his rule shows that he is animated by those sentiments, he cannot fail to receive the support of the British Government. He will best show his friendship for the Government by treating those of his subjects who have done us service as his friends."

On the 29th of July a telegram from Simla informed the British officials at Kabul of the severe defeat of the English army at the hands of Ayub Khan, which occurred at Maiwand. On hearing this, Griffin Sahib, without losing any time, rode on to Zimma, a town about sixteen miles from Kabul, with a small detachment of cavalry, to meet me there, and to make arrangements about their future movements. The conference lasted three days, from the 30th of July till the 1st of August. I asked Griffin Sahib for a formal agreement of our understanding

with each other which I could show to my people, and he handed over to me the following document:—

"His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General in Council has learnt with pleasure that Your Highness has proceeded toward Kabul, in accordance with the invitation of the British Government. Therefore, in consideration of the friendly sentiments by which Your Highness is animated, and of the advantage to be derived by the Sirdars and people from the establishment of a settled Government, under Your Highness' authority, the British Government recognises Your Highness as Amir of Kabul. I am further empowered, on the part of the Viceroy and Governor-General of India, to inform Your Highness that the British Government has no desire to interfere in the internal Government of the territories in possession of Your Highness, and has no wish that an English Resident should be stationed anywhere within those territories. For the convenience of ordinary friendly intercourse, such as is maintained between two adjoining states, it may be advisable that a Mahomedan agent of the British Government should reside, by agreement, at Kabul. Your Highness has requested that the views and intentions of the British Government, with regard to the position of the ruler of Kabul, in relation to foreign powers, should be placed on record for Your Highness' information. The Viceroy and Governor-General in Council authorises me to declare to you that since the British Government admits no right of interference by foreign powers within Afghanistan, and since both Persia and Russia are pledged to abstain from all interference with the affairs of Afghanistan, it is plain that Your Highness can have no political relations with any foreign power except with the British Government. If any foreign power should attempt to interfere in Afghanistan, and if such interference should lead to unprovoked aggression on the dominions of Your Highness, in that event the British Government would be prepared to aid you to such extent and in such manner as may

appear to the British Government necessary, in repelling it, provided that Your Highness follows unreservedly the advice of the British Government in regard to your external relations."

Griffin Sahib requested me to go to Kabul to wish the British officials "good-bye," before they marched out of the country. He also asked me to make such arrangements as were necessary for their safety, and also to supply the provisions for the British army, which was marching under General Roberts to Kandahar, and under Sir Donald Stewart to Peshawar. I undertook to do my best in this matter, and gave him every possible satisfaction and assurance as to the safety of the British as far as the frontier. I told him that it was my opinion that General Roberts should start for Kandahar as soon as possible, and after his departure I would go to wish Sir Donald Stewart "God-speed." On the 8th of August General Roberts started from Kabul, *en route* for Kandahar, with a portion of the army, and I appointed Sirdar Mahomed Aziz Khan, son of Sirdar Shams-ud-din Khan, with a few other officials accompanying General Roberts' force as far as Kandahar, to see that the people on the road did not oppose them, and to provide food for themselves and for their transport animals. The tribes on the road obeyed my commands, conveyed to them by my above-mentioned officials, and did not offer any opposition on the road. Consequently General Roberts reached Kandahar safely, and Ayub, being defeated on the 1st of September, fled towards Herat.

Sir Donald Stewart and Griffin Sahib left Sherpur

for Peshawar, on the 10th of August, and I went to wish them "good-bye" a few minutes before they started. We held a durbar for about fifteen minutes, in which compliments were exchanged, and our intercourse was of a friendly nature. It was also agreed upon, in the course of our negotiations, that thirty guns of the Afghanistan artillery, which were at Sherpur at this time, should be handed over to me; also that about nineteen lakhs of rupees which had been collected out of the revenue of the country by the British during their stay there, and spent by them to supply provisions for the army, and in building the fortifications, should be refunded to me; and, further, that the new forts which were built at Kabul by the British should not be destroyed.

This ended the Second Afghan War and occupation of Afghanistan by the British. In this way again the throne and reins of the kingdom were delivered into my hands, who, by the ties of blood, nationality, and religion, was entitled to the whole country. The Afghan people were pleased to find their country in the hands of their Islamic King, and I was thankful to God who had entrusted me with this service, thereby enabling me to deliver my people from the sufferings that they were undergoing from the unsettled condition of the kingdom. I then began my work of putting the country in order, peace, and progress, but the task was not a very easy one.

/

CHAPTER VIII

ADMINISTRATION

ON my succeeding to the throne, and after the departure of the English from Kabul, I placed my foot in the stirrup of progress and administration. In every town which was under my rule at this time I appointed the officials I shall now proceed to mention. To the larger and more important towns I appointed men of the greatest ability and merit; in the smaller towns, where the duties would be less in proportion, I placed men of average ability. These officials were as follows:—

(1) The Governor (*a*),[1] together with his Secretaries and Staff.

(2) The Kazi (*b*) (Judge of the Ecclesiastical Court) with his subordinate.

(3) The Kotwal (*c*) (Head of the Police Department), together with the force of Police, Secretary, and the members of the *Rahdari*[2] Department.

The notes to this and other following chapters are by Sultan Mahomed Khan, Mir Munshi.

[1] The small letters (*a*), (*b*), (*c*), etc., refer to notes at the end of this chapter, giving, in fuller detail, the duties attaching to these various offices.

[2] There is a system in Afghanistan by which no person can travel from one town to another without having a paper, in the shape of a passport, issued from the above-mentioned office. The word *Rahdari* means literally "a passport." For people travelling in the country itself, this passport is issued under the seal of the passport officer, countersigned by the seal of the

(4) Kafila Bashi (*d*) (Head of the Caravan Department), with a Board of Commerce (*e*), called Punchait (*f*); the office in which all accounts of daily income and expenditure are kept (*g*); the Tax-collector's Office, called Chabutra (*h*); the Treasury (*i*); and a force or army (*j*) necessary for keeping peace in the town.

I issued orders addressed to the chiefs of all the various tribes and provinces, urging them to keep the country peaceful, to treat their countrymen and fellow-subjects kindly; if they did this they might expect in return kind treatment, rewards, and royal favours from me. I concluded by giving them assurances of my friendly feeling and kind sentiments towards them all.

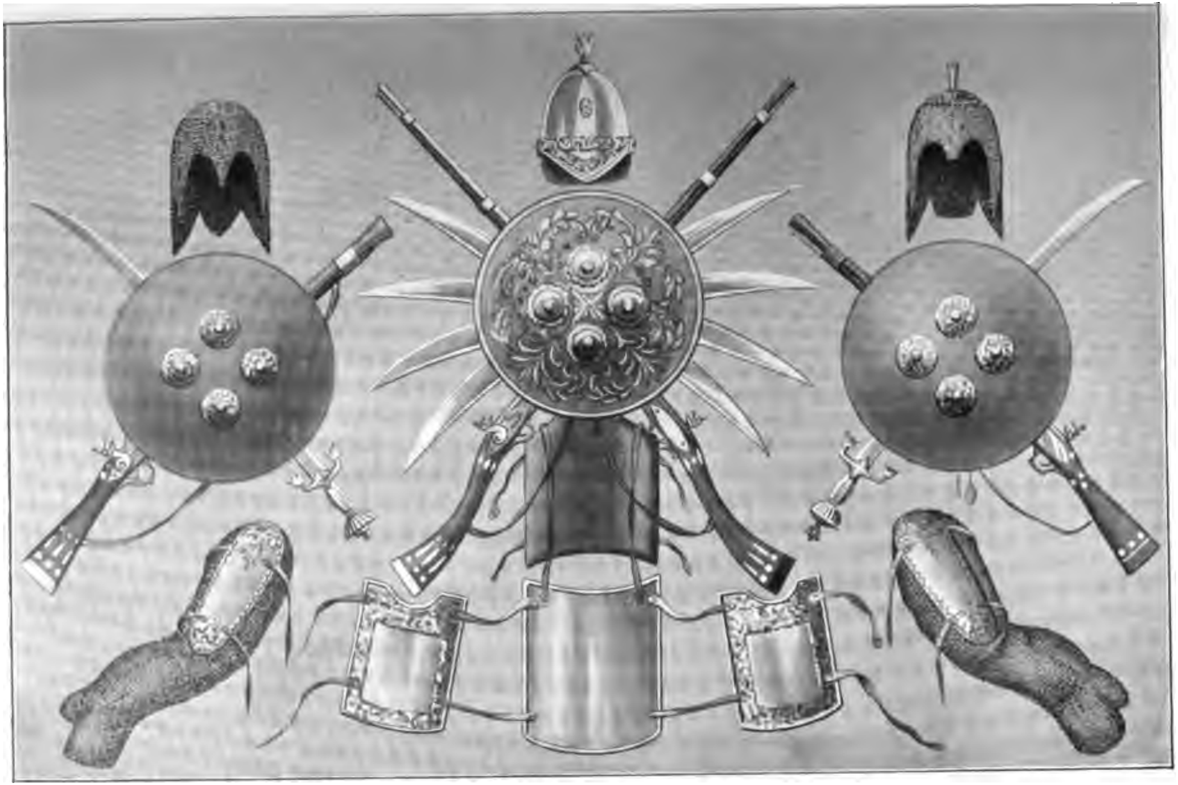
I now sent for my family and my two sons, Habibullah Khan and Nasrullah Khan, who had been left in Russia, under the care of the confidential servants I had sent to bring them. I also sent for my relatives who were at Kandahar, and on the 22nd of November of the same year I married another wife, the daughter of Mullah Adikullah, whose mother is one of my aunts. This marriage was arranged through, and in the house of, my uncle, Sirdar Mahomed Yussif Khan. My youngest child, Mahomed Omar, is the son of this, my latest married wife. In a short time all my children and family, my mother, sister and sons, who had not seen me for years, were brought together, and we praised God for granting us this happiness after

Kotwal and the Governor of the town; but for those who go out of their own to travel in a foreign country, for any business whatsoever, it is countersigned and sealed by the Amir's own son, in the name of the Amir.

we had been in exile for nearly twelve years and passed through so many difficulties and troubles.

The country exhibiting a rebellious spirit, I appointed private detectives and spies to report to me all that went on among the people, thus finding out with abundant proofs those who were loyal and friendly; these were kindly treated, but those who were unfriendly, and stirred up mischief and strife, were severely punished. The ringleaders and worst offenders were the fanatic priests and headstrong chiefs who had been partisans of the late Shere Ali's family. These were treated according to their actions, some of them being banished from the country, while others suffered the worst fate of all for their misdeeds. All this time I worked very hard, writing all my letters myself with my own hand, as I could not trust anybody else to do it for me.

There were two matters of the greatest importance that claimed and obtained my close attention. The first was that there was no money to pay the army, or for any other Government expenditure; the second matter was that there were no arms, ammunition, or military stores. I dealt with the first of these matters in this way: I established a mint of my own, where rupees were coined by means of hand dies, because there was no machinery for the purpose. Now, however, I am fortunate in possessing coining presses in my mint, made upon the same system as those employed in European countries. This will be gone into more fully in its proper place. The British Government had given me some money coined in the mint at Calcutta; these rupees I ordered to be melted down, and, after 6 per cent. of copper had



OLD AFGHAN ARMS AND ARMOUR.

[*To face p.* 202. *Vol. I.*

been added to the alloy, they were re-coined into Kabul rupees.[1] I also commanded my officials to purchase silver from the country, to melt it down, add a considerable quantity of copper to it, and coin into rupees, in this way making some profit. Moreover, I ordered to be refunded to the Treasury sums of money which, under the former Government, had been borrowed or looted by people, as also other sums that had been entrusted to them by Government for official payments, which sums they had retained in their own hands and used for other purposes.

After this general proclamation many people refunded the money they owed and, in order to get the remainder from those who would not pay, I appointed collectors, giving them instructions to force the debtors to give up these moneys. I further appointed accountants, whose duty it was to examine the accounts, and to see that all unpaid taxes were recovered.

To provide against danger to the country from rebellion or war, I commanded that sufficient military stores and provisions should be collected; that transport animals should be purchased and everything connected with the army put into an efficient condition. In this way I was prepared for any emergency.

To meet the second difficulty, as above mentioned, namely, the lack of war materials, I employed all the workmen available to make rifles, cast guns and shells, and to make cartridges by hand, as there was no machinery in the country. But the hand-works which had been established by my grandfather under my father's

[1] The value of the English rupee is sixteen pence, that of the Kabul rupee twelve pence.

direction, and under my own superintendence, as previously mentioned in my book, were still being carried on at Kabul, though on a somewhat small scale. As the works had fallen into a bad condition, I re-organised them upon a much larger scale. I also ordered my officials to buy as much war material as they could get from the people of the country who had looted arms and ammunition, or from those who had stores to sell. In this manner, shortly after, when I was called upon to go to war against Ayub, I had bought 15,000 shells, though of rather a damaged kind, and other arms and munitions in proportion. These precautions proved of the greatest service to my country. I then proceeded to select a few of the best military officers from the late Shere Ali's army, sending also for all the officers who served under my command before my exile, thus forming a considerable and strong army in a very short time. I abolished the old rule of forcible conscription, as practised by the late Shere Ali, substituting for it the voluntary enlistment of all those who were desirous of entering the army and were fit for such service.

In every cantonment and for every battalion I opened hospitals[1] wherein sick and wounded soldiers might be treated. I also erected schools for the education of the soldiers. For the safety of travellers

[1] The native druggists are the physicians in these hospitals. There were no public hospitals until 1895. The hospitals mentioned by the Amir were reserved for the sole use of the army, the public going for medical advice to two dispensaries; at one of these, European remedies were to be had, at the other Eastern drugs were dispensed. From these two places the public could obtain as much medicine and drugs as they required without any payment. Even these dispensaries did not exist before the reign of the present Amir.

appointed guards; and having assured the merchants of my country that they might travel on the roads without fear, I gave them every encouragement to promote the commerce of both imports and exports. Next, I appointed official surveyors to lay out roads and build caravanserais, and to look after other miscellaneous arrangements which would secure the comfort and safety of travellers and render the country happy and peaceful.

I cannot enumerate in detail the various matters that engaged my attention at the beginning of my reign, in order that the country should be put under a proper form of Government. The following story will illustrate the position of the Government and its necessary departments as they existed before my time.

A man, having employed certain contractors to lay out a garden for him, paid them in advance, on the condition that it should be finished by such and such a date. The contractors spent the money, forgetting all about the garden. Accordingly, on the day appointed for the completion of the work, they informed their employer that the garden was ready, and they conducted him to a piece of ground.

"But," he said, "there are no plants in this piece of ground."

They replied, "Everything else is complete except the plants."

"But there is no irrigation canal for watering the garden!"

Again they replied that everything else was done, except the watering canal.

"But," said he, "there is no fence or wall about the garden to guard the plants from destruction by animals!"

He received exactly the same answer; that the wall only remained for the completion of their contract.

"But," he exclaimed, "the land has not even been ploughed yet!"

The usual answer was given, that everything else had been done, the ploughing of the land excepted.

The Government of Afghanistan was in exactly the same condition—"everything else was complete," but nothing that was required was in existence.

During the time that I was busy in arranging affairs in Kabul and in the south-east direction, I appointed Sirdar Abdullah Khan Tokhi[1] Governor of Badakshan. I also appointed my cousin, Mahomed Ishak, together with Sirdar Abdul Kudus Khan, as Viceroys of Turkestan,[2] so that they who look after the adminis-

[1] This gentleman is the most trustworthy and confidential official that the Amir has, and he is at present in personal attendance upon him.

[2] (*A*) Mahomed Ishak is now in Russia; we shall have a great deal to say about him in future chapters.

(*B*) Abdul Kudus Khan is now the Usher, or Chamberlain, at the Amir's Court. He is the most powerful official throughout the whole of Afghanistan at the present time. More than ninety members of his family hold the highest offices in the Government. He is the man who took Herat from Ayub in 1881, as will be described in the next chapter.

All the English historians are wrong in their identification of this man. In the first place, they say that he is the son of Sultan Jan, and grandson of the notorious vizier, Akbar Khan. This is not true. He is cousin to Akbar Khan, not his grandson; his father, Sirdar Sultan Mahomed Khan, was the brother of Amir Dost Mahomed Khan, and *not* his grandson, as English historians make out. Another error is, that Sirdar Sultan Jan is not his father.

In the second place, he was not one of Ishak's officials, but was appointed by Abdur Rahman as an assistant to Ishak at the time of their leaving Russia, and he was sent to occupy Herat by the order of the Amir himself.

ration of the south-western provinces of the country ct according to my instructions. The south-eastern frontier was under the British, who had appointed Shere Ali Wali, and they were still in Kandahar. The British, however, removed the said Wali from Kandahar, allowing him a pension and residence at Karachi (in India). On the 21st of April, 1881 the city of Kandahar was evacuated by the English army and handed over to me, in consequence of which I made that place a province of my Government.

As far as I can judge, the causes that led to the removal of the Wali from Kandahar by the British were as follows:—

(1) Mahomed Ayub had made all necessary preparations and arrangements at Herat, and collected a large force to attack Kandahar; Shere Ali was not strong enough to oppose him, as he had proved his weakness once before when fighting against Ayub.

(2) The people of Kandahar and the other Islamic communities in general were not friendly towards the Wali. He was very unpopular, and lived in constant fear of rebellion and danger of assassination.

(3) I also had not made any agreement about the separation of Kandahar from the rest of my kingdom, nor had I given my consent to it, though I regarded Kandahar as the home of my ancestors and the capital of some of the former rulers of my country, but at this time, when the English requested me to take the town into my possession, I accepted it, though with great hesitation and deliberation.

On the one hand, I considered the position in which I should be placed by accepting the town a very serious one. For this reason: I knew that Ayub

was ready to attack the town immediately, without giving me any time for preparation for its defence. I knew also that the country, being still in an unsettled condition at Kabul itself, if I left Kabul in order to fight against Ayub at Kandahar, I should be away for months, and there would be danger for Kabul itself during my absence.

On the other hand, the kingdom of Kabul, without Kandahar, was like a head without a nose, or a fort without any gate. I was the last person in the world to appear before the nation as a coward, or as one who would be afraid of any danger that stood in the way of possessing the capital of my predecessors. On considering the above advantages and disadvantages, I found that the risk was very great; still, placing my confidence in God, as usual, I accepted the town, and appointed Hashim Khan Governor of the city.

(*a*) The above-mentioned are the various departments for the administration of the Government in every town under the Amir's rule. Strictly speaking, there are no positive restrictions limiting and separating the authority of any one official from that of another. Cases often go before any court to which the applicant chooses to take them. Roughly speaking however, the Governor is considered to be the head of all other departments in his town, and is looked upon as a Court of Appeal superior to the courts presided over by other officials. The main duty of the Governor is to collect the revenues from the landowners, etc., to settle the disputes of landowners, to keep peace in the provinces, and to forward the king's proclamations and commands from time to time to the other officials of the town and to the king's subjects in his territory. Over certain small Governors are head Governors; and over the head Governors are the Viceroys, who are called *Naib-ul-hukuma* (Deputies of the Sovereign); and above the Viceroys and all the heads of military and other departments, the Amir's eldest son, Prince Habibullah Khan, is considered a supreme Court of Appeal.

(*b*) The Ecclesiastical Court of the Kazi is looked upon as the highest, and hence it is not limited to religious subjects, but all civil cases, whatever their nature, may be brought here. Generally speaking, business

differences and religious disputes are settled here; as also cases of divorce and cases concerning marriage and inheritance. Cases punishable by death are also judged here. The Chief Judge of this Court is called Kazi, and his subordinates Muftis. Cases are decided by a majority.

(*c*) The Kotwal exercises much greater authority in criminal cases than any other criminal official whatever. He is, in a way, head of the Police Force, Judge of the Criminal Court, in charge of the Intelligence Department—in fact, one of the most powerful officials in Eastern kingdoms. In all old Oriental books we read stories and poems recounting the tyranny and oppression and cruelty of the Kotwals. A Kotwal settles the small criminal cases and forwards the most serious ones to the capital.

(*d*) Kafila Bashi is an official who supplies the transport animals to travellers; it is his duty to see that those who hire out the animals do not cheat or behave badly towards those who hire their camels, mules, or other transport animals. He gets his commission from those who hire the animals, and gives an account of every transaction to the Government, out of which all the expenses of this establishment are paid by the Government, and the balance is paid into the Government Treasury.

(*e*) The Board of Commerce settles disputes between merchants. The President of the Board presides over this court, and its members are elected from among the various communities of merchants of both religions, Mahomedans and Hindus in proportion.

(*f*) The Revenue Office settles the accounts of the revenue, and keeps a record of the annual revenue which every landowner must pay to the Government.

(*g*) The Roznamcha are the officers of the daily income and expenditure. This is the Office in which copies of all the documents which are issued from every office, either for collecting the revenues or for spending them, are kept.

(*h*) The Chabutra are tax-collecting officers. This office is only to collect the duties which are placed on commerce, which is charged at the rate of 2½ per cent. on all exports and imports.

(*i*) The Treasury. The revenue or tax-collectors of a town do not receive the money themselves which they collect, but simply issue orders that such moneys are to be paid into the Treasury of that town, also for the payment of the various expenses. Orders on the Treasury are issued by the heads of the different departments.

(*j*) In every important town a small force or army is kept for times of necessity.

All these various departments send their final reports to the head department of the province; from the latter they go to the chief department of the capital of Kabul.

CHAPTER IX

THE ANNEXATION OF HERAT

I HAVE said before that when I first succeeded to the throne of Kabul my life was not a bed of roses. On the contrary, I was surrounded by difficulties of all kinds. Here began my first severe fight, against my own relatives, my own subjects, and my own people. I had hardly settled down in Kabul, and had had no time for military preparations, when I found myself obliged to go to war. After Mahomed Ayub had been defeated by the English he remained in possession of Herat, and from that very same day of his defeat he occupied himself in making preparations for war. Having collected a very strong force, he marched from Herat against Kandahar. As mentioned above, I had anticipated this danger, but it had to be faced.

There were several things in Mahomed Ayub's favour and against me. He possessed better war materials and arms, a larger army, and, above all, the ignorant priests had proclaimed a holy war against me, which told in his favour. They alleged that I was friendly to the English, and that my rival was the Ghazi. He had 12,000 trained soldiers with him under the

command of the following officers:—Hussain Ali, Commander-in-Chief; Naib Hafizullah, Deputy Commander-Chief; General Taj Mahomed, son of Arslā Khan Ghilzai; Sirdar Hassan Khan; Sirdar Abdullah Khan, son of Sirdar Sultan Jan and grandson of Mahomed Azim Khan; Sirdar Ahmad Ali, son of Mahomed Ali; Nur Khan; Sirdar Abdul Salam of Kandahar; and Kazi Abdul Salam, son of Kazi Mahomed Said.

He left Musa Jan, son of Yakub, and Khush Dil, son of Shere Dil, with a few thousand soldiers, at Herat. Sirdar Shams-ud-din and Sirdar Hashim, who were my Governors at Kandahar, appointed the following to meet the attacking army of Ayub:—Ghulam Haidar Tokhi, Commander-in-Chief; Sirdar Mahomed Hassan, son of Sirdar Khush Dil, of Kandahar, and Kazi Said Din, now Viceroy of Herat, together with 7 regiments of infantry, 2 batteries of artillery, 4 regiments of regular cavalry, 3000 militia cavalry, and 7 regiments of militia infantry.

The two armies met on the 20th of July at Kārez, near Girishk, where severe fighting took place. At first victory seemed to turn in favour of the army of Kandahar, which fought very bravely. Nearly all Ayub's cavalry fell back defeated and fled in all directions. Only about eighty heads and chiefs of Ayub's army were left on the field with a very small number of followers. These thought that it was impossible to try to save their lives by retreating, as all the army had left them, and therefore they considered it better to die bravely than to be killed in running away. So they all united and made a rush on the main body of the Kandahar army, making straight for the Com-

mander-in-Chief and Kazi Said Din, who, being defeated by this small handful of plucky officers, fled towards Kandahar. Sirdar Abdullah Khan and several other officers of Ayub's army were killed in this battle. Ayub marched on and took the city of Kandahar without further resistance or fighting.

Of my officers, Hashim and Ghulam Haidar fled towards Kalat, Sirdar Hassan fled to Mecca. Shams-ud-din hid himself in Khirka,[1] Mahomed Ayub, having promised not to punish him if he would come out of the sacred building, caused him to be beaten with sticks when he did come out.

When I heard this, I felt obliged to start myself for Kandahar, leaving my eldest son, Habibullah Khan, as Governor of the city of Kabul, and Parwana Khan, Commander-in-Chief, as the head of the army. I had about 12,000 fighting men with me, together with the following officers:—Ghulam Haidar Charkhi, Commander-in-Chief; Faramurz, Commander-in-Chief (the first is dead, the second is now at Herat); Ghulam Haidar Khan Tokhi, also Commander-in-Chief. There were many others whose names need not be mentioned here.

About 10,000 people of the Tokhi and Andra and other tribes also joined me on my march to Kandahar against a force of Ayub's, numbering 20,000. Several mullahs had sealed a religious proclamation, saying that

[1] Khirka denotes the "mantle" or robe worn by Mahomed, which has been carefully kept by a succession of Mahomedan sovereigns ever since that time, and is now at Kandahar. It is believed that if a person guilty of any crime or offence whatsoever, once enters the room where this garment is kept, he is not to be touched by anybody unless he comes out of the building of his own accord.

I, Amir Abdur Rahman, was an infidel, as I was the Deputy of the English. It is said by some people that Ayub had compelled the mullahs to seal these documents against their wish.

After a few days' quick marching I got as far as a village called Tamuryan, about four miles from Kandahar, and Ayub, leaving his camp, which was at Khel-i-mulla Alim, a mile from Kandahar, retreated to the cantonment of the city of Kandahar. On the 22nd of September 1881, the two armies faced each other in the ruins of the old city of Kandahar. Ayub's army had lost courage somewhat on account of a few mistakes made by Ayub before the commencement of the battle.

Firstly.—He did not come out of the town of Kandahar at all to meet the advance of my army, and instead of taking the offensive and attacking me, he gave me the choice of attack, by which he showed his cowardice to the army.

Secondly.—He made a mistake in leaving the city of Kandahar unoccupied.

Thirdly.—In retreating from the village of Khel-i-mulla Alim.

Fourthly.—From the beginning of the battle until the end he did not join in the fighting himself, but watched it from the top of Kotal-i-Chahalzina half a mile away from the camp. All these things were sufficient to dishearten his army, by showing that he was afraid to join in the fighting himself.

Fifthly.—He had hidden his cavalry, consisting of 7000 sowars, behind the rocks, on the above-mentioned hill, so that, at a critical moment, when the

battle was in full swing, he could order the cavalry to make a rushing charge.

He, however, became so nervous, that he forgot all about the cavalry, so that they did not get a chance of fighting from the beginning of the battle until the end. In fact, they were behind the rock all the time, and he never once appeared on the field to encourage his army. Notwithstanding this, some competent and brave officers and good fighting soldiers fought very well. His artillery also, which was placed on the top of the old Kandahar hills, in a very strong position, and which kept in good order, did very good service. For two whole hours the fighting was very severe, and it was not known with whom was the victory. My army was beginning to fall back a little on its right and left, but the main force in the centre, where I was standing myself behind 1000 foot soldiers of my body-guard, were working well under the encouragement that I gave them by my presence. Every soldier was so busily engaged in the battle, that a few of my orderlies also were pushing forward to fight, and I had only one groom by my side. At this moment, when I had pushed well forward, Ayub's forces began to show signs of weakness, and these four regiments of my own infantry, which had submitted to Mahomed Ayub's command at the time of their former defeat at Girishk, changed their mind. It had been the usual custom of the whole of the trained soldiers, before my reign began, that the moment they saw one party stronger than the other, they left the weak and joined the strong. These four regiments, therefore, seeing that the victory was turning in my favour, at once turned their rifles from the top of the

ld city, and fired at that body of Ayub's army which was fighting hard with my forces. On the ther hand, my army, when they saw this incident, ushed forward, and fired with their guns and rifles ull in the face of the enemy, who thereupon fled in ll directions. Ayub Khan, being thus defeated, re- urned to Herat.

At the time of my leaving Kabul for Kandahar, I had instructed Sirdar Kudus Khan to march from Turkestan on Herat, thinking that Ayub would be sure to leave that town insufficiently protected against attack. Sirdar Kudus Khan thereupon made an immediate attack, accompanied by 400 cavalry sowars, 400 infantry soldiers and 2 guns of mountain artillery. Loi Naib Khush Dil, whom Ayub had left to defend Herat, sent out a small force to stop my army on its way; but his force was defeated and my soldiers arrived at Herat. Khush Dil had not the courage to come out of the town and take part in the fight himself; his plan was to send out a few soldiers every day to fight against Kudus, but they submitted to Kudus without fighting at all. On the 4th of August, Kudus Khan took the fort by making a strong assault.

To introduce my readers to Sirdar Kudus Khan, I may mention that at the time the English were at Kabul he had started for Tashkend to join me, but as I was about to leave Kabul myself, I wrote to him on his arrival at Samarkand, to wait there for my arrival. As I have elsewhere mentioned, Sirdar Sarwar Khan, Ishak, and Kudus had been sent by me to look after the administration of Turkestan, and Kudus

is to this day one of my most valuable and reliable servants.

Ayub Khan was informed, on his way to Herat, that his soldiers had lost that town, which was now occupied by Sirdar Kudus Khan. He therefore fled toward Mashhad in Persia. I now appointed Faramurz[1] Commander-in-Chief, together with some cavalry, infantry, and artillery, with orders to march immediately to Herat. After making the necessary arrangements at Kandahar, I left for Kabul.

One of the priests who had accused me of infidelity, named Abdul Rahim Akhund,[2] Kakar (a tribe of Kandahar), had hidden himself under the Prophet's robe. I ordered that an impure-minded dog such as he should not remain in that sacred sanctuary; he was accordingly pulled out of the building, and I killed him with my own hands.

On my return to Kabul from Kandahar I was delighted with the services rendered by my most reliable servant, Parwana Khan,[3] Deputy Commander-in-Chief, and my son, Habibullah Khan. My son was only a little boy, yet he did a great thing in

[1] He is the most popular Commander-in-Chief and confidential servant of the Amir. He was brought up as the Amir's page-boy from his earliest days, and the important city of Herat is now intrusted to his care.

[2] His son, Maulvi Abdul Rauf, conducts the priests' examinations at Kabul. He is one of the Amir's courtiers.

[3] This man was more trusted by the Amir than any of his son's officials or relatives. He had been in exile with the Amir, and when the Amir was in difficulty about obtaining money, he sold himself for a slave. This he did three or four times, and was afterwards redeemed by the Amir. He was most beloved by all the Amir's subjects in the country up to the last moment of his life. He died in 1894. One of his sons is the Amir's favourite, and the other four sons are the favourites of the Amir's four sons.

going among the soldiers and speaking in my behalf to the chiefs; he was neither nervous nor afraid, and in everything he followed the counsel of Parwana Khan, Mirza Abdul Hamid Khan, and certain other officers, whom I had appointed as his advisers. During my absence the people of Kohistan, the people of Hissarak, Mahmud of Kunar, Abdul Rashid, Juma Khan, and Mahomed Hussain, of Wardak, had tried to incite a general rising; but, by the wise policy and friendly assurances of those whom I had left at Kabul, no really serious trouble resulted from these intrigues.

The defeat of Mahomed Ayub and capture of Herat by my officials made me master of the whole of the kingdom of my father and grandfathers. There was still, however, a great deal to be done before I could really call myself master or sovereign of the country. As I have mentioned elsewhere, every priest, mullah, and chief of every tribe and village considered himself an independent king, and for about 200 years past the freedom and independence of many of these priests were never broken by their sovereigns. The Mirs of Turkestan, the Mirs of Hazara, the chiefs of Ghilzai were all stronger than their Amirs, and, so long as they were the rulers, the King could not do justice in the country. The tyranny and cruelty of these men were unbearable. One of their jokes was to cut off the heads of men and women and put them on red-hot sheets of iron to see them jump about! There were many other worse customs than this, but I will not mention them, for fear of shocking the readers of my book. Every chief, official, prince, and the King himself had parties of assassins and large

numbers of hired robbers and thieves, and as the robbers used to kill the travellers, traders, and other rich merchants of the country, and to plunder their property and money, that stolen property was divided between the employers and employed. Every one of those robbers had a band of his own armed with rifles and guns. I will relate in the next chapter what a desperate struggle I had with two of these robbers, named Sadu and Dadu, who defeated my army several times. One of them now hangs in a cage, where I put him, on the peaks of the Lataband Mountain.[1]

Many of these priests taught as Islamic religion strange doctrines which were never in the teaching of Mahomed, yet which have been the cause of the downfall of all Islamic nations in every country. They taught that people were never to do any work, but only to live on the property of others, and to fight against each other. Of course it is natural that every one of these self-made kings should have levied separate taxes on their subjects; so the first thing I had to do was to put an end to these numberless robbers, thieves, false prophets, and trumpery kings. I must confess that it was not a very easy task, and it took fifteen years of fighting before they finally submitted to my rule or left the country, either by being exiled or by departing into the next world. The next chapter

[1] This means the "Mountain of Rags," and it is called by this name because some superstitious people think that if they hang a rag of cloth on the peaks of this mountain, they will obtain children or anything else they want from God. The greatest Empress of India, called Nurjehan, was born on the peak of this mountain when her father and mother were exiled from Persia to India.

will be devoted to an account of these civil wars, which lasted from the time of my succession until the present day. After which I shall return to the narration of other circumstances connected with my life. It was necessary, first of all, to clear out all those who were opposers of every kind of justice, civilisation, progress, education, and liberty of the people.

There are many prejudiced and ignorant people who blame me for these civil wars, and think that my treatment of the people was very harsh. But even in the most civilised countries of the present day examples are not wanting to show that they had at the commencement of their history to fight against their own people, who did not at first understand the conditions of civilisation. In this very century grave disturbances were caused by the working classes in England against their own Government. I am proud to say that in the short time under my rule the people have made such good progress towards civilisation, that persons possessing great riches and wealth can travel safely throughout my dominions, by night as well as by day, whilst, on the other hand, on the borders of Afghanistan, in the parts under British rule, nobody can move a step without being protected by a strong body-guard.

CHAPTER X

THE CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY AT THE TIME OF MY ACCESSION.

"He giveth honour to whom He pleaseth ;
And He degradeth whom He pleaseth ;
In His supreme hands is the power
Of doing as He pleaseth."—SADI.

PEOPLE may have thought that from the day I succeeded to the Kabul throne, the era of my happiness and enjoyment began, but it was not so; on the contrary, from that very moment the time of my liberty and freedom ceased, and times of difficulty, disappointments, anxieties, and grief increased. The readers of this book are aware that, though I took a very active part in the affairs of the kingdom at the time, when my father and uncle, Azim, were Amirs of Kabul, yet the whole responsibility rested with them. There is no doubt about the truth of the saying: "The greater the position the greater the responsibilities, and the greater the responsibilities the greater the anxieties."

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Our religion teaches us that every person is responsible for his actions before the Almighty Judge

n the Day of Judgment, but Kings are not responsible or their actions alone; they have, moreover, to answer or the peace and comfort of the subjects who are laced under their care by their Creator. One of the greatest saints, the Maulvi Roum, gives the following story in the poem:

"A goat hurt its foot at the bridge of Bagdad; the ruler of the time, Omar, was reproached by God.[1]"

In one of the traditions of Mahomed, it is said that at the Day of Judgment the Almighty King of kings will first address the kings of this world as follows:—

"To whom does the kingdom of this world belong to-day?"

And the unanimous answer from all the sovereigns will be: "To Thee, O Allah, who art the only One powerful of all."

And then the Almighty will ask: "If you all knew that, why did you not try to care for the peace and comfort of those who were given unto you by Me?"

Considering that I should have to answer for the above-mentioned responsibilities for the peace of my people at the Day of Judgment, and considering the

[1] The above-mentioned poem refers to an accident generally believed in by all the Muslim community, stating that, when Omar, the second companion of Mahomed, succeeded to the throne, during his reign one of the bridges of the city of Bagdad was in a state of bad repair. It happened one day, therefore, when a flock of goats was crossing the bridge, the foot of one of them was hurt by the stones of the bridge, and Omar was inspired to give an explanation to the Almighty to this effect, that as he who was the King, and responsible, had not attended to keeping the bridge in proper repair, that was the cause of the pain and grief to the unfortunate goat; and it is this story to which the Amir refers when quoting the poem.

unsettled condition of my country, I fell into heavy grief and sadness of heart.

Looking at the circumstances and the condition of the country, I thought it was not only difficult, but impossible, to put it in order and to make any progress. Of course, no one had any idea that Afghanistan would make such marvellous progress as, by the help of the All-Merciful Allah, it has made during the short time of my reign. Not only were all the causes of the country's ruin present in the highest possible degree, but all the sources of progress were at the very lowest ebb; and not only at the lowest ebb, but there was no evidence that they even existed. But as the Almighty had placed this responsibility upon me, I begged and prayed of Him to help me in tending the flock of human beings intrusted by Him to my care, so that I might not be disgraced in the eyes of this world and at the Day of Judgment. I did not lose courage, placing my confidence on the promise given by God in the Koran to His Blessed Prophet, Mahomed: "To those who place their confidence in God, and do not lose courage and patience, God's help is sufficient for them; He is in truth the supporter of those who work without losing patience." In short, if I were to mention the trouble and unhappy conditions in which the country was placed at this time, it would require a whole volume to describe them. I will, therefore, give only a short account of the state of affairs in Afghanistan at the time of my succession to the throne, in order to interest my readers, and to enable them to judge for themselves what a difference there is in the condition and progress of

the country at the present day, as compared with the former state of things.

I should like to record a few of the causes of my difficulties. They were as follows:—

Firstly.—I, as King of the country, at the time of my succession to the throne, had to face the difficulty of having no house to live in, because the palace of Bala Hissar,[1] which was the ancestral home of my forefathers, had been destroyed by the English army, and there was no other house ready. Neither was there any lodging where I could live temporarily, there being no hotels at all in Afghanistan. I think there are very few, perhaps hardly any, examples in history where a king has been without a room in which to sleep. Until the time that I built a new palace for myself, I lived in tents and in borrowed mud-houses belonging to my subjects.

In the previous chapters of this book, my readers are informed that I was accustomed from my childhood to live in the open air, and my buildings were always out in the gardens, where I could get plenty of fresh air. It was very hard for me to live in the dirty, close, airless lanes, in these mud-houses, full of holes, where the everlasting noise and fighting of the mice were the first battles I had to face, and their noise kept me awake all the night!

Secondly.—There was not a penny in the State Treasury with which to pay the army or any of the state servants; not only that, there was no such thing as a Treasury at all! The revenue from the country had been already borrowed and collected for a year or two in advance by Shere Ali, Yakub, and the English army, so I could not collect anything from the revenue myself, because it had been borrowed already.

Thirdly.—War materials and ammunition, which were

[1] High palace.

necessary for keeping peace in the country, did not exist; the thirty old Afghan guns, which I had taken over from the British officials, were in such a condition that if a gun had a barrel it had no carriage, and if it had a carriage the axle was broken, or the wooden wheels and the gun carriages were only waiting for the first pull to fall into pieces. Finally, if some were complete, there were no shells to fire from them! Of course a piece of stone or a stick is more useful than a cannon without any ammunition, because no soldier can beat his enemy with the barrel of a cannon, but he can beat him with a stick!

Fourthly.—Herat was separated from my kingdom and placed under the rule of Ayub, who was stirring up the people against me, and preparing for the war. Kandahar was placed by the British under the rule of Sirdar Shere Ali, the then Wali of Kandahar, who was, on the other hand, persuading people to join his party. At Maimana, the Governor, named Dilawar, was intriguing against me. In the country itself, owing to the weakness of the character of the former kings—Shujah, Shere Ali, and Yakub—every chief, syad, or mullah was proclaiming himself an independent ruler, and extorting money from the subjects. The Kings had neither the courage nor the power to punish such usurpers and to put the country into a state of peace and order.

The records of Shere Ali's office, which are now in the possession of my officials, show that a fine of fifty rupees was the only punishment imposed upon one person for murdering another, proving that the lives of men and women were cheaper than the life of a sheep or a cow. In consequence of this laxness, from one small province alone, Najrab, in which there are 20,000 families, the fines that were paid into the Governor's hands at that time amounted to 50,000 rupees annually, which means that 1000 murders were committed in a year.

The supporters at Kabul of Shere Ali's family, ignorant mullahs and so-called Ghazis, who are rightly named by the Afghans "Tazis,"[1] were stirring up the people against me, by saying that I was an infidel because I was a friend of the English, who were infidels, and therefore every Muslim should make a crusade against me.

The system of administering justice was such that the most humble were able to bring their claims before the sovereign, by the simple process of getting hold of the sovereign's beard and turban, which meant to throw one's complaints on the shame of his beard, to which he was bound to listen. One day I was going to the Hum-hum (Turkish-bath), when a man and his wife, running fast, rushed into the bathroom after me, and the husband, having got hold of my beard from the front, the wife was pulling me at the same time from behind. It was very painful, as he was pulling my beard rather hard. As there was no guard or sentry near to deliver me from their hands, I begged them to leave my beard alone, saying that I could listen without my beard being pulled, but all in vain. I was rather sorry that I had not adopted the fashion of the Europeans, whose faces are clean shaven. I ordered that in the future a strong guard should be placed at the door of the Hum-hum.

Another system was that whenever the trays of sweetmeats were brought into durbar, the ministers and officials, instead of waiting for their share, used to rush at it, throwing themselves on each other, that

[1] Hungry dogs.

each might get as much as he could by force, and though I tried hard to explain to them that it was a disgrace to them and to their King that they should behave like wild animals in his presence, they paid no attention to my words. Once, on the day of the Id Festival, they irritated me so much by fighting amongst themselves for the sweetmeats, that I ordered the soldiers of the guard to beat them as hard as they could, and I was half amused and half sorry to see their heads broken and bleeding from blows that had fallen upon them from the stakes of the soldiers. But this treatment was effectual in putting an end to such a foolish and unpleasant habit.

I will now give an example of the great wisdom exhibited by the counsellors and ministers of the sovereign. Once, when bread and flour were very dear in the market, there was fear of famine; and my ministers, whom I consulted at that time, strongly advised me to nail the ears of the corn and flour sellers to the doors of their shops, in order to force them to make the corn and flour cheaper. I could not help laughing at this valuable advice, and since that day till the present time, I have never asked advice from my counsellors!

The claimants to the throne were so numerous, that it is impossible to make a list of their names. My family and children were left in Russia. I was obliged to send away from me a few of my confidential servants to look after the administration of the country, and I was surrounded by disappointments and difficulties, without an adviser and without a friend. But he who places his confidence in God alone, in God alone there

is sufficient company for him at times of difficulty and sorrow.

The neighbouring foreign Governments, too, were the cause of much anxiety to me, owing to their taking offence if I showed a little more partiality to one than to another.

Historians and experienced statesmen can understand that when a kingdom falls into such a state of ruin, and gets divided among small petty chiefs, it takes a long time to put it into the shape of a strong consolidated kingdom; see, for example, the Indian Empire, which was divided into many small states, owing to the weakness of the last Mogul Emperors—what a long time it has taken, and what trouble it has given, what mutinies it has caused to the British Empire; and this, notwithstanding the marvellous wisdom, experience, and knowledge of British statesmen. In the same way, the weakness of the kingdom of Afghanistan was so great, that whenever the King went a few miles out of his capital, he used to find some one else King on his return, and the only course open to him was to run away! Then Shere Ali, being unable to fight against the chiefs of his subjects himself, introduced another system, which he thought was a very wise one. This was to set his own chiefs and officials against each other, and to encourage them to cause bloodshed, and a law was made, that if any one wanted to kill his enemy, he had only to place 300 rupees per head in the Government Treasury and to kill as many as he liked. Of course, the King thought he was doubly benefited by this plan: first, he got rid of rebellious chiefs

without taking any trouble himself, as they killed each other; secondly, he got 300 rupees for the life of each individual killed in this way.

The popular poem of Sadi, runs as follows :—

> "Upon every nation of which God approves
> He bestows a virtuous ruler;
> If He desires to lay the land desolate,
> He places it in the grasp of a tyrant."

Thank God, Afghanistan is not now like the same country, for there are only five murder cases in the whole kingdom during the year, which is a number that beats the record of many other civilised countries. The people had got into such bad habits of living and mischief, that as the eldest sons of the then Amir, Shere Ali, named Yakub and Ayub, revolted against their own father at Herat, one may consider that if the sons of the King set such a good, virtuous example, what lessons might not the subjects have learned from them!

> "I am in sorrow from the actions of my own,
> What, therefore, can I expect from the actions of those who are not my own!"—SADI.

The King and all his chief officials were given up to personal indulgence of all kinds; the subjects, on the other hand, were immersed in difficulties, owing to the heavy taxation laid upon them by these cruel officials. The mosques were overrun by the pariah dogs that made their homes in them, finding them deserted by those who used to pray therein. Friday, which is the Sabbath Day, and therefore devoted entirely to prayer, became the day for gambling, mischief, playing, joking, throwing stones at each other. Outside the town, in the graveyards in the neighbourhood of

Kabul, called Jubba,[1] many people were wounded in fighting with each other there. The following quotation from the Koran is appropriately applied to the ruined condition of the people at that time: "Allah does not ruin the nation unless the nation ruins itself by its own wrong actions."

Praise be to God that the same country, which was in the deplorable condition I have described, has made such marvellous progress, blessed by peace and prosperity, that its friends are rejoiced, and look upon the people as a strong nation, which may be of great help to them, whilst its foes look upon them as a strong, dangerous enemy. They are such peaceful, obedient subjects to me, that they are ready to carry out all my orders and instructions with the greatest delight and affection. In the wars of Hazara and Kafiristan they have proved their devotion and loyalty to me to the utmost. They have shown, to my great delight, that they regard the interests of my Government as identical with their own. They went in crowds at their own expense to fight against the Hazaras and Kafirs, looking upon those who had rebelled against the Government as their enemies. A further proof of love and regard for the welfare of the Government was exhibited in 1895, when Government servants, merchants, landowners, and people of every class among my subjects, paid one-tenth of their annual income into the Government Treasury without my asking for it, requesting me to buy ammunition and war materials with the money, that their country might be protected against foreign aggressors. The

[1] A rocky piece of ground.

same nation that was always engaged in rebellion and fighting against me in the early part of my reign, as will be described later, has become the most peaceful, obedient, law-abiding, and civilised nation. They busy themselves in learning every kind of industry and manufacture, and making provision for the progress of their country generally and for their own happiness. By the help of God, there are signs of still greater progress and prosperity to be seen in the lives and conduct of the people. Having described the condition of the people at the time of my accession to the throne, I will proceed to give an account of the events which followed.

I followed with the greatest care the advice which Mahomed gave to one of his followers described in these verses: "The Prophet called out loudly, 'Place your confidence in God, but watch your camel.'"[1]

Two incidents occurred from which I drew much comfort, as they gave me hope that I should not fail in my mission as a King, and that I should be successful in the end.

One night, before I left Russian territory for Afghanistan, I dreamt that two angels took me by my arms and brought me into the presence of a Sovereign who was seated in a small

[1] It is taught in the Mahomedan preaching that everything is subject to the will of God, but God only helps those who help themselves. An example in illustration of this verse is given in the following story. One of Mahomed's followers entered a mosque where Mahomed was seated to say his prayers, leaving his camel outside the gate of the mosque. On Mahomed enquiring under whose care he had left his camel, the man answered: "I put my trust and confidence in God." But Mahomed said: "Place your confidence in God, but watch your camel at the same time." In short, Mahomed's philosophy on this point teaches that people must try their best and leave the issue in God's hands. They must not expect to reap wheat where they have sown barley!

oom. He had a very mild, gentle face, of oval shape, a round beard, and beautiful long eyebrows and eyelashes. He was wearing a large loose garment of a blue colour, and a white turban. His whole appearance was the perfection of beauty and gentle nature. At his right hand another tall and rather thin man was seated. He had a long grey beard and a kind face, full of thought. Next to him was another, not so tall, a middle-sized man, with fairer complexion than the old gentleman on his right hand, with a pen-box before him. He was somewhat richly dressed, and had several Arabic manuscripts written on certain sheets of paper, which he had placed in front of him. At the left hand of the King was seated another man with a golden-coloured beard, thick moustaches and eyebrows, large straight nose, and a very kindly, benignant expression on his face. He resembled a statesman more than a saint, as compared with the other three I have described, and he was the tallest of all. By his side was placed a long whip. Seated next to him was another man, extremely handsome, and in appearance resembling the king more than any of the others present. He was dressed somewhat like a military officer of ancient times, and carried a sword. His face showed great cleverness, and his general bearing was that of a warrior. He was the shortest of all in the room. At the moment that I was being brought into the presence of this Sovereign and his four companions, I saw a window which led into the room suddenly open, and another man was brought before them. The King addressed the man who had just been brought before him in the unspoken language of the eyes, so that I did not hear the King's words, but only the answer, which was: "I will destroy the Churches of other religions and build them into mosques, if I am made King." The King seemed rather displeased at this answer, and ordered the angels who had brought him in to take him away, which they instantly did. Then I was asked the same question, and I answered: "I will do justice and break the idols and place Kalima instead."[1] When I had said these words the

[1] Means "to give unity."

Four Companions looked at me with a kindly expression on their faces; it was an expression of consent to appoint me King. I was inspired at the same moment with the knowledge that the king was the Blessed Prophet Mahomed, the two men at his right hand were his companions Abu-Bekr and Osman; the two at his left hand were his companions Omar and Ali. Upon this I awoke, and was so happy to believe that the Prophet and his Four Companions, whose authority it is to appoint the sovereigns of Islam, had chosen me as the future Amir.

The other incident is this:—

When listening to the troubles of my countrymen one day, I was so grieved that I went to the blessed tomb of Khwaja Ahrar to ask his spirit to help me. I wept bitterly for the disappointments and difficulties of my life, and, tired out, went to sleep on the floor. There I dreamt that the soul of the saint appeared to me, saying: "Go thou to Kabul; thou wilt be future Amir. Take thou one of the flags from my tomb; erect that flag in front of thine army, and thou shalt always be victorious." I possess that flag now, and my army has never been defeated.[1]

[1] It is the custom amongst the superstitious Mahomedans to erect flags at the tombs of such deceased persons as they believe to be saints. They usually illuminate these graves at night, especially on Thursday night.

CHAPTER XI

WARS DURING MY REIGN

In the same year that Ayub was defeated,[1] as mentioned before, I had to fight against another chief. This was a battle to be fought against Syad Mahmud of Kunar.[2] Syad Mahmud was son-in-law of the notorious Wazir Akbar, and was therefore a supporter of Shere Ali's party. At the time of my succession to the Kabul throne he nominated himself King of Kunar, which was considered his state. He had taken his residence on a hill, called Madi, about six miles' distance from Kunar, and on my starting for Kandahar he attacked my territory with 400 or 500 followers out of my disloyal subjects of Kunar. He was foolish enough to think that having 400 or 500 men armed with old guns to support him, he would be able to make himself a king. My officials, named Sirdar Abdul Raswul and Mir Sina Gul, opposed him, but he would not fight. He returned to the same hill again, where

[1] In 1881.

[2] (*A*) A province on the north-east of Kabul, near the Indian frontier.

(*B*) Syad Ahmed, who was the cause of certain troubles on the Indian borders, is a son of the above-mentioned Syad Mahmud. The Indian Government made him a very handsome allowance. He returned to Kabul in 1897, and is now a favourite of the Amir.

he kept on intriguing with the ignorant fanatics of Kunar. Six months later, having by this means collected a large number of followers, he again rose against me. At this time, I had returned from Kandahar after my victory, so I appointed Ghulam Haidar Charkhi my Commander-in-Chief, and Abdul Ghafur to fight against Syad Mahmud. My Commander-in-Chief, having fallen from his horse on the field of battle, broke his ankle, but my brave soldiers continued fighting until they forced Mahmud to fly towards India, thus decisively defeating him, and burning the houses of those people who protected him.

In the same year, 1881, Shere Khan, son of Ahmad of Kilman, falsely called himself Amir Shere Ali, and tried to deceive people into acknowledging him as Amir Shere Ali, and to join him in a rebellion against me. But before he succeeded in causing any serious trouble he was taken prisoner, and died in captivity.

In the year 1882, the following small battles took place :—

Dilawar Khan, Wali of Maimana, who considered himself a supporter of Ayub and Shere Ali's family, having realised that Ayub was defeated by me, and, further, that he could no longer maintain his independence, as the province of Maimana was within the boundaries of my dominion, tried every possible means to keep himself isolated. In consequence of this desire he first wrote to the Russian officials; but, receiving no help from them, he wrote to Sir Robert Sandeman, Governor-General in Baluchistan, saying that he considered himself a servant of the British Government, and asking for help. In reply he was told to submit to my rule, as neither the British nor the Russian Governments could, according to their treaties, inter-

fere in the internal policy and affairs of Afghanistan. He was accordingly left alone to suffer for his stupidity. I instructed my Governor of Turkestan, named Mahomed Ishak, to send an army against Dilawar Khan, which he did, but he reported to me that the Wali was too strong to be defeated. I believe that Ishak was playing me false, and that he was disloyal all the time that I had been regarding him as a sincere well-wisher and loyal official. His disloyalty was proved later on.

In the same year I sent forces against Mir Yussif Ali, of Shignan and Roshan,[1] the causes for which procedure were as follows:—

Though the above-mentioned Mir had announced himself an independent ruler, he was not contented with that; he considered that perhaps I should annex his country to my own dominions at some future time. To avoid this, therefore, he first commenced negotiations with the ruler of Kokand, and later, with the Russian Government. He invited Dr Laberd Regel, the Russian Explorer, to Shignan, and put the following complaints before him: That the Amir of Afghanistan wished to annex his country to his own dominions, and he considered himself under Russian protection. I was already tired of the

[1] "Two small hill states extending from the Pamirs across the Panja or Upper Oxus. These miniature principalities, between which there is a close connection, had been under the rule of Mir Shah Yusuf Ali, the descendant of Shah-i-Khamosh, a dervish from Bokhara, who first converted the Shignis to Islam, then ruled over them. Like many other Chiefs in this part of Central Asia, the native rulers also claimed descent from Alexander the Great, of Macedon. Legends of Sikandar Zilcarnein, Alexander of the Two Horns, are still current in the country about the Upper Oxus. (Sikandar, after he had conquered the regions of the world, took counsel with his wise men, saying: 'Find me a place out of reach of the Sultans of the time, where I may place my descendants.' The counsellors chose Badakshan, *Tarikh-i-Rasidi*). One tradition is, that a famous magician, who had helped Alexander to capture Bagdad, cast spells about him, and transported him to Kali-i-Khumb in Darwaz. Many years afterwards, Alexander's daughter, Diva Peri, having transformed herself into a bird, discovered where her father was, killed the magician, and set the imprisoned King at liberty."—WHEELER.

troubles he had made in Afghan territory, and intended to punish him, sooner or later, waiting only for a suitable time. On this occasion, however, my detectives and spies in various towns, viz. Kokand, Roshan, Shignan, and Bokhara, informed me of his intentions, and that he had submitted himself to Russian rule. They also informed me that he had invited the Russians to his country, a fact that caused me anxiety; because if the Russians once occupied Roshan and Shignan, I could not repel them, and my Government would be unsafe. I therefore ordered General Katāl Khan and Sirdar Abdullah Khan—the latter Governor of Kataghan—to march against Mir Yussif Ali. After a small skirmish the Mir was taken prisoner and brought to Kabul, together with his family. I then appointed Gul Azār Khan, of Kandahar, Governor there, and when a Russian Official, M. Ivanoff, who had been invited by the Mir *himself* to enter with his forces into the country arrived, it was already occupied by my Governor. The Russian claim on this country went on for years, and was not settled quite clearly until Sir Mortimer Durand's Mission visited Kabul in 1893.

After I took possession of these provinces, I put an end to the atrocities practised upon the subjects by the Mir, putting a stop also to the harsh, unbearable system of slavery. I will not say much about the bad habits and nature of the Mirs of these provinces, as I have said enough about them in the early part of my book.

In the year 1883, the Shinwari tribes, lying towards the south-east of Jellalabad all across the Peshawar road, who had been always troublesome to the rulers of Kabul, became quite unbearable. For many years they had been in the habit of looting the *Kafilas*, murdering the travellers, and plundering the properties and flocks of the villages. During the whole of the late Shere Ali's rule, the Peshawar road was *most*

dangerous, on account of the plundering by these robbers; indeed, all along the road, as far as Kabul, nobody could travel without fear of being murdered and plundered. I therefore considered it expedient to put an end to such cruelties and dangers which constantly threatened those who had dealings with these tribes.

In the winter of 1883 I left my son, Habibullah Khan, in charge of Kabul, as Governor, and myself went to Jellalabad to endeavour to restore peace and good order to the country round. I accordingly invited the chiefs and priests of the Shinwaris to meet me, speaking to them very gently, in a friendly voice, as follows: "It is against the wish and commands of God and His Prophet, that you should rob and plunder other Muslims." Though I tried very hard to persuade them to stop their bad habits, they had plundered and robbed for so many years, that they paid no heed to my advice. I may mention that Shahmad, who was Governor of Jellalabad in the time of Amir Shere Ali, used to punish those who complained against the robberies of the Shinwaris, arguing that the complainer was trying to make trouble between him and the Shinwaris.

At last, being tired of their obduracy and inattention to my advice to stop plundering the country, I began to make preparations to punish them. At this time, Nur Mahomed, son of Sirdar Wali Mahomed, together with the notorious robbers of the Sala Khel tribe, named Sadu and Dadu, joined the Shinwaris, making up a force of about 15,000 fighting men to oppose my army. I appointed General Ghulam Haidar,

now Commander-in-Chief of Turkestan, together with 3 battalions of infantry, 1 regiment of cavalry, and 2 batteries of artillery to fight against them. My subjects, who lived in the neighbourhood of the Peshawar road, requested me to give them permission to fight against the rebels, as they were tired of being robbed, but I refused, stating that it was my duty to punish those who interfered with the safety and peace of my subjects. The fighting took place four times in four different places, called Hissarak Valley, Achin, Mangal, and Mango Khel. In every one of these battles the rebels were defeated, leaving many killed and wounded upon the field. After this, the rest of the rebellious tribes became subject to my rule. The Mango Khel were either killed entirely or fled towards Tirah.

I ordered that the heads of all those who were killed in battle should be piled up in the shape of two big towers—one at Jellalabad, the other at the residential place of Shahmad, who had encouraged them in their misbehaviour; so that people, when looking at those towers built with the heads of the rebels, should know that this is the reward for those who kill travellers. I will give two lines from a Pushto poem, which gives the character of the Shinwari people:

> "You may try gently for hundreds of years to make friends,
> But it is impossible to make scorpions, snakes, and Shinwari, friends."

At the end of this very same year, 1883, the Mangal and Zurmat[1] tribes rebelled against me. This rebellion was caused by events mentioned elsewhere, which was practically at the root of all the

[1] These are two provinces under Afghan rule, lying south-east of Kabul, near the borders of India.

Civil Wars. In addition to this, some of the Fraris[1] were the cause of this stirring up of the people to rebellion. A force was sent from Kabul, under the command of General Saif-ud-Din to stop the rebellion. This General was one of those lazy, stupid officers who, under Shere Ali, had got into the habit of taking their salary and doing nothing for it. Acting upon this principle, he did not fight against the rebels, and was consequently brought back to Kabul as a prisoner in the month of April 1884; another army under the command of General Katal Khan[2] and Yayah (a priest), being sent to replace him. After a little fighting the people were defeated, and, submitting themselves, became peaceful subjects ever after.

In 1884, it was considered necessary that Dilawar Khan, Wali of Maimana, who had proclaimed himself an independent ruler, and against whom an army was sent by Mahomed Ishak without any result, as mentioned in a previous chapter, should be brought to his senses. This time I was determined to give him no chance of holding aloof any more. I therefore gave instructions that two separate forces should proceed on Maimana; one of them was sent from Herat under the

[1] The word "Frari" means literally "one who has run away," but it is also a general term used to denote the following: (1) Those who have saved their lives by running away from their country are called Fraris; (2) those who are sent out of the country into exile by order of the Government are also called Fraris, or, sometimes, Ikhrajis (expelled); (3) those persons who accompany or follow their Chief or Sovereign into exile when he is banished from his own country are called his Fraris; as, for example, all those men, from a Brigadier to a drummer-boy, who accompanied the Amir to Russia, are called his Fraris, and also all who are with his rivals, either with Ayub in India, or with Ishak in Russia, are called their Fraris.

[2] This gentleman died in 1895; he was a nephew of the well-known Commander-in-Chief, Ghulam Haidar, who also died in 1898.

command of a Brigadier, Zabardast Khan,[1] which consisted of 1 battalion of the Herat infantry, 200 sowars of cavalry, and 6 guns.

The Jamshidi chief, named Yalun Dush Khan, also accompanied the Brigadier, with 600 militia soldiers. This army, under the Brigadier's orders, left Herat for Maimana on the 10th of April. At the same time Mahomed Ishak was instructed by me to march from Balkh with 5000 fighting men. The fort of Maimana is a very strong one, but after a few days' siege and a small skirmish, the insurgents submitted to my rule. Dilawar was taken prisoner for his misdeeds and brought to Kabul. Mir Hussain Khan, who had been a prisoner in Dilawar's hands, was released from gaol, and appointed Governor of Maimana in the place of Dilawar.

In the same year, having practically made myself

[1] This official has now retired. His father, Mir Alam Khan, is Governor of Kandahar, and his younger brother, Faiz Mahomed, is the Kabchi Bashi (the Head of the Keepers of the gate of the Royal Court). This is an office of secondary importance only, and consists in arranging the seats and chairs for the courtiers of the Sovereign; also to introduce all persons to the Sovereign who wish to see him. The first officer in this department is a Gentleman Usher called Aishak Akasi. This last office is now held by Sirdar Kudus Khan above mentioned, the Conqueror of Herat. When state officials or guests of the state, or any of the subjects, chiefs, or foreigners come to see the Amir, either on his own account or upon Government business, with or without an invitation from the Amir, he must wait outside the Court Hall in a waiting-room. He must then give his name, and, if requested, the reason of his visit to the Amir, to one of the Assistants of the Head Doorkeeper. This Assistant thereupon reports all particulars concerning the visitor and his business to the Head Doorkeeper; or, if he is absent, to the Gentleman Usher, who is always in the presence of the Amir from the moment that he awakes until he goes to bed. On being reported to the Amir by the Head Doorkeeper or Usher, the visitor is either invited to go in, or refused audience, as the case may be. In this way every one must approach the Amir through the intermediary of the Head Doorkeeper or the Gentleman Usher.

master of Kabul and the Kingdom of Afghanistan, including the three most important provinces of the country which had been separated from it, namely, Herat, lately under Ayub; Kandahar, under Shere Ali Wali; Maimana, under Dilawar, I considered it necessary to mark out and delimit the boundaries of my dominions with the Foreign Powers. I will not consider the Boundary question in the present chapter; a special one will be devoted to it. I merely allude here to that one point which led to a war, as will be hereafter mentioned.

A Boundary Commission was appointed by the Governments of Great Britain and Afghanistan on the one side, and by the Russian Government on the other, to divide and mark out the frontier line between Russia and Afghanistan. The head of the English Mission was Sir Peter Lumsden.

In the first place, the Russian Government were not very well pleased at my being so friendly with the English, and, as it were, turning my back upon them. I must confess that I never forgot the kindness shown to me by them during my stay in their territory, but for all that, I am bound to be friendly with the English for two reasons:—(1) because I had made an agreement with them; and (2) it suits me and my interests better.

Secondly.—They were irritated at the idea of the Afghan Government having the courage to put an end to Russian aggression by marking out its boundary line.

Thirdly.—They preferred that the Afghan Government and Russia should divide the frontiers of their

respective Governments without England's interference on behalf of Afghanistan.

Fourthly.—My going to visit Rawal Pindi was a very sore point with the Russians, because the Russian newspapers had spread rumours, at the time of the English leaving Kabul in 1880, to the effect that the British had not left Kabul on their own account, and on friendly terms with Abdur Rahman—but that on the contrary, they had run away from Kabul, after being defeated. One of the chief reasons for my going to Rawal Pindi was to contradict these false statements, and to show the Russians that I was a friend to the British. Furthermore, that the relations between the Government of Great Britain and my own Government continued to be still more strongly cemented than before. For the above-mentioned reasons, and perhaps also for the usual habit of the Russian policy to move towards the East, one detachment of the Russian army advanced towards Panjdeh. Having foreseen this danger, I considered it advisable to send a strong force to keep the Russians from entering and taking possession of the town of Panjdeh as I had done before by taking possession of Shignan and Roshan before M. Ivanoff entered. But the more I tried to impress on the English Government that it was of vital importance that a strong force should be sent at once to protect Panjdeh from Russian aggression, the less notice was taken of my appeal. The answer I received from them was: "Whatever place is in the possession of the Afghan army, the Russians dare not touch it." Not only that, but the assurances of the British as to the safety of Panjdeh went so far to comfort my mind, that on

the 21st of November 1884, Sir Peter Lumsden wrote to me that he would see that no fighting took place between the Russian and Afghan armies. Meanwhile, the Russian force was advancing rapidly, and on the 13th of March 1885, the Russian army concentrated at Kazaltepe and fortified that place. The Afghan army was at Aktepe, towards the left of the Oxus River. It consisted of only 140 gunners with 4 brass guns, and 4 mountain battery guns, and a small force of infantry. On the 30th of March, the Afghan army was at Pul-i-khishti and the Russian army was at Kazaltepe, only a mile distant from each other. On the 29th of March, General Komaroff sent a message to the Afghan General to remove his army towards the right bank of the river, otherwise fighting would take place and they would attack the Afghan army.

Up to this moment the English officials of the Mission and their soldiers had given every assurance to the officials of my army that Russia dare not attack them so long as they did not move from their station; and, further, that if the Russians attacked my soldiers without any moving forward on their part, it would be a breach of the Conventions existing between the Powers, for which they [the Russians] would be called to account. My General, named Gaus-ud-Din, who was strictly instructed by me not to do anything contrary to the advice of the British officers of the Mission, being satisfied by the promises of the English officials, remained in his position. The following day, the 30th of March, a full brigade of the Russian army attacked the small Afghan force lying there; the English officials,

on hearing this news, together with their army and followers, fled towards Herat.

General Gaus-ud-Din Khan, and the other officers of the Afghan army, reminded the English officials of their assurance that the Russians dare not make an attack upon the Afghan position, and that if such an attack were made the Afghans were to ask for English help. Relying upon these assurances, therefore, they must not be left to meet the Russians single-handed. But this did not stop the flight of the English. The Afghans requested the English to lend them their rifles, as they would be at a disadvantage with their muzzle-loading rifles against the breech-loaders of the Russians. The rifles and powder of the Afghans were also greatly damaged by damp and rain, and were of very little use. But the English, who had promised to stand by the Afghans, refused to lend them their rifles, leaving this small force of brave Afghans to fight for themselves and be killed upon the battlefield. The English fled towards Herat without a moment's delay. I heard a statement, though I cannot be responsible for its truth, that the English army and officials were so frightened and nervous, that they fled in wild confusion, not knowing friends from foes, and owing to the intense cold, several of their poor native followers lost their lives in falling from their ponies as they rode along. Some of the officials also were thrown from their horses—I will not mention their names. But the brave soldiers of the Afghan army, who were proud of the prestige attaching to their nation, felt themselves bound to keep it up by fighting so tremendously, that a large number was killed or

wounded. But, alas! owing to the wretched rifles they had, and to their small numbers as compared with the forces of the enemy, they could do little, and a small number only reached Herat after the defeat. This cavalier treatment by the English has had the effect upon the Afghan nation of minimising the English prestige until the present time. I have tried hard to assure my people that Mr Gladstone was at that time the Leader of the Liberal Party, who were then in power, and that this was the reason why such a weak policy was adopted, otherwise the English would have made the Russians pay for their wrong-doings. My people, however, would not listen to this version, saying: "If in the future we happen to be at war with an enemy, how are we to know whether the Liberal or Conservative Party is in Power?" And, further, "If the Liberal Party was unable to help us, why did not the English army and the heads of the Mission tell us that they would run away at the last moment? So, according to the proverb, 'forewarned is to be forearmed,' we should have made different arrangements, if we had known that the English did not intend to keep their promises." It would have been an easy matter, from the month of December, when these misunderstandings began, to the 30th of March, for the Afghan army to have reached Herat from Kabul for the protection of Panjdeh, though there was no need to send an army from Kabul, there being a sufficiently large Afghan force stationed at Herat and Turkestan. In short, the Russians took the town of Panjdeh by force on the 30th of March 1885, and as no one

has had the power to re-take the town, it is still in their possession.

I was at Rawal Pindi, discussing matters with Lord Dufferin, and on the very eve of Lord Dufferin giving me assurances of British support in the event of Russian aggression upon Afghan territory, the news of the Russian aggression and taking of Panjdeh was sent me by Lord Dufferin himself. But I was not a man to get excited, and therefore took the matter calmly as a lesson for the future.[1]

In the same year, 1885, I issued instructions for the subjugation and annexing to my dominions of the people of Kilman. Kilman is a peak of mountains lying towards the north-east of the province of Lamkan.[2] In addition to my desire to make these people peaceful subjects and to leave them independent, I had a special reason for their subjugation. This

[1] In 1895, when Mr Curzon, now Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, was discussing matters with the Amir personally, I had the honour of being the medium of intercourse between my Sovereign, the Amir, and Mr Curzon. During the course of conversation the Amir mentioned the Panjdeh incident, speaking strongly and bitterly, though under the veil of humour. Curiously enough, Mr Curzon answered that it was not his Government that was in power at that time, but the Liberal Government of Mr Gladstone. The Amir laughed heartily, saying: "I am sorry that I am not a prophet, neither am I inspired to know whether at some future time, if I am in trouble, a Liberal or Conservative Government will be in power. Also, it yet remains to be proved whether the Conservative Party will take a different course, when an occasion arises, to that taken by the Liberal Party." One of the Amir's favourite sayings is that the cleverest thing in the British Constitution is the arrangement whereby there is always one party or the other to put the blame upon when mistakes are made.

[2] This is the richest and most fertile province lying between Jellalabad and Kabul on the northern side of the Peshawar road. It is called Laghman, which is a corruption of the word Lamkan. The Afghan historians state that one of Noah's sons, called Mihtar Lamak, was the first who landed after the great Deluge; this province is therefore called after his name. There is a huge tomb near Mandrar, a town in Lamkan,

reason was that every person, who used to rebel or commit murders and other crimes in the neighbourhood of Jellalabad[1] used to seek protection on these peaks of the Kilman Mountains. There was no road leading to this valley, and, in fact, no guns could be transported there, nor could horsemen ride into the valley. The only possible path for foot-passengers was exceedingly narrow, with steep precipices on either side. So narrow was this path that only one man at a time could walk along it, and two or three men could easily defend it against a large army by throwing stones down upon them from above, because, however numerous the army might be, they could only approach in Indian file—one after the other. This was the cause of their strength and the reason that they had not been conquered by any force before this time.

The officers in charge of my army were:—Ghulam Haidar Khan Tokhi, Commander-in-Chief; Dost Mahomed Khan Jabar Khel (this gentleman is blind

called the tomb of the prophet Lam or Lamak. How far this tradition is true I cannot tell; though, on the other hand, it is generally believed in Kabul that the Devil was thrown into the Valley of Laghman when expelled from Paradise. This is the reason, according to the statement of the Kabulese, why the people of Laghman are so clever in deceiving and taking in other people. The Laghmanese, on their side, say that the Devil was first landed on the hill of Asmai, lying to the west of the city of Kabul, and therefore the Kabulese are greater devils than the Laghmanese. The larger part of the people, however, believe that the last-mentioned place has the honour (?) of being the Devil's first resting-place on earth. I myself believe the people of Lamkan to be the cleverest business people of all the tribes in Afghanistan, and I will leave the task of deciding which is really the Devil's place for these two tribes themselves to decide.

[1] This is the principal town between Kabul and Peshawar, and it is an important headquarter of the army. The town founded by the Great Emperor Akbar, of Delhi, was formerly named Jellal-ud-din, after whose name the town is called Jellalabad, which means "founded by Jellal."

now); Mir Sana Gul (now in the Amir's service); Mahomed Gul Khan Jabar Khel (he died in prison in 1896); and Mahomed Afzal Jabar Khel (he is also dead). There were two kinds of soldiers under these officers, namely, regulars and some militia from the hill tribes, who were especially skilled in mountain-climbing. When it grew dark the officials pulled themselves up by ropes to the top of the peak of one of the hills, not going near the path held by the rebels; and having in this way concentrated their forces without the enemy in the valley knowing anything of their movements, they attacked him. The enemy's force was not a large one, only 1000 families being the whole population. After a slight skirmish the people were defeated, and they accordingly made peace, promising to live as peaceful subjects in the future.

But they broke their promise and Oath of Allegiance, and, in 1886, treacherously killed one of my Lieutenant-Colonels, together with 200 soldiers under him, who were stationed there. This time the above-mentioned Commander-in-Chief attacked and conquered them, driving the whole population before him out of the valley, and not leaving a soul behind. Other lands were given to them, in compensation for those they had lost, in the provinces of Girishk, Zurmat, and Khost, far away from their original homes. They were replaced by the people from Lamkan and other provinces.[1] In this way the troubles of this valley ended for ever.

[1] The usual mode of exile in Afghanistan is that when a certain tribe or family commit a serious crime or rebellion or intrigue, so that there is any real or probable danger of the peace being broken, such people are removed from the province or place where they have been agitating and

The General Rebellion in 1886 *and* 1887.

Of the Civil Wars which occurred since the day of my accession to the throne up to the present day, some were, comparatively speaking, small, and were speedily put down by an ordinary force and attention, without causing me much anxiety, or being followed by any serious consequences. There were others which took rather a serious form, and extended over a long period; more than that, there were troubles and signs of a general rebellion all over the country, which resulted in four civil wars; namely:—(1) The war with Mahomed Ayub at Kandahar, in 1881, as I have before mentioned. At this time the ignorant priests had tried to incite the people all over the country to rise against me in a religious war, but they failed to do so; (2) the Ghilzai rebellion, about which I shall write in this section, lasted for about two years; (3) Mahomed Ishak's rebellion at Turkestan in 1888; and (4) Hazarajat in a general rising in the years 1891, 1892, and 1893. The two last-named will be mentioned later on; here we are only concerned with the general Ghilzai[1] rising.

exercising such evil influence, and sent to another part of the kingdom. Here they are given lands and homes, equal in value to the immovable property they have left, such as houses and lands. There are some exceptions to this rule; for instance, those who are the Amir's enemies, and who have friends living in India or Russia, are sent into exile to the places where their friends live.

[1] *Ghil*, in the Pushto or Afghan language, means a thief, and *Zai* means son: the meaning of the whole word is, consequently, "stolen son." The story of the origin of this word is as follows: One of the daughters of an ancient Afghan King fell in love with a prince, called Mir Hussain, who was in exile, and married him without her father's knowledge, and a son

The causes which led to this general rebellion and their consequences are as follows :—

(1) The first cause, as I have said elsewhere, was that during the reign of Shere Ali and Yakub, owing to their bad administration and weakness, nearly every mullah and khan (chief) considered himself independent, and they gave themselves the airs of princes and prophets. The mullahs and khans of the Ghilzais came largely under this category; they were the strongest, most warlike and bravest tribe in Afghanistan; in numbers, also, they were one of the three largest tribes of the country; viz. Duranis, Hazaras, and Ghilzais. The Turkomans also are a very large tribe under Afghan rule: some may say that the Hazaras are also Mongolians, but they are included in the Afghan tribes, for the reason that they are spread all over the country, and not separate, as the Turkomans are. The Ghilzais had very influential chiefs, with a considerable number of fighting men. These khans or chiefs, as well as their armies, were very cruel and harsh to the subjects, their cruelties, their unlimited authority, their excessive taxation, their robberies and plunderings, their attacks on the caravans, their constant warfare with each other, the wholesale slaughter of humanity in general, were well known to the people, not only of the country itself, but to the world at large. It was natural, therefore, that I, who was the least likely person in the world to allow such

was born to them. The King, upon making enquiries about the child, was informed by his daughter that, as nobody knew that her husband was a prince, she was afraid that her father would not consent to her marriage to an ordinary person, though she knew him to be of royal birth. The father jokingly replied that her child should be called "Ghilzai," meaning "stolen son," and so the descendants of that child are called Ghilzais, now one of the bravest and strongest tribes in the country. In this tribe still, with very rare exceptions, the women choose their husbands for themselves, and they are not shut up in harems. The ceremonies connected with selection of husbands, their engagements and marriages, which are most interesting and peculiar, are described in my book "On the Marriage Customs and Social Life of the Afghans," which I hope shortly to publish.

misbehaviour under my very eyes, should be hated by them, and that every possible attempt would be made to upset my rule.

The poet Sadi says:

"The reason why the meadow-snake doth bite the shepherd
Is that the shepherd's hand is first to break the snake's head."

(2) I had imprisoned Shere Khan Tokhi Ghilzai, who had rebelled in 1881, as has been mentioned in a former chapter, and several of his friends and followers were offended about it.

(3) Asmtullah Khan and other Ghilzai chiefs were friends or relations of the late Shere Ali's family, and therefore were in communication with my enemies. They were intriguing amongst the tribes, and for this Asmtullah Khan was arrested in 1882. He was a Ghilzai chief, and the cause of some of the agitation.

(4) The well-known mullah, Mushk-Alim ("fragrance of the universe"—I called him *Mush*-Alim, "the mouse of the universe," a more appropriate name for him than the first, because his face was like that of a mouse, and his behaviour still more contemptible)—joined with the so-called Ghazis who used to extort money from the people. They called themselves Ghazis and Mullahs in order to appear like great men and people of importance in the eyes of the subjects. As I had stopped all this nonsense, they tried to give me trouble by using the great influence they exercised over the ignorant, uncivilised people of the Ghilzai nation, to which they themselves belonged. They continued their intrigues for years, and succeeded in kindling a fire from which sprang a civil war which caused great bloodshed and misery to thousands of people.[1] Allah

[1] One of the Amir's favourite sayings is: "More wars and murders have been caused in this world by ignorant priests than by any other class of people;" and further, he frequently says that, if it were possible, he would kill every one of them. He also says that the great drawback to progress in Afghanistan has been that these men, under the pretence of religion, have taught things which were entirely contrary to the principles and teaching of Mahomed, and that, being false leaders of religion, the sooner they are got rid of the better. He has once or twice tied up their long beards to a rope, or to each other's beards, ordering the one to pull away from the other.

says in the Holy Koran, by His Blessed Prophet, Mahomed, "Live ye on God's earth with justice and peace, and do not be the cause of quarrels and bloodshed, as the Almighty Allah loveth not those who break the peace on His earth." Alas! the actions of the priests are quite contrary to the teachings of the religion to which they belong.

(5) I had issued orders to collect the revenue from the country, which was in arrears, and people did not like to pay.

(6) In such a country as Afghanistan, where the Treasury was empty, and a great deal of money was required for the internal expenses, as well as for the building and keeping in order of the fortifications of its frontiers against powerful foreign aggressors, who, like hungry vultures, are anxious to swallow their weak victim, money was badly needed. Nearly half the revenue of the whole kingdom was given by the Government as allowances to the mullahs, syads,[1] and numerous so-called saints, or holy leaders, under the name of Pirs. This was a double injury and cause of the ruin and weakness of the Government. (1) There was a loss of half the state revenue which was collected by these people, who had no right to it, and did nothing to earn it. (2) It induced people to live a lazy life and get Government money for doing nothing, rewarding them for being helpless creatures of no use to their country or to themselves. I put a stop to these numerous allowances, which were such a burden on the Government Treasury, with one stroke of my pen, by saying that salaries would be paid to those only who performed services according to their merits, and they would have to pass certain examina-

[1] The descendants of Mahomed, through his daughter Fatima, are Syads. The word means Sirdar or head. It is a curious thing that though the only descendants of Mahomed are from his only daughter, Fatima, who also did not leave many children, yet the Syads are to be found spread over every Mahomedan country in such large numbers, that the Amir says he does not believe that they are all Syads; in fact, according to Mahomed's own words, they do not prove themselves to be true Syads, because they do not follow his example as they ought to do amongst their fellow-believers in ten points—generosity, charity, mercy, kindness to each other, piety, virtue, love of peace, self-sacrifice, etc.

tions to prove their right to be paid. In this way the allowances of all these self-important men, including the family of the above-mentioned "mouse of the universe," and many other mice of the same kind, were stopped. This money was paid to the brave soldiers who were employed to kill such miserable injurious mice, so that they do not make holes in people's houses by their unjust extortions any more.

This step caused the greatest sensation among the mullahs, leaders of religion, and so-called saints, who complained loudly, and the rebellion with which we have to deal was the result of this summary treatment. Luckily, however, in this rebellion, I got rid of all the "mice" for ever.[1] The first attempt made by these people to overthrow my rule was reported to me in April, 1886, when they wrote a letter addressed to Her Majesty, the Queen of England, forwarding it through Sir Oliver St John. In this letter the Ghilzais said:—

"If you ever intended to benefit and support the depressed and oppressed people of Afghanistan, you could not find a better chance than this, but you must give us help without any delay."

Whether this letter ever reached any of the responsible ministers of the British Government or not I cannot say, but this much I do know, that it produced no answer to the rebels. They further invited Mahomed Ayub to come over from Persia to join them, but his attempts to enter the country were unsuccessful. This will be alluded to later. What other means the rebels took I am not concerned about; so much, however, is

[1] In the Persian language the word, Mushk-Alim, meaning "fragrance," which was the name of the mullah, signifies also a "small mouse," if a little more accent is placed upon it, without altering its construction, and the Amir thus makes a sarcastic use of the word, veiled in its ambiguity, to denote a small and insignificant thing.

certain, that after intriguing secretly with no success, they openly took up arms against me, as I will proceed to relate.

The war commenced in the autumn of 1886 by Shere Khan, son of Mir Ahmad, killing the son of Sirdar Gul Mahmud Khan, grandson of Sirdar Kuhandil Khan of Kandahar, on his way from Kandahar to Kabul, at a place midway between Mashaki and Chahardeh, Shere Khan took possession of his wife, family, and property, and carried them away. Another raid was made at Mashaki by the Ghilzai people of Andar and Hotak on one battalion of the Durani nation, which was marching from Kandahar towards Kabul, with Mirza Syad Ali, which, having been only lately recruited, were as yet without arms. In this raid the Ghilzais carried away 140 Government camels, 80 tents, and 30,000 rupees. On hearing of the trouble caused by the Ghilzai tribe, to which Mushk-Alim belonged, I ordered out General Ghulam Haidar Khan Tokhi, Haji Gul Khan, Commandant (now Brigadier), and Colonel Mahomed Sadik Khan (now Brigadier at Kandahar), together with 2 battalions of infantry, 4 regiments of cavalry, and 2 batteries of artillery. This force arrived at Ghazni, where small engagements took place at two places called Dahan-i-Shir and Nani, in which the rebels, being defeated, dispersed.

During the winter the people were quiet, but all the while they were engaged in secret plots and preparations to stir up all the Ghilzais against me, and, having succeeded in their plans, a general rising took place in the month of March. A mullah, Abdul Karim, son of Mushk-Alim, issued a proclamation in the month

of March, 1887, to the effect that he had already 12,000 fighting men with him, and therefore, if these tribes also joined him, the victory would certainly be theirs.

As it was reported to me that in the risings of the autumn of 1886, which are described in the preceding paragraph, the people of Hotak had also taken part, I instructed Sirhand Sikander Khan (now dead), father of General Ghulam Haidar Khan, to march from Kandahar to the Hotak province, and to collect one sword and one rifle per house, as a fine from the people of Hotak. The arrival of Sirhand added to the fury of the already discontented people of Hotak, and a general rebellion broke out throughout Andra, Hotak, Tarakki, and other Ghilzai tribes, who, having sent their wives and families to Waziri, Zhob, and Hazara, took arms to fight against my troops. At that time I had not a strong army in the Ghilzai country, and large towns, such as Ghazni, Kalat-i-Ghilzai, and Maruf, were insufficiently fortified. General Ghulam Haidar Khan had only two battalions of infantry, and three regiments of infantry with him. I at once gave orders that 600 foot soldiers, under the command of Colonel Sufi, in the same month of March, should march out to support Sikander Khan's column. I also ordered some militia infantry and the newly-formed Durani battalion to join Sikander Khan. The last-mentioned body of men did not prove to be of very great service. I also quickly sent other forces from Kabul to support General Ghulam Haidar Khan.

The fortunes of war turned first in favour of the rebels. Isa Khan, Governor of Maruf, was defeated

on his way, as he was going to join hands with Sikander Khan. The rebels who defeated him were under the command of Shah Khan Hotak. On the 12th of April, Sikander Khan opened a battle at the same time and place with the rebels, where he was at first defeated, but he finally obtained the victory.

At the same time war was going on to the north also, where General Ghulam Haidar was fighting gallantly against the Tarakki and Andri Ghilzais, and, after a hard struggle, succeeded in pushing his way through to join hands with the forces of his father, Sikander Khan, who had been defeated by the Hotaks. This junction of the troops took place in May, the united forces comprising 4 battalions of infantry, 2 regiments of cavalry, and 18 guns. In addition to these were some loyal subjects, under the command of Bahlol Khan Tarakki, helping the Government army. The enemy's force numbered 30,000 fighting men, who had given the title of Amir to their leader, Shah Khan Hotak. The rebels were continually being reinforced and supported from all directions; the disloyal Ghilzais were also rising to join them. It was rumoured that they had sent a request for help to the Russians, and the people of Maimana, Herat, and Ayub in Persia, which had been responded to by the people of Herat and Maimana.

The greater number of my army, stationed at Herat, were Ghilzais who, hearing that their nation and kindred had arisen against me, changed their attitude also, and on the 6th of June 1887, a considerable number of the Hazara battalion of the Ghilzais, stationed at Herat, mutinied in the fort of that town.

The number of these disloyal soldiers who mutinied was about 800. They plundered part of the magazine and surrounded my Commander-in-Chief in the fort, making him a prisoner. But my other soldiers, who were also at Herat, remained loyal, and took up arms against the traitorous mutineers who could not stand before them, and finally left Herat for Andra to join the rebels there. Some of the disloyal soldiers also joined a large force of the rebels which had gathered at Murghab, and this fact, by greatly encouraging the rebels, caused much anxiety to the loyal officials. It was feared that many people were only waiting to see which way the scale balanced to throw in their lot with the rebels. At this critical moment when the traitors from my own army had joined hands with the rebels, rumours were spread abroad by the ignorant mullahs and by my enemies to the effect that Herat was in the possession of the rebels, and that the people of Maimana and other parts of the country had risen. But my brave General, Ghulam Haidar Khan, succeeded in defeating and dispersing the rebel army, wherever he encountered them. At this time he defeated a large gathering of the Hotak tribe, at Ata Gurh, and having broken them up into small parties, he left his father in charge of the place, himself marching further north, where he fought another battle with the Tarakki tribe, near Dand-i-Aba Istadah. Here he gained the victory, and marched towards Murghab, where the mutinied soldiers of Herat were joined in strong force with the rebels. I hastened to send two battalions of infantry and 400 cavalry sowars from Kabul to support the chief in the month of June, and on the 27th of July

these combined forces defeated and dispersed one of the columns of the rebel army which was on its way to join the main body. After accomplishing the defeat of these rebels, the General marched against their important concentrated main body. The transport and Commissariat arrangements for moving and feeding the rebel troops were so bad, that the men were almost at the point of death from scarcity of food. In short, they were decisively defeated by the General, and though small skirmishes continued during the month of August, they were of no very great importance, as the general spirit of rebellion had been cooled down by the disastrous defeat of the enemy.

Mullah Abdul Karim fled towards Kuram, his brother Fazal Khan being taken prisoner and killed. Timur Shah Ghilzai, who was my Deputy Commander-in-Chief, and had been found guilty of negligence at the time of the war of Panjdeh, in 1885, but whom I pardoned at the time, was reported to have taken an active part in the rebellion against me; with him also were one of the captains and an orderly. He was taken prisoner and brought to Kabul, and I ordered him to be stoned to death on the 13th of July, for the crime of high treason. This execution was meant as a lesson to other military men, that they might know how wicked it was for a man, who had been raised to such a high and exalted position as Deputy Commander-in-Chief, to take up arms against his own master, whose salt and bread he had eaten for so many years.

When General Ghulam Haidar Khan returned to Kabul, after his glorious victory, I raised him to the rank of Deputy Commander-in-Chief, and gave him

a diamond medal for his services. I also sent a large number of soldiers of the Kabul army one day's march, to act as a guard of honour for his reception, under Parwana Khan. Thus ended the serious troubles with the Ghilzais for ever.

Ayub, having heard the news of the victory of the rebels, fled from Persia, unknown to the Persian Government. But the shrewd and clever system of my Intelligence Department is such that no person of any importance can move in Persia, Russia, India, or in Afghanistan, without being noticed and reported.[1]

[1] There is no country in the world, perhaps not even in Russia, where there are so many spies and such a perfect Detective Department as in Afghanistan. Every house is believed to have a spy; a wife is afraid of her husband being set as a spy upon her, and the husband is afraid of his wife. There are not wanting many instances where children report against their parents, as did the son of Sirdar Dalu against his own father; the wife of Mistri Kutb betrayed her own husband. In fact, there are hundreds of cases of this kind every year in which sons, relatives, and dearest friends betray suspected persons, who, being proved guilty, are punished, and the spies are rewarded by the Amir. This is the cause of a general terror; every one fears everybody else. But the Amir is obliged, for his own safety, to be on his guard against the plottings and machinations of a people who have killed their kings and chiefs in the past, and who are always intriguing with the Amir's enemies both inside and outside his dominions. I will quote one out of many instances to show how important it is to keep a strict watch all over the country. In 1891, when nearly the whole of the army was sent out of Kabul to fight against the Hazaras, a number of men in good positions joined in a conspiracy and about a hundred men joined them. One night they determined to fire the gaol, which was in the centre of the city of Kabul, and at a time when the small force of city police were engaged in putting out the fire, a service usually performed by them; the Amir would thus be left without a sufficient guard, and the coast would be clear for them to go and kill him. It would then be an easy matter to raise a rebellion and sack and plunder the city and all over the country. The Amir, having his spies in the cells of the gaol, was informed of the plot only a few hours before the mischief was to be done; the plotters were caught, together with the letter of communication with those in the cells of the prison.

Those who blame the Amir for this department and for setting spies upon the people, must remember that he is forced to it for his own safety

On hearing of Ayub's proposed movements, I placed guards all over the frontier, to take him prisoner on his crossing the borders into my dominions. When he arrived at my frontier at Ghuryan, he saw my guards there waiting to welcome him, and instead of gaining the Kabul crown, he had a very unpleasant time in saving his own life. He fled to the desert of Khorassan, where he hid himself, and escaped with very great difficulty from the grasp of those who were waiting to offer him the crown! As the poet says :—

> "Any person who knocks his head against the solid rock,
> does not hurt the rock, but breaks his head."

After a hard struggle and with great difficulty, Ayub managed to hand himself over as a state prisoner into the hands of General Maclean, the Viceroy's Agent at Mashhad. After some correspondence, the wise step was taken by Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy, to bring Ayub from Persia to India, where he is still living, and safe from falling into the hands of my brave soldiers.

Ishak's Rebellion

I now come to the third and most important civil war which took place in 1888; the causes which led to it and the consequences that were the result are mentioned further on for the information of the readers

and that of his family. Of course there are many instances of false reports being made by the spies, who have been bribed by enemies who thus seek to revenge themselves on those who have offended them. When such reports are found to be false the spies are severely punished. A mullah, named Kishmash, once made a report against the Amir's own son. The charge was proved to be untrue, and the spy was blown from the mouth of a gun.

of my book. I have mentioned elsewhere that before I started from Russia for Afghanistan by one road, I had sent three of my cousins, namely, Sirdar Kudus Khan, Sirdar Sarwar Khan, and Ishak Khan, towards Maimana. The full details of their journey have been given in previous chapters. But to introduce the principal rebel, Ishak Khan, my disloyal and traitorous cousin, I must give some account of him. He was an illegitimate child of Mir Azim, my uncle, and his mother was an Armenian Christian girl, who was one of the women in the harem, and not one of my uncle's wives. The readers of this my book are fully informed of the character of Ishak's father from what they have read in previous chapters. They will also remember the services I rendered him in placing him on the throne at Kabul, after my father's death. My father had been the King, and I ought to have succeeded him, but I offered the throne to my uncle. All the services that I rendered him up to the moment of his death, and the kind treatment and protection I showed to his son Ishak and his other sons need not be repeated here, as they have been already given elsewhere. These kindnesses were all forgotten, and my readers can form their opinion of the ingratitude of Ishak. It must also be remembered that all the mischief caused in our family was from the hands of Mir Azim, who made my father and Shere Ali enemies to each other. The same love of mischief-making was in the nature of Azim's son, Ishak, and was sure to show itself sooner or later. When I left Russia I exacted an Oath of Allegiance from my followers, and I have now at Kabul the Holy Koran which was

signed and sealed by Mahomed Ishak at that time also, he swearing to give me loyalty, sincerity, and allegiance.[1] Having appointed him as Viceroy and Governor of Turkestan in the first year of my reign, I placed full confidence in him and in his Oath of Allegiance. All the Governors and military officers whom I used to send from Kabul to Turkestan were strictly instructed by me to look upon Mahomed Ishak Khan at all times as my brother and son. The weekly applications he used to make to me at Kabul, which are now in my office, are full of assurances of his obedience and faithfulness. He always addressed me as a most sincere son and obedient servant would address his father and master. He signed his letters with the words, "Your slave and humble servant, Mahomed Ishak." In consequence of this I addressed him, "My dear son and brother." Having not the slightest idea of his disloyalty, I placed the best rifles and arms to be got at Turkestan under his disposal, because he was on the frontier of Russia, and I thought it wise to keep the largest stores of every kind there—war materials as well as food, forage and provisions of all kinds ready for any case of emergency—and I continue to do so still. I did not know then that my own weapons and money would be used against myself, and the bullets from the best breech-loading guns and

[1] The Koran is more used in Afghanistan for making and breaking oaths than for purposes of religious instruction and learning God's commands. Oaths on the Koran between brothers and friends are being made and broken all day long. Examples are many of the ease with which oaths are taken and broken. I will mention one only: Amir Shere Ali made an oath on the Koran with Amir Afzul the day before taking him prisoner.

rifles which I had placed in his hands would be fired at my own breast. He was as false as his father. From the very first day that I left him at Turkestan, he represented that the expenses of the army, which I had stationed there in strong force, were so great that the income of the country was insufficient to pay them. I therefore frequently sent money to him, which I collected from other provinces, so that my soldiers might be paid. All this time Ishak was collecting gold and guns, making secret preparations, and intriguing against me. He posed before the people of Turkestan as a holy saint and a very virtuous strict Mahomedan. He would get up early in the small hours of the morning to attend prayers in the mosque, a procedure which misled one portion of the Mahomedans, namely, the mullahs, who only care for those people who say long prayers and keep fasts without taking their actions into account. These ignorant mullahs did not remember the saying of the holy saint, Abdullah Ansar, which runs as follows:—"To keep many fasts is to save your food; to say many prayers is the business of the idle widows to escape work; but to help others is the true devotion of heroes." The same saint says also: "To fly in the air is no miracle, as the dirtiest flies can do it; to cross the rivers without a bridge or boat is no miracle, as a terrier-dog or a dry piece of straw can also cross it, but to win and help the suffering hearts is the miracle required from holy men."[1]

[1] Superstitious people used to believe that a person who is really a saint can cross a river without boat or bridge, and that they could fly from one town to another, which is also now the belief of occultists, and it is to this belief that the great philosopher of Herat, Abdullah Ansar, refers. There are many traditions connected with these supposed miracles; one con-

The second deceit that Ishak practised upon the uneducated Mahomedans was that in addition to being an ecclesiastical leader and mullah, he entered into the group of the disciples of one of the Dervishes of the Nakhshbandis. This famous mystic sect of Dervishes, entitled Nakhshband, was founded in the time of Tamerlane by a holy saint of Bokhara, named Khwaja Baha-ud-Din.[1]

There is no doubt that the teachings of the founder of this sect were most reasonable as well as sacred, but many of the pretenders of his sect are false; their

cerning the tomb of a saint called Shahshid, at Kabul, may be given. This tomb has been newly restored and rebuilt by the Amir Yakub. The saint who is buried therein was named Khwaja Ishak of Khatlan, and lived in the kingdom of Kolab, several hundred years ago. He once saw a group of the followers of one of the greater saints, named Mir Syad Ali of Hamadan, crossing the Oxus river without any bridge or boat, and he asked their leader to let him ride behind him on his horse and so get over the river. At one spot where the water was very swift the man told the saint to grasp him round the waist, so that he should not fall into the river. The saint replied: "I will hold you tight in this world as well as in the next." The thought that all men were parts of the one soul of God was revealed to the man's soul, and made such an impression on him, that he became a devoted disciple of this saint.

[1] There are four principal mystic sects in Mahomedanism, viz.: (1) Nakhshband; (2) Kadriya, founded by Shere Abdul Sheikh, about 700 years ago, he is buried at Bagdad; (3) Chishtia, founded by Muin-ud-Din, a few years later, he is buried in Ajmir in India; and (4) Suhar Wardi, founded by Shahab-ud-Din. Sixty-four sects are flourishing all over the Islamic community, and the tombs of their founders are the centre of great devotion from all parts of the country. There is not space here to give the different practices of these devotees, but this much may be said, that the name Nakhshband was given to its founder owing to a tradition which arose that he was in the service of a potter, his duty being to attend to the firing furnaces. One day, as he was repeating in his heart the name of "Allah," he engraved by a miracle the same word "Allah" on every one of the pots which were in the furnace, so that it could be read by every one. Therefore the name of Nakhshband—an engraver—was given to him, and it is believed that, by being merely his disciple, the love of God is being impressed on the hearts of every one.

principal reason for making disciples being to extort money from them, that they themselves might lead a lazy life. They forget that it is entirely against the teachings, as well as against the practice of our Holy Prophet, who used to work hard himself, and against the practice of the founder of this sect, Nakhshband, who, as it has been shown, worked as a potter, and devoted his thoughts to the divine worship of God. The practice of his teachings is given in the following extract from a Persian poem:—

"Keep your hands occupied in work, and your heart occupied with the love of your Beloved [he means God]. Be outwardly occupied in the business of the temporal world and inwardly occupied with the culture of your soul and things of the spiritual world."

As the Turkomans are specially devoted to this sect, Ishak Khan joined them to curry favour with the Turkomans who were under his governorship. The false Pirs of Mazar-i-Sherif told Ishak that they were inspired, and that the Khwaja Nahkshband had bestowed the throne of Kabul upon him. Ishak believed this, and publicly proclaimed himself Amir of Afghanistan.

We must go back for a little while to mention that three years before the rebellion it had been reported to me that Ishak had collected more revenue than he gave account of to me, that he had more than sufficient money for all requirements from the income of the province, and he was not justified in asking for more money to be sent him. Upon hearing this, I sent one of my officials to go into Ishak's accounts and give me a true report. But although I was told that Ishak was playing me false, I could not bring myself to believe

anything against him. On several occasions similar reports had been made, but not only did I ignore them, but strictly forbade people from speaking against Ishak.

Next year I wrote asking him to meet me and to send in his accounts, but he excused himself on the pretext that he was ill, and sent the accounts by the hands of one of his assistants. I was informed about this time that his intrigues had become unbearable; he also exacted oaths sworn upon the Holy Koran from many people to be faithful to him, and those who would not swear he punished or put to death secretly. When I heard that he was ill I sent one of my Court physicians, Abdul Shakur (who is now at Kabul), to treat him. This clever physician, knowing that his letter might be seized by Ishak's men, wrote to me that Sirdar Ishak's indisposition was mainly mental, thus delicately hinting that there was nothing at all the matter with him except malice towards me. Notwithstanding this, and the constant succession of reports which were sent me from various sources, I hesitated to believe in their truth.

But just about this time I had a long and severe attack of gout that lasted for several months. In the month of June, 1888, I became very seriously ill at my summer residence on the Lamkan Hills, about eighteen miles from Kabul; this attack continued until the month of August. Nobody was allowed to see me excepting the Court physicians and my personal attendants. As I am always accessible to people who wish to see me on any business, even when I am ill, the fact that no one was permitted to approach me

iow gave rise to a rumour that I was dead, and that the news was kept from the people.[1]

The disloyal Ishak to whom this report of my death had been taken, claimed to be my successor and the new Amir, deceiving many of my loyal subjects by saying that, as I had always treated him as a brother and son, he had the best title to the throne; adding that he intended to march on Kabul at once, so that the country should not fall into the possession of the English, as might easily happen, seeing that it was without a ruler. Ishak actually set to work and coined his own rupees, with the following inscription upon them :—

"Lā illah Amir Mahomed Ishak Khan." (There is no God but one, and Mahomed Ishak Khan is His Amir.)[2]

When I heard this news I ordered General Ghulam Haidar Khan Orakzai, Deputy Commander-in-Chief, and General Wakil Khan (dismissed for his cowardly behaviour and defeat in running away when fighting against the bad Mahomed Ishak), Commandant Abdul Hakim Khan (son of the distinguished General Abu Ahmad and nephew of General Omar Ahmad Khan,

[1] Miss Hamilton, M.D., has described how she used to see the Amir, at the time he was so ill and under her treatment, teaching the bricklayers how to build Russian stoves in his own rooms, even putting the mortar and bricks in place with his own hands; and many Europeans who have come into personal contact with the Amir also bear witness to his great capacity for work, that even when seriously ill he cannot be idle.

[2] The first half of the inscription is the usual Kalima or religious phrase of the Mahomedans, and the next is Mahomed Rasululah, meaning that there is no God but one, and Mahomed is His messenger and prophet. I have seen this rupee myself, and I must say that it was a most audacious stroke on the part of Ishak to substitute his name in the sentence for that of the Prophet.

the Amir's military instructor and personal adviser, and grandson of General Shahab-ud-Din Khan, the first instructor of the Afghan artillery, now in charge of the Elephant Battery at Kabul); Brigadier Faiz Mahomed Khan (now in charge of the Amir's body-guard); Colonel Haji Gul Khan; Colonel Abdul Haya Khan; and others, together with four regiments of cavalry, thirteen battalions of infantry, and twenty-six guns, to march against Ishak by way of Bamian.[1]

On the other side Sirdar Abdullah Khan Tokhi, then Governor of Kataghan and Badakshan (now in personal attendance upon the Amir), marched from the East towards Balkh. On the 17th of September, General Ghulam Haidar Khan's forces reached Aibak, two days' march from Balkh; and on the 23rd of the same month, Sirdar Abdullah Khan's forces joined hands with that General. On the 29th of September the battle was fought in the Valley of Ghazni Gak, three miles south of the town of Tashkurghan. The battle was a very severe and tedious one, as Ishak's army, numbering from 20,000 to 24,000 soldiers, together with himself and his son Sirdar Ismail, were trying their best to win the victory, knowing that this battle would decide the fortunes of both parties, one way or the other. On the other hand, readers of the preceding chapters in this book know that I had no more devoted and trusted friend than Sirdar Abdullah Khan, or a better trained

[1] Bamian is the most important town in the centre of Afghanistan, near Ghazni, and is supposed to have been flourishing at the time of Budda, whose huge statue is still standing outside the town. This statue is considered to be the most famous work of art existing among the ruins of Central Asia. The statue is so gigantic that hundreds of pigeons have their nests inside the ears of the figure.

nd experienced officer than General Ghulam Haidar Khan. Neither of these officials were to be defeated asily. Mahomed Ishak was a coward, as was his father efore him; he did not fight in person, but his military fficers, who were selected men given to Ishak by myelf to face the Russians if necessity arose, were all rave and experienced men, such as, for instance, General Mahomed Hussain Khan, Colonel Fazal-ud-din Khan, and others.

From early in the morning until late night the soldiers of both armies fought hard and steadily; so many were killed and wounded on both sides that they could not be counted. At length, late in the afternoon, one column of my army, under the command of Sirdar Abdullah Khan, General Wakil Khan, and Commandant Mahomed Hussain, and Abdul Akin, was cut off from the main body and very severely defeated by Ishak's forces, under Mahomed Hussain Khan Hazara.[1] On the other hand, while the battle was still raging between General Ghulam Haidar Khan and the enemy, some of the disloyal soldiers, having joined General Mahomed Hussain, galloped towards the hill where Mahomed Ishak was seated, to submit themselves to him. He, thinking that these men were galloping towards him to take him prisoner, and that his army was defeated, fled away. His army continued to fight against General Ghulam Haidar Khan until long after sunset, till it was quite dark, while Ishak busied himself in running away as fast as he could.

[1] This General was taken prisoner by the Amir's army, and was kept at Kabul as a state prisoner; he ran away in 1895, and has never been heard of since.

When the news was taken to the soldiers that their master had fled, they lost heart, and were ultimately defeated. In short, on the 29th of September, a glorious victory was won by my General, Ghulam Haidar Khan.

The other part of my army that had been defeated, on the other hand, fled so heedlessly, that they did not rest until they reached Kabul; many, indeed, went to their own country and homes without going near Kabul. They spread reports all over the country that General Ghulam Haidar Khan had been killed; that the whole of my army which had been sent against Ishak was dispersed; in fact, that my rule was at an end. I did not, however, follow the example of some of the Afghan rulers, such as Shere Ali Khan, or my Uncle Azim, who ran away after a defeat. I waited patiently for a day when, luckily, the next morning, after the defeated army had reached Kabul, the news of the victory and rout of the enemy was brought. This proved that victories are in the hands of God; that though the enemy's forces were at first victorious, and my army was defeated, yet still, as it was the wish of God that I should continue to be the ruler of the flock of His creation—His people of Afghanistan—the enemy fled, and the victory was in my hands.

Some of Ishak's officers galloped to him to give him the news of the victory of his army; he would not believe them, and killed them on the spot, saying that they were traitors, and wanted to stop him treacherously, so that they might give him into the hands of his enemies.

As a reward for the distinguished services rendered by my brave General, Ghulam Haidar Khan, I sent him another diamond star and raised him to the rank of Commander-in-Chief of Turkestan, which post he still holds.

After this defeat of Ishak, it was considered necessary for me to go to Turkestan, for several reasons, the principal ones being: (1) To put the country into a proper state of order, and under proper administration, which had been left entirely in the hands of Ishak for several years past; (2) to take steps to send away from the country such disloyal traitors as Sultan Murad, who had taken part in helping Ishak, so that there might not be any more sources of mischief and trouble in the country; (3) it was reported to me that one of the neighbouring powers had played a part in causing the rising, a fact that had encouraged Mahomed Ishak to rebel; (4) it was reported to me that some of the responsible officers in my army stationed at Turkestan were not loyal, and would have joined Ishak if he had not been such a coward. This story, I am glad to say, was proved to be untrue, as I found upon making personal enquiries on the spot. It was also my intention to go to Herat and build there strong fortifications all along my north-western frontier to stop Russian aggression; this intention, however, was not quite successfully carried out for want of money. I had expected that the Indian Government would have helped me. But as this was not forthcoming, I spent as much of my revenue as could be spared upon works of defence, the principal and most important fort being one newly built by me at Dehdadi, near Mazar-i-

Sherif.[1] This is the largest and strongest fort throughout the whole of my dominions; it is situated on the top of a hill looking down upon and commanding the valley through which runs the main road from Russian territory to Balkh, the capital of Turkestan.

I left my son, Habibullah Khan, as Regent at Kabul, starting myself in the autumn of 1888 for Mazar-i-Sherif, whence I did not return until July 1890. At this time my most faithful and loyal old servant, General Amir Ahmad Khan, my envoy in India, died during my stay at Turkestan, and Lord Lansdowne, who had succeeded Lord Dufferin in the Viceroyalty of India, wrote to me, giving me advice on the internal affairs of Afghanistan. This advice I could not take, which probably displeased him; this matter will be further discussed in its proper place.

[1] These words mean "sacred tomb." It is believed that the fourth companion of Mahomed, and his son-in-law, Ali, the husband of Fatima, Mahomed's only child, is buried in this tomb. Fatima is believed by Mahomedans to be the Queen of Paradise. It is the shrine to which Mahomedans from all parts of the world make pilgrimages, and all the successful sovereigns from Central Asia go there to do homage and give offerings to pay the expenses of keeping the tomb in perfect condition.

Two places are said to be the seat of Ali's tomb; one is Najaf in Arabia, the other in the above-mentioned town. The reason for this doubt is owing to the fact that Ali's body was not found after he had been cruelly murdered when he was engaged in his devotions, and people believe that his body was carried away by the angels, one half of the community pinning their faith upon Mazar-i-Sherif, the other half upon Najaf. Some people, either through ignorance or from some ulterior motive, give a false impression to the minds of people of the Christian world, by saying that Mahomedans believe that women have no souls. This note shows, however, that not only do they believe in the teaching of the Holy Koran, that women *have* souls, but that Mahomed's daughter, Fatima, is the Queen of Paradise, who has great power in interceding for the souls of women who deserve Heaven, equally with the Virgin Mary and Eve, and other women who are believed by the Mahomedans to be privileged to intercede for the souls of sinners.

Sultan Murad, of Kunduz, fled and joined Ishak in Russian Turkestan, where he still resides.

The people of Badakshan also rebelled during the time I was at Mazar-i-Sherif. I punished them, and they gave me no further cause for anxiety.

Another event happened also during my stay in Turkestan. In the month of December 1888, when I was reviewing my troops at Mazar-i-Sherif, one of the soldiers fired a shot at me from his rifle. I had a very narrow escape from being killed; this narrow escape is as much a mystery to me as it was to those who were present, because it is impossible to understand how the rifle bullet made a hole through the centre of the chair in which I was seated, and instead of going into my body, hit and seriously wounded a page-boy who stood behind me. I keep that chair as a curiosity; I am a stout man, and the chair was only just large enough for me, and it is puzzling to imagine how the bullet missed passing through my chest. My belief is that if God wishes to save a person's life, nobody can kill him; for a verse in the Koran says, "Thy death is fixed, and it will neither come a moment sooner or later than that fixed time." There must be some other cause also to which I owe my safety, and I believe the following story will explain it. When I was a boy it was reported to me that a certain holy man had a charm which he wrote on a piece of paper, and any one keeping that charm about his person could never be injured by any firearm or weapon. At first I did not believe in its power to protect; I therefore tried it by tying it round the neck of a sheep, and though I tried hard to shoot the animal, no bullet injured her. This was a logical

reason for my believing in the effectual protecting power of the charm, so I placed it upon my right arm, and have worn it from boyhood until this day. My belief is that the bullet might have passed through me, yet without any sign or effect being visible.

The motives which led this soldier to try and shoot me were unfortunately not found out, as a General who stood close to him killed him with one blow of his sword then and there, though I called loudly not to kill him till further enquiries should be made, as I believed the soldier had been employed by some strong and secret enemy.

The other important event that occurred during my stay at Turkestan was that two of my wives gave birth to sons, one born on 15th September 1889, named Mahomed Omar, after the second companion of the Prophet; the other born in October, was named Ghulam Ali, after Mahomed's fourth companion and beloved son-in-law Ali; this boy is in Turkestan now for the comfort of my people, that they may be able to see him as I, their King, cannot be with them. Mahomed Omar is a rather delicate boy. He lives at Kabul, and he occasionally attends the durbar of his eldest brother, Habibullah, as do all his younger brothers, and with the same ceremony as pertains to my own durbar.[1]

[1] The Amir orders all his sons to live in their respective houses in the city of Kabul, whence they go about once a week to pay their respects to the Amir, after which they proceed to the Amir's eldest son, Habibullah Khan, for the same purpose. This is a very clever practice on the Amir's part, because the young princes are taught to look upon their eldest brother as second only to their father; and, as a matter of Court etiquette, pay homage to him as well as to the Amir. (The Shahzada, who visited England in 1895, is a true brother of Habibullah Khan, the Amir's eldest son; all the others are the offspring of other wives.)

On my return to Kabul, on the 24th of July, I found that during my two years' absence my son, Habibullah Khan had governed the country so wisely, cleverly, and so entirely in accordance with my wishes, that I conferred two orders upon him, one for his distinguished services in the administration of the kingdom; the second for having very bravely put a stop to a mutiny, which was caused by my own soldiers of the Kandahar-Hazara battalion. He acted most bravely on this occasion, riding alone into the midst of the rebellious soldiers without showing any fear of their injuring him. By this plucky behaviour he showed the soldiers that he placed confidence in them; otherwise he would not have ventured among them without any body-guard. He promised to listen to and consider their grievances, and he put a stop to the mischief. He also put down one or two other minor attempts at rebellion, which had been reported to him as likely to occur at Jaji and Mangal. Since that time I authorised him to hold the public durbar in my stead, as I have such full confidence in his tact and wisdom. I reserve to myself the duties attaching to foreign affairs, together with the more important and weighty matters connected with the internal administration of my country.

As this chapter is supposed to be devoted to an account of civil wars and other disturbances, I will not here dwell further upon matters not immediately connected with them.

The Hazara War.

This is the last of the four great civil wars that took place during my rule, and I consider that the prestige, the strength and power, as well as the peace and safety of my kingdom, have gained more by this war than perhaps any of the others.

(1) The Hazara people had been for centuries past the terror of the rulers of Kabul, even the great Nādir who conquered Afghanistan, India, and Persia being unable to subdue the turbulent Hazaras; (2) the Hazaras were always molesting travellers in the south, north, and western provinces of Afghanistan, and when their maraudings were put an end to, the country became entirely peaceful and settled; (3) they were always ready to join the first foreign aggressor who attacked Afghanistan, as they believed that every Afghan was an infidel. The Hazaras themselves are Shias, while the others are Sunis.[1] Even the greatest Mogul Emperor, Sultan Babar, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, relates in his Autobiography, that he was unable to fight against this strong nation in open battle. I will quote his words, which run as follows:—"I took the field in this way, and by falling upon them by surprise at night we took the pass of Mirkh, and by the hour of morning prayers fell upon the Hazaras and beat them to our hearts' content." The Sultan Babar's Autobiography also shows that they were even at that time, in the habit of making raids upon travellers on the roads which they rendered dangerous, and not to be traversed unless protected by a strong guard.

To give a little information about the Hazara

[1] The Sunis are Mahomedans, who believe that the four companions of the Prophet have equal power; the Shias believe that the fourth companion of Mahomed, named Ali, was his only true companion, and that the other three had unjustly taken precedence over Ali.

tribes to my readers, I may mention that they are planted in the heart of Afghanistan, holding the strongest valleys and mountain peaks extending westward from Kabul, Ghazni, and Kalat-i-Ghilzai to the neighbourhood of Herat and Balkh. In addition to this large tract of country which forms their home in the very centre of the country so strongly fortified by nature, the Hazaras are spread over the country, and are to be found in every province, village, and town. It is a saying in Afghanistan that they would have had to work like donkeys if it were not that the slaving donkeys of Hazaras do all the work for them.[1] The Hazaras are a mixed race, originally descended from a military colony, founded by the Mongols. Abdul Fazal writes in the sixteenth century, that they were the remains of the army of Maryn Khan, grandson of Chengiz Khan. The general belief in Afghanistan is that a great many of the western invaders of India were in the habit of giving houses and lands to their own people all along the road to India, in order to safeguard their rear; and that this is the reason why the Mongols planted the Hazaras from one end of Afghanistan to the other, from west to east, just as Alexander the Great did in the case of the so-called Kafirs from Kokand and Badakshan to Chitral and the Punjab borders. These people are all Shias.

Having introduced to the readers of my book this great, hard-working, brave nation, their homes and origin, I will proceed to give an account of the causes

[1] All the hardest, dirtiest, and most menial work is done by the labouring classes of the Hazaras, and there is scarcely a house without its Hazara servant, in the form of slaves, stablemen, etc.

and consequences of the war. Though they were in the habit of disturbing the peace of travellers on the roads, yet this in itself was not sufficient to justify me in taking serious steps against them; and in the second place, some of their chiefs were friendly towards me, which called for kind treatment from me in return. But in 1888, when I was irritated and grieved about the great disaster in Turkestan, and was marching to Mazar-i-Sherif by way of Turkestan, one of the tribes of the Hazaras, called the Sheikh Ali tribe, inhabiting the country lying towards the north-west of the province of Bamian, having risen against me, stopped my officials from buying provisions and forage for my soldiers and animals. This caused me a great deal of trouble on the journey. On my way back to Kabul in 1890, I left Sirdar Kudus Khan as Governor in Bamian, instructing him to invite the Hazara chiefs from time to time to see him, and by giving them allowances, rewards, and khilats, to persuade them to become peaceful subjects.

The first trouble was once more caused by the Hazaras of the Sheikh Ali tribe, who were talked over by Mir Hussain and some other chiefs, to take up arms and recommence their fighting and raids upon the caravans; they also attacked one of my Afghan detachments. For this I determined to send an army against them; they were defeated, some were killed, others submitted to my rule, the remainder being brought to Kabul as prisoners. I treated the prisoners very kindly, and soon restored them to their homes with admonitions to keep the peace in future, and to be loyal subjects.

In the spring of 1891 some of the Hazaras once more began their raids on the travellers, whereupon my military officials, who were stationed at Ghazni, wrote to certain Hazara chiefs, especially to those of Uruzghan, to the effect that our four neighbouring Governments would consider it a cause of weakness if our own subjects could not agree to live peaceably; we should get a bad name, and it was therefore advisable that they should recognise the suzerainty of our sovereign and cease from strife. The Hazaras had raided and plundered the neighbouring subjects for about 300 years past, and none of the Kings had had the power to make them absolutely peaceful. They considered themselves rather too strong to be defeated, and were very proud of their power. They accordingly wrote a reply to this letter, to which the seals of some two or three dozen chiefs were attached, saying:—

"If you Afghans are proud of the support of a temporal Amir, we are prouder still of the support of our spiritual Amir, the Master of the sword of Zulfikar."

They meant that as Shias they should look upon Ali as next to God, and inferred in this letter that Ali was stronger than I. There is no doubt that Ali was our spiritual leader and companion of our Prophet, and the support of his holy spirit and soul is great. This also is certain, that such support is never granted to the wicked and rebellious. Their letter continued:

"And why did ye Afghan officials mention *four* Governments in your letter as being your neighbours? Why did ye not say *five* Governments were your neighbours, so as to include *ours?* We advise you, for your own good and safety, that ye keep away from us."

On seeing this letter, I ordered out Sirdar Abdul Kudus Khan with a force from Bamian, General Shere Mahomed Khan from Kabul, and Brigadier Zabardast Khan from Herat, to punish the Hazaras in the spring of 1891. The command and full authority of these three officers was given to Sirdar Kudus Khan. The strongholds of the Hazaras were very difficult to take, owing to the awkward hills and the absence of roads. But Sirdar Kudus Khan fought bravely and wisely, and, having defeated the enemy, occupied the city of Uruzghan, which was the strongest centre of the Hazara people. After this defeat many of the chiefs submitted themselves to my rule, and the Sirdar sent them to Kabul to see me. I treated all who came (about 100) with great courtesy and very kindly, as I knew that they had been independent for centuries. I would not be harsh with them, but tried to win them over by kindness. I gave them all valuable khilats (robes of honour), and 1000 to 2000 rupees cash to each, which they considered abundant compensation for the loss of crops and harvests at the time when they were occupied in fighting. I then gave them leave to return to their homes.

The Hazaras remained quiet in the winter, but in the spring of 1892 they rebelled more seriously. Mahomed Azim Khan Hazara, to whom I had given the title of Sirdar, to give him equal rank with my royal family, and appointed as Viceroy of the Hazaras, treacherously joined the rebels, and was, in fact, the chief moving power in this second rebellion. This man, being a well-known official of my own appointing, exercised great influence over the general community

of the Hazaras, who rose to his call in large numbers against me; this time they had more reason than before.

Another traitor, named Kazi Usgar, who was looked upon as the spiritual and ecclesiastical head of the Hazaras, was the supporter of Azim in this rebellion. This time they closed the doors between Kabul and Kandahar and other parts of the country to stop the movement of my forces. I ordered General Mir Ata Khan of Herat, who was at Kabul with a strong army of about 8000 men, to march against them from the Ghazni side, and Mahomed Hussain, Hazara chief, who was one of my personal attendants, and enemy of the above-mentioned Mahomed Azim, from the southern direction, to march against the disloyal Sirdar Azim. The rebels were defeated, and Azim was brought prisoner to Kabul, together with his family, where he died in prison.

Mahomed Hussain Hazara, on returning to Kabul after this victory, was so kindly treated by me, that I gave him a diamond star and the hat of a prince; in fact, he was more honoured than any of his people or tribe, and, to crown all, I appointed him Governor of Hazarajat. As Sirdar Abdul Kudus Khan had been seriously ill, I invited him to come to Kabul to be treated by my physicians.

This traitor, Mahomed Hussain, who had been raised to such an exalted position in Hazarajat for his past services in battle, and upon whom I had bestowed so many honours, turned against me. He was not contented with inciting the newly conquered Hazaras to rebel, he further persuaded the Hazaras of Bihsud and Surkhsang, lying towards the north-west

of Ghazni, who had always been fierce subjects, to rebel. They plundered the Government war materials and ammunition and swords. This time the fire of rebellion blazed all over the country wherever the tribe of Hazaras existed — so much so that many of those men of the tribe who were prisoners at Kabul and those who were in personal attendance upon me, and very kindly treated by me as confidential servants, ran away and joined the rebels. The people of Dihafshar and Hazaras of other villages in the suburbs of Kabul went over to the enemy, and, as stated before, the Hazaras being mixed up with the Afghan population all over the country, the danger of a universal rising was great.

It was at this time that the Indian Government was pressing hard, on the one hand, to send their Mission, under Lord Roberts, with a strong army, which would have appeared to the Afghans as if the English were going to occupy the country because I could not manage the rebels myself. On the other hand, there were some troubles brewing at Maimana. Omra Khan of Bajaur was causing anxiety and threatening the Jellalabad forces, and the Indian Government would not allow him to be punished.

I was obliged to take all possible means to stop this general rebellion and anxiety.

I ordered the Commander-in-Chief, General Ghulam Haidar Khan, to march from Turkestan with all the army that he could muster. This force was to march against the Hazaras from the north-west, and another force from Herat, under the command of Kazi Said-ud-Din, Governor of Herat. I also sent Sirdar Abdullah Khan from Kandahar, and Brigadier Amir Mahomed

Khan of Taghab from Kabul, to march from the south-east. In this manner the rebels would be attacked from all directions.

Other Afghan chiefs had applied several times to raise a force of country people at their own expense to fight against the Hazaras, whom they looked upon as enemies to their country and religion. I had not given them permission to do this heretofore, but now I gave a general order that everybody would be allowed to go and help in the punishment of the rebels. The armed forces and volunteers who offered their services, numbering between 30,000 and 40,000 fighting men, started for the country of the Hazaras from all directions, under their respective chiefs and heads.

Before the arrival of these volunteers the Hazaras were defeated from three directions by the Commander-in-Chief, Said-ud-Din and Sirdar Abdullah Khan, who had all joined hands to fight with Brigadier Mahomed Khan, near Uruzghan. The Brigadier fought with very great courage and skill, and, having defeated the combined forces of the rebels, took prisoners Mahomed Hussain Khan, the traitorous Hazara chief; Rasul Khan, another Hazara statesman; Tajei Khan, the Mir of the Hazaras, and Mahomed Hassan Hazara, who was known by the name of Sangkhurd (=as hard as a stone, referring to his bravery), together with several other Mirs, chiefs, and warriors. All these prisoners were brought to Kabul, and the country was cleared of all these mischief-makers. The people are quiet, peaceful, orderly subjects, and all anxiety or fear of rebellion is at an end, and the

man is not to be found who could incite the people to rebellion, for he does not exist.

Brigadier Amir Mahomed Khan, on his return to Kabul, was made the first General in the army, and I appointed him as officer in charge of the capital of Kabul and the Royal Palace and my household. This is the greatest distinction for a military officer in Afghanistan, greater even than being Commander-in-Chief away from Kabul. This gallant General, however, deserved it, for his glorious victory. All the officers who took part in this war were rewarded according to their services. Some of the Hazaras asked to be re-appointed in their own country, but I think that the words of the poem appropriately describe the relations between the Hazaras and myself:—

> "As long as you remember your son and I remember my *tail*,
> To think of our friendship is an impossible *tale*."[1]

It may be said that the Hazara war which has just been described was the last civil war that occurred in Afghanistan, and I earnestly hope that there will be no more danger of civil war in this country, as I believe

[1] This is one of the favourite stories of the Amir, and he often relates it. The words quoted are supposed to have been spoken by a snake which had bitten the gardener's son. One day the gardener seized the snake and tried to kill him, but the snake rushed into his hole, and as he did so one half of him being inside, the other half outside, the gardener gave him a blow with his spade and cut off the snake's tail. This frightened the snake, who would not leave his hole any more in the daytime. The gardener, however, was anxious to catch and kill him. So one day he went to the hole, and said: "Oh, my dear friend, I myself and all the flowers of the garden miss you so very much; do come out and let us have your company; do not leave us wretched and unhappy at your absence!" The snake is supposed to have made the answer, given in the poem, to the gardener's sweet words, which mean: "As long as you remember that your son died from my biting him, and I remember that you cut off my tail, no friendship is possible between us."

that the policy adopted by me is calculated to keep a general peace at home. The Afghan subjects and chiefs are sufficiently enlightened to know the advantages of peace and the disadvantages of wars and rebellions, and I may confidently hope that my subjects will be as peaceful in the future as could be desired.

I have not considered it necessary, in this chapter dealing with the civil wars, to mention all the small skirmishes, such as those with the Shinwaris and other frontier robbers, or with Omra Khan of Jandol; they were of minor importance. I must, however, mention two or three skirmishes between my officials and the Russians, in addition to that of Panjdeh already mentioned, which was a battle of great importance. In the spring of 1892, Colonel Yanoff, the same Russian officer who arrested Captain Younghusband in August 1891, advanced towards Shignan, and in the month of July came in contact with the Afghan detachment under the command of Captain Shams-ud-Din Khan, at a place called Somatash, towards the extreme east of Yashilkol (=Yellow Lake). Colonel Yanoff ordered my official, Captain Shams-ud-Din, to get out and leave the place to him (Yanoff). The Captain replied that he was the servant of the Amir of Kabul, and was subject therefore only to the orders of his own master, and not to any Russian official. The Russian Colonel gave him one blow in the face with his fist. This was such an insult that the Afghan Officer could not allow it to pass, and at the moment Colonel Yanoff was pulling out his sword, the Captain pointed his revolver and fired at Yanoff. This bullet missed the Colonel, hitting only his belt, whence it glanced off

and wounded a soldier who stood by the Colonel's side, whereupon a fight took place. As there were altogether only ten or twelve Afghans, and Colonel Yanoff's force was a strong one, it was impossible to fight against such odds. Still with their usual bravery, Captain Shams-ud-Din and his Afghan soldiers fought till they were all killed on the spot.

Notwithstanding this illegal and impolitic action on the part of the Russians, no effectual steps were taken by the British Government, and of course I myself, being bound by the terms of my Treaty, had not the power to treat directly with Russia. This incident may be put down in the same category as the occurrences at Panjdeh.

At the time of the Hazara rebellion also, one of the Russian officials marched straight through Afghan territory; this was a distinct breach of faith on the part of the Russian official, but he excused himself when he found some Afghan officials watching him, on the ground that he was not sober.

In the month of September, 1893, the Russian officials, having heard that Sir Mortimer Durand's Mission was on its way to Kabul, marched one detachment of their soldiers to Murghab, an Afghan town of Badakshan, and threatened the Afghan forces there. On hearing this news I at once communicated with Sir Mortimer Durand (who had by this time reached Jellalabad, midway between Peshawar and Kabul), as well as with the Indian Government. Sir Mortimer sent an urgent reply to my letter, advising me most earnestly to instruct my General, Syad Shah Khan, who was near Murghab, not to fight against the

Russians, who were going to take this town by force, as usual.

But I knew that if the Russians were left to their usual practices, they would take one town after the other, and attack my forces on the borders, and there would be no stopping them. Luckily, however, the Afghan officials this time taught them a lesson, and showed them that they could not always have their own way. General Syad Shah Khan answered the Russian guns with a strong fire; and they, seeing that my soldiers meant business, and that there was to be no humbug this time, retreated, leaving the victory in the Afghans' hands. This victory added much to the prestige of the Afghan army. Since then the Russians seem to have stopped their incursions on Afghan territory, and this was the last of the skirmishes.

In consequence of the Durand Treaty of 1893, several provinces which came under the sphere of British influence, fought hard against the Indian Government, and fortunately those who were considered my subjects stuck to their Treaty and submitted to my rule without any trouble, excepting the Waziris, who tried their usual tactics, but without doing any harm. But one nation which did fight against me were the people of Kafiristan.[1]

I did not like to take by war the country of Kafiristan, which, by the Durand Treaty, was agreed to be part of Afghanistan. My idea was to make the people my peaceful subjects by kindness and clemency.

[1] This is a country or a series of mountain ranges lying towards the north and north-west of Afghanistan. Stan means "country" or "home," the word Kafiristan therefore means the home of the Kafirs, just as Afghanistan and Turkestan are the homes of the Afghans and Turkomans.

To accomplish this, I had several times invited many of their chiefs to come to Kabul, and sent them back overloaded with rupees and other rewards, so that they should go and talk about it with their countrymen. They were such savages, however, that they used to exchange their wives for cows from the neighbouring Afghans, and thus ensued many disputes whether the cow or the woman were of greater value. They did not appreciate my kindness, and with the money I had given them bought rifles to use in fighting against me.

About this time Russia, having taken Pamirs, drew near to Kafiristan from several points, and continued to advance. I considered it useless to wait any longer. The reasons that caused me to invade Kafiristan somewhat suddenly were as follows:—

(1) I thought that if the Russians took Kafiristan unexpectedly and suddenly, they would claim it as independent country, and would therefore say they were justified in keeping it, and I believed it would be difficult to force them to leave it after they had taken it.

(2) As many of the Afghan towns in the provinces of Panjshir Laghman and Jellalabad used to belong to the Kafirs in old times, the Russians might persuade them to reclaim their old possessions from the Afghan rulers. In this way it would cause the ruin of the Afghan Government, as it would give the Russians an excuse for interfering with the Afghans.

(3) That this warlike nation on the whole north-western border of Afghanistan, from east to west, would be the cause of great anxiety from the rear, at a time when my Government might be occupied in a war with any other country. It was also considered of very great importance to conquer them on account of commerce, trade, and the opening up of the roads

from Jellalabad, Osmar, and Kabul towards the north and north-western army stations of Afghanistan. The last, but not the least, reason for my conquering them was that they were always fighting with the neighbouring Afghans, many murders being the result on both sides; and the miserable system of slavery was also encouraged. They were such a brave race of people that I considered they would in time make very useful soldiers under my rule.

For the above reasons, I was determined to conquer Kafiristan. Before doing so, however, I had to consider the question of preparation and the best time for invading the country. The former was not a difficult matter; the latter, however, required grave thought. After some deliberation, I came to the conclusion that my army must make the attack in the winter, when heavy snows and frost cover the peaks of the mountains. My reasons for choosing the winter for attack were these:—

(1) I knew that the Kafirs would not and could not fight in the open field against my brave trained soldiers, but would climb to the tops of the mountains, where it would be very difficult to convey the heavy guns.

(2) I thought that if I attacked them when the passes were open, they might go over into Russian territory, to try and persuade the Russians to interfere on their behalf and get their country back for them; in which case Russia would claim suzerainty over the country, including the whole territory lying on the northern and western borders of my country.

(3) They are a brave nation, and if the attack were made in the summer, fighting would be severe. Now this would entail great loss of life on both sides; I therefore decided to descend upon them when they were shut up in their house during the winter months, without giving them the chance of much fighting.

(4) It is the habit of some Christian missionaries to interfere

wherever they have an opportunity, and I thought that they would make unnecessary trouble about my conquering Kafiristan; it was therefore necessary to lose no time in getting the fighting over and annex the country before the news could be spread abroad. In this last point those who have read the criticisms in some of the English papers will know that I was not wrong.

I accordingly made the following arrangements for invading Kafiristan. During the autumn I quietly massed a large number of soldiers, war materials, ammunition, and provisions at four stations. The main body was under several military officers of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, the whole force being under the command of Captain Mahomed Ali Khan. This column was to march through Panjshir to Kullum, the strongest and most central fort in Kafiristan. The second force was to march under the command of General Ghulam Haidar Khan, Charkhi, from the direction of Asmar and Chitral. The third force was to march from Badakshan under General Katal Khan, and a small force was to march from Laghman under the Governor of Laghman and Faiz Mahomed, Charkhi.

These four columns were all ready and waiting for orders to march at any moment. As the four stations at which the army was concentrated were on the borders of Afghanistan, and therefore at all times important military posts, nobody thought that there was anything peculiar in these preparations. Until the very moment of the attack no one had any idea that the object of all this concentration was the surprise and attack of Kafiristan. In the winter of 1895, therefore, orders were one day issued for the four

columns of the army to surround and simultaneously attack Kafiristan from all directions. This was successfully accomplished, and within forty days the whole country of Kafiristan was conquered, and the army marched back to Kabul in the spring of 1896. When the Christian missionaries heard of this, they made a great stir in England, saying that the Kafirs were their fellow Christians—though I did not find any Christians among them! Their religion, about which I have written in a separate book, was a curious mixture of ancient idol worships and superstitions.

I removed those Kafirs who had fought bravely and had been taken prisoners from their own country, and gave them a province called Paghman, near Kabul, where the climate is beautiful and the weather much resembles their own. I have opened several schools for their education, but, being a very brave nation, nearly all the young generation is being trained for military service. Kafiristan has been largely populated by retired Afghan soldiers and other warlike Afghan races, and I intend building strong forts all along the border to protect the northern frontier. When the Kafirs inhabited the country, this border was weak and entirely unprotected; it was therefore at the mercy of the Russians, who had taken Pamirs. I intend to make the fort of Kullum (which is situated in the heart of Kafiristan in the most impregnable part of the country, owing to its strong position) the military station for the main body of my army on the northern frontier. Here also will be large stores of war materials and ammunition. It will be interest-

ing to my readers to hear that a stone was found at the gate of the fort of Kullum, on which these words were engraved:

> "The Great Mogul Emperor Timour was the first Muslim conqueror who vanquished the country of this unruly people up to this point, but could not take Kullum, owing to its difficult position."

My commanding officer, Captain Mahomed Ali Khan, engraved the following inscription upon the same stone:

> "In the reign of Amir Abdur Rahman Ghazi, in 1896, the whole of Kafiristan, *including Kullum*, was conquered by him, and the inhabitants embraced the true and holy religion of Islam, and engraved a verse from the Koran, which means: 'Righteousness and virtue have come, and untruth has disappeared.'"

In this war, as in the war with the Hazaras, the Muslim community of Afghanistan offered their services voluntarily. I will also add that this was the last war in Afghanistan during my reign.

CHAPTER XII

REFUGEES AND EXILES

THERE is another matter that I consider as of very great importance during my lifetime, and which may prove to be one of vital importance after my death, in strengthening the claim of my son to the throne. I have tried by every possible means to increase the number of the rulers and chiefs of the neighbouring states of Afghanistan about my Court, as well as to gather together there the most influential followers of my rivals, either from India or Russia. Most of these men are, by my orders, the personal attendants of my son, and their association is of such an intimate character that many of them are his closest friends. These friends would prove useful to him, not only as experienced advisers in cases of emergency, but their influence is, and would be, of very great importance in increasing the number of followers of my family. I might class these chiefs under four heads:

(1) Those who were rulers on the north-western frontier of Afghanistan, and have sought protection at my Court, owing to their countries having been taken by Russia. Such are Mir Sorabeg, ex-King of Kolab, and his family; Shah Mahmud,

ex-King of Darwaz, and his family; Tarah Ismail of Roshan, son of the King of Bokhara, and several others.

(2) Some Mirs and chiefs from the same neighbourhood, such as Mir Yussif Ali's family, Mir Jahandar, Mir Hakim's family and relatives, whose countries were annexed by myself in the early years of my reign.

(3) Those who, having fought either with Great Britain, or, being discontented with the friendship of Great Britain, have come under my protection, such as Omra Khan, Mir Murad Ali, and other frontier chiefs.

(4) Those who were either in exile from Afghanistan, or who were companions and supporters of certain rivals of my family. These last I may mention under five headings:

> (i.) Those who had their own separate parties, such as Sirdar Nur Ali Khan and other sons of Shere Ali Wali of Kandahar, who are now with me, having left India; Sirdar Mahomed Hassan Khan, who fought against robbers (he was also in India, but now at my Court); Sirdar Ibrahim Khan, son of Amir Shere Ali, who is still in India (he is my friend and pensioner); Syad Ahmad Khan of Kunar, who is also with me now; Sirdar Ali Mahomed Khan and other sons of my uncle, Sirdar Wali Mahomed Khan, etc.
>
> (ii.) The second class are those who were supporters and companions of Ayub Khan, who had the strongest number of followers of all my rivals. I need not mention them one by one, but they have all deserted him except a few, and amongst them there are not many who are not in my pay and discontented with him.
>
> (iii.) Those who were supporters of Yakub Khan, some of whom have entered my service. Practically no man of any importance is with him. In the same way, the followers of Sirdar Hashim Khan have also deserted him, excepting a few servants of no consequence.
>
> (iv.) The fourth class consists of those people who lived

in exile in India, Russia, or Russian Turkestan, who had no parties of their own, nor did they belong to any other party. They had either run away from Afghanistan for some reason, or had been sent out of the country by me on account of misbehaviour. There are very few of this latter class who, when they applied to me, were not forgiven and invited to come back to their own country and homes.

(v.) The fifth class are those who ran away with the disloyal Ishak after his rebellion in 1888, as before mentioned. His own brothers are at present in my service. The rest of his followers are receiving my full attention, and will return to their homes and become peaceful subjects in the future.

In this way no rival to the throne of Kabul exists to disturb my son's peace. It is an obvious fact that even if the greatest warrior were induced by any great Power to fight against Afghanistan, he could not do anything single-handed, without army or followers. I can quite understand the tactics of diplomatists in keeping the rivals of the neighbouring sovereigns in their own hands as hostages to hold them in check in case they do not agree to their concessions. But the tree whose roots have been cut off cannot stand any longer, nor can a building stand without foundation. I hope my sons will follow my example and advice in this policy also, and give a home to all men of any importance from neighbouring countries who seek protection in their dominions. Such people will always be of use in supporting them, as well as in opposing their enemies.

END OF VOL I.

PRINTED AT THE EDINBURGH PRESS
9 AND 11 YOUNG STREET

Telegraphic Address—
GUIDEBOOK, LONDON.

ALBEMARLE STREET, W.,
October, 1900.

MR. MURRAY'S
LIST OF
FORTHCOMING WORKS.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW,

No. 384.—OCTOBER, 1900.

MALARIA AND THE MOSQUITO (*illustrated*).

CHARLES LAMB.

MOROCCO, PAST AND PRESENT.

RECENT POLITICAL THEORY AND PRACTICE.

ELIZABETHAN SPORT.

LONGINUS AND THE TREATISE ON THE SUBLIME.

7. THE NOVELS OF M. ANATOLE FRANCE.

8. EARLY SCOTTISH HISTORY.

9. THE COMING PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

10. FEDERATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

11. ENGLISH PATRIOTIC POETRY.

12. THE CHINESE CRISIS.

13. THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Price 6*s*.

THE LIFE OF ABDUR RAHMAN,
AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN.

Edited by MIR MUNSHI SULTAN MOHAMMAD KHAN,
Secretary of State of Afghanistan.

With Portrait, Maps, and Illustrations. *Demy 8vo.* *2 Vols.*

NTENTS:—*Vol. I.*—EARLY YEARS—FLIGHT FROM BALKH TO BOKHARA—
E WITH SHERE ALI—AMIR AZIM—IN SAMARKAND—IN BADAKSHAN—MY
N TO THE THRONE—ADMINISTRATION—THE ANNEXATION OF HERAT—
NS OF THE COUNTRY AT THE TIME OF MY ACCESSION—WARS DURING MY
N—REFUGEES AND EXILES.

CONTENTS:—*Vol. II.*—MY SUCCESSOR TO THE THRONE OF KABUL: THE
NS I TOOK FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF PROGRESS IN COMMERCE, INDUSTRIES,
ARTS—GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS—A FEW DETAILS OF MY DAILY LIFE—
-AFGHAN RELATIONS—THE BOUNDARIES OF AFGHANISTAN AND THE DURAND
SION—THE FUTURE OF AFGHANISTAN—ENGLAND, RUSSIA, AND AFGHANISTAN.

THE GROWTH OF GREATER BRITAIN.

A READER FOR SCHOOLS.

Compiled and Edited by ELIZABETH LEE,

Author of "A School History of English Literature," etc. Editor of "Cowper's Task and Minor Poems," etc.

Price 2*s.* [*Shortly*

This School Reader is conceived on novel lines. The extracts are arranged in sections, comprising "The English Colonies up to 1800," "Australia," "India," "South Africa," etc; and the story of these periods of British history is told by the actual explorers, navigators, colonists, and statesmen who were instrumental in the expansion of England at the time. The selections range from the works of Sir Walter Raleigh to the speeches of Lord Beaconsfield, and include yet more modern authorities. There will be a literary introduction, weaving the threads together, and the extracts will be supplied with biographical and historical notes. The name of the author, who is a contributor to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, carries assurance that the editorial work will be well done.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

SMALL BOAT SAILING;

OR, PRACTICAL HINTS FOR PRACTICAL YACHTSMEN

By E. F. KNIGHT,

Author of "Where Three Empires Meet," "The Cruise of the Falcon," &c.

With numerous Illustrations.

Crown 8*vo.*

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

A HERO OF TIRAH.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN HAUGHTON, COMMANDANT OF THE 36TH SIKHS.

A Memoir by Major A. C. YATE,

2nd (Duke of Connaught's Own) Baluch Battalion; F.R.G.S.; Author of "England and Russia face to face in Asia," etc.

With Photogravure Portraits and many Illustrations.

Demy 8*vo.* 12*s. net.*

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

THE REFORMATION.

A RELIGIOUS AND HISTORICAL SKETCH.

By the Rev. J. A. BABINGTON, M.A.

Demy 8*vo.*

CONTENTS:—Introductory—The Distinctive Doctrines of the Refor-ation—The Reformation in Germany and German Switzerland—T[he] Reformation in the Scandinavian Kingdoms—The Reformation in Gen[eva] and France—The Reformation in the Low Countries—The Reformati[on] in England—The Reformation in Scotland.

THE LIFE OF PARIS.

By RICHARD WHITEING.

Author of "No. 5, John Street," etc.

CONTENTS:—i. The Government Machine—ii. Parisian Pastimes—iii. [A]rtistic Paris—iv. Life on the Boulevard—v. Fashionable Paris.

Large Crown 8vo. 6s.

SOME FORTHCOMING NOVELS.

[M]ARY E. WILKINS.

THE HEART'S HIGHWAY.

[A] ROMANCE OF VIRGINIA IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

By MARY E. WILKINS,

With a Frontispiece by F. M. Du Mond.

[L]arge Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Just published and already a second impression has been called for.*

[H]ORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

JOHN CHARITY.

A TALE OF THE EARLY PART OF HER MAJESTY'S REIGN.

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL,

Author of "The Procession of Life," etc.

Large Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Just published.*

[A]RTHUR H. NORWAY.

PARSON PETER.

A NEW NOVEL.

By ARTHUR H. NORWAY,

Large Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Just published.*

[L]EONARD MERRICK.

THE WORLDLINGS.

A NEW NOVEL.

By LEONARD MERRICK,

Author of "The Actor Manager," "One Man's View," &c.

Large Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Just published.*

THE HONOURABLE Mrs. WALTER FORBES.

A GENTLEMAN.

A NEW NOVEL.

By THE HONOURABLE Mrs. WALTER FORBES,

Author of "Blight."

Large Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Just publis*…

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

Miss LILLIAS HAMILTON, M.D.

A VIZIER'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE HAZARA WAR.

By LILLIAS HAMILTON, M.D.,

Some time Medical Adviser to ABDUR RAHMAN, Amir of Afghanistan.

With Illustrations. *Crown 8vo.* 6s. [*Immedia*…

Miss Hamilton's name is well known to the public. As the Amir's medi… adviser, she has had opportunities of studying the inner life of the Court … people of Afghanistan such as probably no other European, certainly no othe… European lady, has enjoyed.

In her preface Dr. Hamilton writes, "To explain everything would be to tell … much, to get down to the dregs and stir up a sediment that is perhaps better left t… settle. To half explain would lead to misconstruction, and for this reason many o… my greatest difficulties in Cabul, and therefore the most interesting incidents in m… life there, arose from sources not Afghan in origin. An autobiography of my sojourn in the Capital of Afghanistan would therefore necessarily entail man… explanations that for very obvious reasons it is better not to enter into. To get ove… this difficulty I have written 'A Vizier's Daughter,' every character in which is drawn from a model, and should therefore, as far as it goes, give an accurat… description of one phase at any rate of Afghan life. . . . . I write of what … saw and heard and of persons whom I knew as intimately as one can ever know … people so far removed from us in thought and education.

"Gul Begum told me much, the Hakim a good deal, but far more is wha… actually passed before my own eyes. I have in fact transposed some incidents, an… have drawn pictures of events which took place years before I went to Cabul, fron scenes which occurred while I was there."

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

ARTHUR HENRY.

A PRINCESS OF ARCADY.

A NEW NOVEL.

By ARTHUR HENRY.

Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Immediately*…

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS ("Uncle Remus").

ON THE WING OF OCCASIONS.

STORIES OF THE SECRET SERVICE IN AMERICA DURING THE WAR OF 1860–1.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

The Author of "Uncle Remus."

Crown 8*vo*. 6*s*. [*Immediately*.

A NEW STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

A SEA KING'S MIDSHIPMAN.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE FAMOUS LORD COCHRANE (AFTERWARDS LORD DUNDONALD).

By A. LEE KNIGHT.

With 12 Illustrations by MONRO S. ORR.

Crown 8*vo*. 6*s*. [*Immediately*.

A POPULAR EDITION.

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES

BY MEANS OF NATURAL SELECTION;

By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.

With a Photogravure Portrait of the Author.

Large Crown 8*vo*. 2*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

∴ Since this work will shortly fall into the public domain, it was decided to issue this autumn an edition in large type, well bound and well printed, at a price which will bring it within the reach of all; an edition, moreover, which should be thoroughly accurate and trustworthy, and which should rather do justice to the memory of the Author and the greatness of his subject than be a source of much profit to his representatives or his publisher.

[*Just published and already in its fifth thousand.*

ATONEMENT AND PERSONALITY.

By R. C. MOBERLY, D.D.,

Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology, Oxford; Author of "Ministerial Priesthood."

Demy 8*vo*. 14*s*

DANGEROUS TRADES.

THE HISTORICAL, SOCIAL AND LEGAL ASPECTS OF INDUSTRI OCCUPATIONS AS AFFECTING PUBLIC HEALTH.

BY A NUMBER OF EXPERTS.

Edited by Dr. T. OLIVER, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P.

With Illustrations. Demy 8vo.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION—DR. T. OLIVER.

GENERAL HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE LEGISLATION FOR DANGEROUS TRADES Miss ANDERSON, H.M. Principal Lady Inspector of Factories.

PROSPECTIVE LEGISLATION FOR DANGEROUS TRADES—MR. H. J. TENNANT, M

OCCUPATIONAL MORTALITY—DR. JOHN TATHAM, Registrar-General.

WOMEN'S LABOUR AND INFANTILE MORTALITY—DR. REID, Stafford.

CHILD LABOUR—MRS. H. J. TENNANT.

HOME INDUSTRY AND FACTORY LIFE—MR. COOKE TAYLOR, H.M. Superintend Inspector of Factories.

DISEASES ARISING FROM POISONOUS OR IRRITATING DUSTS AND VAPOURS:—

(1) *Lead* (with mention of *Antimony*): Possibilities for harm in Industri Manufacture of Earthenware; Chromo-Lithography; Ironplate E melling; Type Foundries; Dyeing; Typesetting—Linotyping; Elect Accumulator Works; Plumbing; Coachbuilding; House Painting; Making—DR. T. OLIVER. Electrical Treatment for Lead Poisoning Dr. H. LEWIS JONES. Prevention of Lead Poisoning in Potteries means of leadless glazes—PROFESSOR THORPE, C.B., F.R.S.

(2) *Arsenic:* Possibilities for harm in Industries; Manufacture of Wall Pape Artificial Flowers—Mr. MALCOLM MORRIS, F.R.C.S.

(3) *Pottery and China:* Flint Dust, etc.—DR. T. OLIVER.

(4) *Basic Slag:* DR. JOHN HEDLEY, Middlesbrough.

(5) *Ganister:*

(6) *Steel Grinding:* DR. SINCLAIR WHITE, Sheffield.

(7) *Phosphorus:* Manufacture; Matchmaking—PROFESSOR THORPE, C.B., F R

(8) *Mercury:* Hatters, Furriers' Trade; Thermometer Makers; Silvering Mirrors; Sole-stitching—DR. MORRISON LEGGE.

(9) *Bichromate of Potassium and Soda.*—DR. MORRISON LEGGE.

(10) *Bisulphide of Carbon and Naphtha:* India-rubber—Dr. JUDSON BURY.

(11) *Dinitro Benzole*—DR. PROSSER WHITE.

(12) *Dry Cleaning*—DR. T. OLIVER.

(13) *Inflammable Paints:* Use of for Ships—DR. T. OLIVER.

(14) *Calcium Carbide.*

EYE DISEASES AND INDUSTRIAL OCCUPATIONS:—

Machinery; Steel Grinding; Electric Welding; Coal Mining—MR. SIMEON SNEL F.R.C.S., Sheffield.

MINES:—

Lead—DR. T. OLIVER.

Coal, Tin, and Ironstone—DR. LE NÈVE FOSTER.

Carbon Monoxide—Coal Mines—DR. HALDANE.

Quarries—DR. BROWN, Bacup, and DR. KELYNACK, Manchester

[*continued next pa*

Diseases of Animal and Vegetable Origin:—
Anthrax: Hides; Horsehair; Wool-combing—Dr. Hamer. Shoddy and Cleansing of Rags; Storing of Blankets—Dr. Erskine Stuart, Batley.
Ill Health due to Working in Confined Air, Overheating, Moisture:—
Cotton—Dr. Wheatley, Blackburn.
Flax and Hemp—Dr. Purdon, Belfast.
Caisson Disease (use of compressed air in tunnel making)—Dr. T. Oliver.
Laundries, Dye Works—Miss Deane, H.M. Inspector of Factories.
Fruit-Preserving, Fish-Curing—Miss Paterson, H.M. Inspector of Factories.

Chemical Trades—Mr. A. Lawrie.
Electrical Generating Works—Captain H. P. Smith, R.N., H.M. Inspector of Factories.
Dock Yards, Wharves, and Quays—Messrs. Eraut and Maitland, H.M. Inspectors of Factories.
Health in the Mercantile Marine—Dr. Collingridge, Medical Officer of Health, Port of London.
Fencing of Machinery—Mr. Richmond, H.M. Inspector of Factories.
Warming and Lighting, Ventilation of Factories and Workshops—Mr. E. H. Osborn, H.M. Inspector of Factories.
Sanitation and Drainage—Dr. Niven, Medical Officer of Health, Manchester.
Comparative Survey of Legislation in England and other Countries—Miss Anderson, H.M. Principal Lady Inspector of Factories.
Administrative and Protective Measures—Dr. Whitelegge.

THE GREEK THINKERS.

By Professor THEODORE GOMPERZ,

Of Vienna University,

Hon. LL.D., Dublin; Ph.D. Königsberg, &c.

Demy 8vo.

VOLUME I.:—The Geography of Greece—National Greek Characteristics—The Art of Writing—Colonies—Commerce—Society—Religion—Anthropomorphism—Homer—Hesiod—Ionian Nature Philosophy—Thales—Anaximander—Anaximenes—Heraclitus—The Orphics and Orphic Cosmogony—Pherecydes—Pythagoras and his Disciples—Xenophanes—Parmenides—Anaxagoras—Empedocles—The Historians—Hecatæus—Herodotus as Monotheist, Critic and Positivist—The Age of Enlightenment and Emancipation—The Physicians—Atomism—Mental and Moral Sciences—Sophists—Protagoras—Gorgias—The Advance of Historical Science.

Translated by LAURIE MAGNUS, M.A.,

Magdalen College, Oxford.

This account of Greek Philosophy by the author of the standard German translation of J. S. Mill's "Logic," is inspired by the endeavour to do justice to the chief tendencies in all departments of ancient thought. Composed throughout in a clear and popular style, the work will be found to combine in a singular degree the resources of an almost encyclopædic learning, with an appreciation of the results of modern science and of the dependence of the civilisation of the present on that of past ages. The "Greek Thinkers" in this sense include the leaders of religion or literature, and of the special sciences.

VOLUME II., containing Plato, is now nearly completed and is already in course of translation.

A TREATISE ON MEDICAL JURISPRUDEN

BASED ON LECTURES DELIVERED AT UNIVERSITY COLLEC LONDON.

By G. VIVIAN POORE, M.D.

8vo.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ENGLISH BIBI

BEING AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE SUCCESSIVE VERSIONS.

By HENRY W. HOARE, M.A.

Crown 8vo.

MEDIEVAL ENGLAND AND THE BIBLE—THE BIBLE AND SCHOLASTICISM — WYCLIFFE—WILLIAM TYNDALE—THE COVERDALE, MATTHEW, AND GREAT B —THE GENEVAN, DOUAI AND BISHOPS BIBLES—THE AUTHORIZED VERS THE WORK OF REVISION—WYCLIFFE'S DOCTRINE OF DOMINION—THE " LATIN" AND THE VULGATE, ETC.

THE LIFE OF GILBERT WHITE,

OF SELBORNE.

Author of the "Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne."

BASED ON LETTERS, JOURNALS, AND OTHER DOCUMENTS IN THE POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY, AND NOT HITHERTO PUBLISHED.

By his Great Grand-Nephew, RASHLEIGH HOLT-WHITE.

With Photogravure Portraits and numerous Illustrations from family pictures, &c.

2 *Vols. Demy* 8*vo.*

Mr. Holt-White, who is the present head of the White family, has had access t MSS., journals, account books, and other unpublished papers of the naturalist addition to many letters of his, hitherto entirely unknown and unpublished, ar large and most interesting series of letters from his life-long friend and contempor the Rev. J. Mulso.

An interesting record of a visit to Selborne in the Summer of 1763, in the sha of a journal kept by one of the "Miss Batties," to whom the well known verses "Selborne Hanger—a Winter-piece" were addressed in the Autumn of that year Gilbert White, is also printed for the first time.

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE I HON. HUGH CULLING EARDLEY CHILDERS.

By h s Son, LIEUT.-COLONEL SPENCER CHILDERS, R.E., C.B.

With numerous Portraits and Illustrations. Demy 8vo.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

THE BIRDS OF SIBERIA.

By the late HENRY SEEBOHM.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S LATEST CORRECTIONS.

Edited by F. H. H. GUILLEMARD.

With numerous Illustrations. Large 8vo. 12s. net.

Mr. Henry Seebohm's two volumes "Siberia in Europe" and "Siberia in Asia," ve been out of print for several years. It was the author's intention to amalgamate e two into one, omitting the more ephemeral portions and so forming one book, ring the result of his ornithological travels and researches in the North. He had de considerable progress with the work at the time of his death and it has now en completed by Dr. Guillemard, the author of the "Cruise of the Marchesa," &c.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

A NEW WORK BY PROFESSOR E. B. TYLOR.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF RELIGION.

ASED ON THE GIFFORD LECTURES DELIVERED IN ABERDEEN IN 1889–90 AND 1890–91:

By Professor EDWARD BURNETT TYLOR, D.C.L.,
Keeper of the Museum, Oxford,
Author of "Primitive Culture," "The Early History of Mankind."

With Illustrations.

8vo. 16s

A NEW EDITION OF

CROWE & CAVALCASELLE'S HISTORY OF PAINTING.

A HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ITALY BASED ON MATERIALS DRAWN FROM TH ARCHIVES OF ITALY, AND FROM PERSONAL INSPECTION OF THE WORKS OF AR SCATTERED THROUGHOUT EUROPE.

By J. A. CROWE and G. B. CAVALCASELLE.

PAINTING IN ITALY, UMBRIA, FLORENCE AND SIENA, FROM THE 2ND TO THE 16TH CENTURY.

Three Volumes. With upwards of 200 Illustrations. Demy 8vo.

WITH EDITORIAL NOTES BY Professor DOUGLAS, assisted by S. A. STRONG Librarian of the House of Lords.

PAINTING IN NORTH ITALY, VENICE, PADUA, VICENZA VERONA, FERRARA, MILAN, FRIULI, BRESCIA, FROM THE 14TH TO THE 16TH CENTURY.

Two Volumes. Demy 8vo. [*In contemplati*.

This standard work has been for many years out of print, and second-hand copies have commanded a very high price. The new Edition will contain the final correction of Sir Joseph Crowe, which, for the first two volumes at any rate, are so thoroug as to amount in parts almost to a re-writing of the book.

IN TUSCANY.

TUSCAN TOWNS—TUSCAN TYPES—THE TUSCAN TONGUE, ETC., ETC

"Cara e beata e benedetta Toscana Patria d'ogni eleganza e d'ogni gentil costume, e sede eterna di civiltà"—LEOPARDI.

By MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL,
British Vice-Consul for West Tuscany.

THE TUSCAN TEMPERAMENT—TUSCAN TYPES—FRA PACIFICO—MY UNPAID FACTOTUM—MY COOK—MY SERVING MAN—MY GARDENER—MY VETTURINO—THE POOR IDIOT—THE VERY REVEREND CANON DOMENICO PUCCI—THE TUSCAN TONGUE—TUSCAN TOWNS, LEGHORN, LUCCA, PISA, VOLTERRA, PORTOFERRAIO AND THE ISLAND OF ELBA—A TUSCAN SANCTUARY—A TUSCAN SUMMER RESORT—THE TUSCAN TUNBRIDGE—A TUSCAN GAME—TUSCAN GAMBLING.

With numerous Illustrations.

Large Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

OUR NAVAL HEROES.

By VARIOUS WRITERS.

With a Preface by Rear-Admiral Lord CHARLES BERESFORD.

With Portraits. Demy 8vo. 16s.

1. ADMIRAL VISCOUNT EXMOUTH. By FLEETWOOD HUGO PELLEW.
2. ADMIRAL SIR FRANCIS DRAKE. By L. G. CARR LAUGHTON.
3. ADMIRAL VISCOUNT BRIDPORT. By General Viscount BRIDPORT, G.C.B., and the Hon. ALEXANDER NELSON HOOD.
4. ADMIRAL VISCOUNT HOOD. By General Viscount BRIDPORT and the Hon. ALEXANDER NELSON HOOD.
5. VICE-ADMIRAL SIR SAMUEL HOOD. By Admiral Sir RICHARD VESEY HAMILTON, G.C.B.
6. ADMIRAL LORD HAWKE. By Lord HAWKE and L. G. CARR LAUGHTON.
7. KING EDWARD III. By the Hon. ALEXANDER NELSON HOOD.
8. ADMIRAL LORD ANSON. By the EARL OF LICHFIELD.
9. ROBERT BLAKE, Admiral and General-at-Sea. By Major E. J. BLAKE.
10. ADMIRAL EARL HOWE. By Viscount CURZON, M.P.
11. ADMIRAL ARTHUR HERBERT, Earl of Torrington. By Vice-Admiral P. H. COLOMB.
12. ADMIRAL LORD GRAVES. By Lord GRAVES and Colonel FRANK GRAVES.
13. ADMIRAL-OF-THE-FLEET EARL ST. VINCENT. By Viscount ST. VINCENT and L. G. CARR LAUGHTON.
14. ADMIRAL-OF-THE-FLEET SIR THOMAS BYAM MARTIN, BART. By Sir RICHARD BYAM MARTIN, Bart., and Admiral Sir RICHARD VESEY HAMILTON.
15. ADMIRAL SIR THOMAS TROUBRIDGE. By Commander ERNEST TROUBRIDGE, R.N.
16. COMMODORE JOHN WATSON. By W. ROBERTS.
17. ADMIRAL VERNON. By VERNON VENABLES KYRKE and Major ARTHUR VENABLES KYRKE.
18. ADMIRAL LORD RODNEY. By W. E. GREY.
19. NELSON. By EARL NELSON and L. G. CARR LAUGHTON.

This series of nineteen short biographies includes not only our great admirals, but also a certain number of the many distinguished officers who have not commanded fleets in historic actions.

The story of each hero is (unless prevented by exceptional circumstances) related by one of his descendants, and, when possible, by the head of the family. The majority of the portraits are taken from family pictures.

THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON.

A NEW TEXT, COLLATED WITH THE ORIGINAL MSS. AND REVISED PROOFS, WHICH ARE STILL IN EXISTENCE, WITH MANY HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED ADDITIONS.

This will be the most complete Edition of Lord Byron's Works, as no other Editors have had access to the original MSS.

With Portraits and Illustrations. To be completed in 12 Vols. Crown 8vo. 6s. each.

POETRY.

Edited by ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Vol. I. THE EARLY POEMS.
Vol. II. CHILDE HAROLD
Vol. III. THE GIAOUR, BRIDE OF ABYDOS, CORSAIR, ETC.
Vol. IV. PRISONER OF CHILLON, MANFRED, BEPPO, MAZEPPA, VISION OF JUDGMENT, MARINO FALIERO, ETC., ETC.

[*In the Press.*

LETTERS.

Edited by ROWLAND E. PROTHERO.

Vol I. 1788 to 1811.
Vol. II. 1811 to 1814.
Vol. III. 1814 to 1816.
Vol. IV. 1816 to 1820.
Vol. V. 1820 to 1822. [*In progress.*

N.B.—The EDITION DE LUXE, crown 4to, 21*s*. net per volume, has all been disposed of; a few copies may remain in the hands of some booksellers.

A NEW WORK BY YVES GUYOT.

BOER POLITICS.

AN ANSWER TO SOME PRO-BOER STATEMENTS, BASED ON FACTS AND DOCUMENTS.

By YVES GUYOT,
Editor of *Le Siècle*, Paris.

Large Crown 8vo, paper covers. 2*s*.

There is no Frenchman who has done more to stem the tide of anti-English feeling on the Continent in regard to South African affairs than M. Yves Guyot, the distinguished editor of *Le Siècle*. This work is mainly an answer to the charges and assertions of Dr. Kuyper, but it deals with the whole question in such a masterly way, that it is most desirable that it should be brought before the general public in England in the form of a translation, with the Author's most recent additions.

THE PAINTERS OF FLORENCE.

FROM THE THIRTEENTH TO THE SIXTEENTH CENTURIES.

A HANDY BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN ITALY AND STUDENTS OF ART

By JULIA CARTWRIGHT (Mrs. ADY).

With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LT.-GENERAL SIR HARRY SMITH, BART., OF ALIWAL, G.C.B.

Edited by G. C. MOORE SMITH.

WITH SOME ADDITIONAL CHAPTERS SUPPLIED BY HIM.

Demy 8vo.

CHRISTMAS IN FRENCH CANADA.

By LOUIS FRECHETTE,

With Illustrations by

FREDERICK SIMPSON COBURN.

This volume, by an author whose name is familiar to everyone acquainted with the best Canadian literature of to-day, affords a charming insight into some of the old Christmas customs and traditions of the Dominion.

Large Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE GREEK AND PERSIAN WAR.

By G. BRENDON GRUNDY,

Brasenose College, Oxford.

Demy 8vo.

This book will deal in detail with the campaign of Marathon, and with those of the years 480–479 B.C. The author has personally examined the scenes of the great events recorded, and has made surveys of Thermopylæ and Platæa for the purpose of the work. There will be introductory chapters on the relation between the Greeks and the Oriental monarchies prior to the year 490 B.C. The book will be fully illustrated by maps, photographs, and sketches of the main sites of interest,

THE COMPLETE AUTHORITATIVE EDITION OF

GEORGE BORROW'S WORKS.

Large Crown 8vo. 6s. each.

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN.

Edited with Notes and Glossary by ULICK BURKE.

With Two Etchings, a Photogravure, and a Map, in One Volume.

"We commend it heartily to all lovers of Borrow as the best one-volume edition of the immortal 'Bible in Spain' yet published."—*Manchester Guardian.*

LAVENGRO.

A NEW EDITION, ILLUSTRATED.

Collated with and Revised by the Original MSS., with the suppressed portions now for the first time restored, and the whole annotated

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF GEORGE BORROW."

WITH A PHOTOGRAVURE PORTRAIT, AND EIGHT PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES BY PERCY WADHAM.

THE ROMANY RYE.

A NEW EDITION, ILLUSTRATED,

Collated with and Revised by the original MSS., with the suppressed portions now for the first time restored, and the whole annotated.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF GEORGE BORROW."

ILLUSTRATED WITH SEVEN PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES, AND A PHOTOGRAVURE BY F. G. KITTON.

THE GYPSIES OF SPAIN.

THEIR MANNERS, CUSTOMS, RELIGION, AND LANGUAGE.

[*Nearly ready.*

WILD WALES.

WITH A PHOTOGRAVURE AND TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. S. HARTRICK, [*In preparation*

LORD MONBODDO,

AND SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

By Professor KNIGHT, of St. Andrew's,

Author of "A Life of Wordsworth," "The Philosophy of the Beautiful," etc.

With Portraits. Demy 8vo. 16*s.*

Lord Monboddo was a distinguished Scottish Judge, and a prominent if not the central member of a brilliant literary circle in Britain during the eighteenth century. As a lawyer he is chiefly remembered in connection with the famous Douglas cause, which involved succession to vast estates in Scotland. As a literary reader and philosopher, his fame rests on his vindication of Greek study, especially of Plato and Aristotle, and on his anthropological anticipation of Darwin's theory of the descent of man. As author, he contributed two great works to the philosophical literature of his country, viz.: *Ancient Metaphysics* and the *Origin of Language*. Amongst his correspondents were James Harris (author of *Hermes*), Sir William Jones, Sir John Pringle, Welbore Ellis, Dugald Stewart, Sir George Baker, Bishop Samuel Horsley, Richard Price, etc. Amongst his friends were David Hume, Adam Smith-Fergusson (the poet), Carlyle of Inveresk, Dr. Robertson, Sir Gilbert Elliot, and Sir John Dalrymple, Lords Loughbrough, Elibank, etc.

The volume will contain (1) a new Life of Monboddo, drawn from family MSS. and other sources; (2) an estimate of his literary rank and philosophical position; (3) his own essay-letters—for such they were—to his literary friends, and theirs to him, which will now be published for the first time.

DOCTRINAL SERMONS.

By the late BENJAMIN JOWETT, M.A.,

Master of Balliol.

Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE DAWN OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY.

A HISTORY OF EXPLORATION AND GEOGRAPHICAL SCIENCE FROM THE OPENING OF THE TENTH TO THE MIDDLE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY (A.D. 900—1250).

By C. RAYMOND BEAZLEY,

Fellow of Merton College, Oxford.

Author of "The Dawn of Modern Geography, from the Conversion of the Roman Empire to 900 A.D."

With Maps and Illustrations. Demy 8vo.

This volume will include an account of the Scandinavian Explorers, and the Saga travel-literature; of the Pilgrims and Religious Travellers, such as Sæwulf and Benjamin of Tudela: of the Merchant Travellers, such as the Elder Polos; of the Missionary and Diplomatic Travellers, such as William de Rubruquis and John de Plano Carpini; and of the Scientific Geographers and Map Makers, such as Matthew Paris, Henry of Maintz, Lambert of St. Omer, &c. With some notice of the Arab and Chinese Geographers and Travellers of this time, such as Edrisi, etc.

As in the former volume, the object of the present is to give a thoroughly representative and so complete account of geographical progress during a great part of the Middle Ages. Beginning with the changes wrought by the Northmen, this second instalment brings down the narrative to the close of the Crusading era, and the highest point of the Empire of the Mongol Tartars.

CHINA AND HER COMMERCE.

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY.

By E. H. PARKER,

Consul-General in Corea, 1886-7; Consul-General in Kiung Chow, 1891; etc, etc.

With Nineteen Maps.

Large Crown 8vo.

THE STUDENT'S MANUAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

A New Edition, thoroughly Revised and in great part Re-written.

By A. HAMILTON THOMPSON

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THE STUDENT'S GIBBON.

Abridged from the Original Work by Sir WM. SMITH, D.C.L., LL.D.

A NEW AND REVISED EDITION IN TWO PARTS.

Part I.—*Just Published.*

From the Accession of Commodus to the Death of Justinian.

By A. H. J. GREENIDGE, M.A.,

Lecturer and Late Fellow of Hertford College, Lecturer in Ancient History at Brasenose College, Oxford

Part II.—*Nearly Ready.*

By J. G. C. ANDERSON, M.A.,

Fellow of Lincoln College and Lecturer at Christ Church, Oxford.

With Maps and Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s. each volume.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SPEAKER.

Compiled by F. WARRE CORNISH, M.A.,

Vice-Provost of Eton College.

This work, as its name implies, is a collection of pieces suitable for recitation at school "speeches." The Editor has made his selection in the widest manner and from various languages—Greek, Latin, English, German, French and Italian. He has included drama, general poetry, orations and other prose pieces, ancient and modern, and is in hopes that no serious omissions can be found, unless it be those intentional ones from classics that are at everyone's command, which he has left out to make room for others more difficult of access.

It will be noticed that he has in many cases given an extract longer than is sufficient for a single recitation—he has done this advisedly with a view to affording greater scope for individual requirements and individual taste.

The publisher is of opinion that the "Speaker" will be found the most complete extant.

Large 8vo. 7s. 6d.

MURRAY'S HANDY CLASSICAL MAPS.

A NEW SYSTEM.

Edited by G. B. GRUNDY, M.A.,
Brasenose College, Oxford.

The Maps in Sir William Smith's Classical Atlas, engraved at a cost of several thousands of pounds, are regarded as among the best of the kind in existence, but hitherto they have only been published in a costly form, practically inaccessible to school-boys and many students.

Mr. G. B. Grundy, of Brasenose College, Oxford, whose name is a sufficient guarantee that the work will be done in the best and most scholarly manner, has undertaken to edit the series to bring it up to date in the light of modern research, and to make it suitable for School and College use.

The form of their issue is entirely novel, and will, we think, commend itself to teachers. The maps will be published *separately*, mounted on cloth, with an index of names, and folded in a cover similar to those used for tourist and cycling maps, though somewhat larger.

By this means, instead of having to purchase at one time and bring into School or Lecture Room an expensive and bulky atlas, the student will be enabled to carry only the map required for the lecture or lesson in hand.

The old method of engraving and hatching the mountain ranges has been supplemented by colouring the contours with flat brown and green tints, which is now recognised as the best and most intelligible way of denoting the configuration of the land.

List of Maps at present in preparation:

GALLIA	*One sheet, 2s. cloth; 1s. net, paper.*	[Now ready.
BRITANNIA	*One sheet, 2s. cloth; 1s. net, paper.*	[Now ready.
HISPANIA	*One sheet, 2s. cloth; 1s net, paper.*	[Now ready.
ITALIA { Northern Italy / South and Sicily }	*Two sheets in one case, 3s. cloth; 1s. 6d. net, paper.*	[Now ready.
GERMANIA, RHAETIA, ILLYRIA, MOESIA, etc.	*One sheet, 2s. cloth; 1s. net, paper.*	[Now ready.
PALESTINE, SYRIA, and part of MESOPOTAMIA, and a Map showing St. Paul's Voyages	*Three Maps on one sheet, 2s. cloth; 1s. net, paper.*	[Now ready.
GRAECIA { Northern Greece / South and Peloponnesus }	*Two sheets in one case, 3s. cloth; 1s. 6d. net, paper.*	
ASIA MINOR and MARE AEGAEUM	*Two Maps on one sheet, 2s. cloth; 1s. net, paper.*	
THE ROMAN EMPIRE (at different epochs)	*Two Maps on one sheet, 2s. cloth; 1s. net, paper.*	
EGYPT and the EASTERN EMPIRES	*Two Maps on one sheet, 2s. cloth; 1s net, paper*	

An Index is bound in each case.

"This method of showing physical features is most effective, and lends the maps a value which is possessed by no other classical atlas known to us. . . . We recommend all schoolmasters and students who care for geographical matters to look at these maps."—*Athenæum.*

". . . May be taken as correct and up-to-date . . . Both attractive to the eye and informing to the mind."—*Manchester Guardian.*

SPANISH PRINCIPIA.

PART I.

A FIRST SPANISH COURSE,

CONTAINING

GRAMMAR, EXERCISES, VOCABULARIES, AND MATERIALS FOR CONVERSATION.

By Don FERNANDO DE ARTEAGA,
Taylorian Teacher of Spanish in the University of Oxford.

Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

This book has in the main been formed on the plan of Sir Wm. Smith's well-known and deservedly popular "Principia Latina, Part I." It possesses, however, one new feature which is as novel as it is likely to prove valuable to the student who uses the book. English people, for the most part, who set themselves to learn Spanish, are not children, but either would-be travellers in the country, students of its literature, or persons engaged in commerce with Spain or Spanish-speaking countries. It has therefore been the aim of the Editor throughout to avoid the old-fashioned Ollendorfen sentences in illustration of the grammar, and instead to make use of phrases and expressions which are likely to prove of practical use to the traveller and the man of business.

LITTLE ARTHUR'S HISTORY OF GREECE.

A COMPANION VOLUME TO "LITTLE ARTHUR'S ENGLAND" AND "LITTLE ARTHUR'S FRANCE."

By the Rev. A. S. WALPOLE, M.A.

With Maps and Illustrations. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

A HANDY BOOK OF HORTICULTURE.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF GARDENING.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND DIAGRAMS.

By F. C. HAYES, M.A.,
Rector of Raheney;
Lecturer in Practical Horticulture in Alexandria College Dublin.

Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. *net.*

A GREEK GRAMMAR FOR SCHOOLS.

By JOHN THOMPSON, M.A.,

Late Scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge; Senior Classical Master, High School, Dublin.

Crown 8vo.

One of the chief objects of this book is to bring within the reach of the younger generation of students and schoolboys some of the results of the linguistic discoveries of the present day. It is therefore written in accordance with the philological views of the *Grundriss der Vergleichenden Grammatik* of Professors Brugmann and Delbrück, of P. Giles' *Manual of Comparative Philology*, of G. Meyer's *Griechische Grammatik* and of other scholars. Use has also been made of the Third Edition, revised by Drs. Blass and Gerth, of Kühner's *Ausführliche Grammatik der Griechischen Sprache*, and of several school Greek Grammars in use in Germany.

The Grammar consists of two parts in one volume, Part I. containing the Accidence, and Part II. the Syntax. The forms and spelling in use in Attic Greek are given according to the latest authorities, and there are special notes on Homeric peculiarities. There are also tables of Greek verbs arranged on a new plan, including (a) a list of the chief types of verbs, (b) a list of common Attic verbs regular according to the types in (a), and (c) a list of the irregular verbs with the irregular forms printed in special type. This arrangement is intended to remove many misconceptions about Greek verbs. Brief notes on syntax, &c., are given with each verb, stating the ordinary constructions and any special uses. There will also be Appendices on (1) Greek Weights, Measures, and Dates, (2) Accents, and (3) Sound Changes. Particular attention has been given to the type, so that the essential parts of Greek grammar may be made specially clear, and that the beginner may have no difficulty in distinguishing the more important sections.

PUSS IN BOOTS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH 12 WOODCUTS IN COLOURS.

Royal 16mo. Paper Boards, 1s. [*Just Published.*

COMMERCIAL FRENCH COURSE.

IN TWO PARTS.

By W. MANSFIELD POOLE, M.A.,

Magdalen College, Oxford,

Assistant-Master at Merchant Taylor's School,

AND

MICHEL BECKER,

Professor at the Ecole Alsacienne, Paris,

Author of "L'Allemand Commercial," and "Lectures Pratiques, d'Allemand Moderne."

PART I.—Consisting of Simple Sentences and Passages in French, with occasional Business Letters, arranged in a manner suited for Practical Teaching, and containing in an Appendix a clear system of French Grammar, with special reference to the Verb, is in course of active preparation. [*Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d.

PART II.— Comprising an Advanced Commercial Reader, will be duly announced.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE LETTERS.

Small Crown 8vo. 5s. *net.*

It is obviously necessary that these letters should be anonymous, but the ıblisher, without holding himself in any way responsible for their authorship, ›nfidently hopes that their special characteristics will be considered fully to justify ıeir publication. [*Immediately.*

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

A NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION OF WHYMPER'S SCRAMBLES.

SCRAMBLES AMONGST THE ALPS.

IN THE YEARS 1860–69.

INCLUDING THE HISTORY OF THE FIRST ASCENT OF

THE MATTERHORN.

By EDWARD WHYMPER.

FIFTH EDITION. *With* 135 *Illustrations and Maps. Medium* 8vo. 15s. *net.*

"Whymper's *Scrambles* stand unapproachable in Alpine literature."—*The Times* *n the last edition.*

[*Just Published.*

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

NEW EDITIONS OF HANDBOOKS.

EGYPT.

CAIRO, THEBES, THE SUEZ CANAL, SINAI, THE COURSE OF THE NILE FROM DONGOLA, &c., &c.

Edited by Miss BRODRICK and Professor SAYCE

With the assistance of distinguished Egyptologists and Officials.

With many New Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo. 15s.

BERKSHIRE.

ALMOST ENTIRELY RE-WRITTEN.

With Maps, &c. Crown 8vo. [*In the Press.*

NORTHAMPTON AND RUTLAND.

With Maps and Plans, forming the 2nd Edition. Crown 8vo.

[*In the Press.*

THE LIFE OF SIR JOHN FOWLER, BART., K.C.M.G.

A RECORD OF ENGINEERING WORK, 1834—1898.

By THOMAS MACKAY.

With Portraits and many Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 16s.

[*Just published*

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

A NEW WORK BY THE REV. CHARLES GORE, M.A., D.D.,
Canon of Westminster.

THE BREAKING OF THE BREAD.

A STUDY OF THE INSTITUTION AND DOCTRINE OF THE HOLY COMMUNION.

Crown 8vo.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

A CENTURY OF OUR SEA STORY.

By WALTER JEFFERY.
Author of "The King's Yard," etc.

With a Photogravure Frontispiece of LORD NELSON. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.

CONTENTS:—SHIPS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE CENTURY—SEAPORTS AND DOCKYARDS—OFFICERS AND SEAMEN—THE SEA LIFE—NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS—THE GROWTH OF OUR SEA CARRYING—STEAM - CUSTOMS OF THE SEA—THE WRECK LIST OF THE CENTURY—EXPLORATION—PIRATES AND MUTINEERS—THE SOUTH SEAS—ON OUR COAST—END OF THE CENTURY SHIPS AND SAILORS.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

THE LAND OF THE LONG NIGHT.

By PAUL DU CHAILLU,
Author of "The Viking Age," "Ivar the Viking," "The Land of the Midnight Sun," "Exploration in Equatorial Africa," &c.

Illustrated by M. J. BURNS.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. [*Just published.*

MR. MURRAY'S
LIST OF
NEW AND RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Monthly Review.

Edited by HENRY NEWBOLT.

No. I. (The OCTOBER Number.)

2s. 6d. net.

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:
THE PARADOX OF IMPERIALISM
AFTER PEKIN
PARTIES AND PRINCIPLES
DETAILS OF MY DAILY LIFE—ABDUR RAHMAN, AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN
SURGICAL EXPERIENCES IN SOUTH AFRICA—A. A. BOWLBY, F.R.C.S.
WAR TRAINING OF NAVAL OFFICERS—LIEUT. CARLYON BELLAIRS, R.N.
PUZZLES OF THE WAR—SPENSER WILKINSON
RECENT ECLIPSES—PROFESSOR H. H. TURNER
ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE STAGE—MRS. HUGH BELL
ART BEFORE GIOTTO (*Illustrated*)—ROGER E. FRY
"T. E. B."—A. T. QUILLER-COUCH
ON LOSS OF TIME—MISS M. E. COLERIDGE
THE NILE: AN ODE—HENRY NEWBOLT
TRISTRAM OF BLENT, I–III.—ANTHONY HOPE

A NEW FRENCH GRAMMAR.

The Technical School French Grammar.

By Dr. W. KRISCH.

Some time Teacher of Latin and Greek at the Birmingham Midland Institute, Examiner in Modern Languages to the Midland Counties' Union of Educational Institutions.

Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

The three following are uniform in size and style and price, and form a more or less new departure in the publication of fiction—printed as they are by Constable, on the best of paper, and daintily bound, for the price of Half-a-Crown net.

OLIVER ONIONS.

THIRD IMPRESSION.

The Compleat Bachelor.

By OLIVER ONIONS.

Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

"'The Compleat Bachelor' my Baronite finds just delicious."—Baron de B.-W. in *Punch*.

"One of the brightest, cheeriest, and jolliest books written for a long time past. . . . . . This is a book which you should beg, borrow, or—get out of the circulating library. Don't miss it."—*Illustrated Mail*.

EDITH WHARTON.

A Gift from the Grave.

By EDITH WHARTON.

Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

" . . . A writer of exceptional delicacy and power. . . . Mrs. Wharton is very much more than a cunning fashioner of verbal mosaic. She has, added to the modern passion for perfection of form, the older qualities that touch the heart."—*The Times*.

LADY HELY HUTCHINSON.

Monica Grey.

By THE HONOURABLE LADY HELY HUTCHINSON.

Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

A Personal Narrative of Occurrences during Lord Elgin's Second Embassy to China in 1860.

By the late LORD LOCH.

Third Edition. With Portrait and Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 2s 6d. net.

When Lord Elgin went to China as British Ambassador in 1860, Mr. Henry Brougham Loch (afterwards Lord Loch) accompanied him as his private Secretary. The attack of the Chinese on the combined English and French forces; the capture of the Taku forts; the march on Tientsin and Pekin by the allied armies are matters of history, but the circumstances of those events are so strikingly similar to those which are occurring to-day that they cannot fail to attract attention.

The special interest of this Personal Narrative, however, lies in Lord Loch's account of how he in company with Mr. (afterwards Sir Harry) Parkes, Mr. de Normans, and Lieuts. Anderson and Phipps, together with their escorts were treacherously captured under a flag of truce, by the Chinese, were imprisoned for 3 weeks in Pekin, and subjected to brutal treatment. Messrs. Loch and Parkes were the only two of the party who escaped.

The book is reprinted from the Second Edition, which has long been out of print.

MRS. BISHOP'S LATEST WORK.

The Yang-tze Valley and Beyond.

AN ACCOUNT OF JOURNEYS IN CENTRAL AND WESTERN CHINA.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY, K.G.

By Mrs. BISHOP (ISABELLA L. BIRD), F.R.G.S.

With Map and numerous Illustrations.

8vo. £1 1s. net.

"In many ways Mrs. Bishop is the most remarkable woman of the time. As an intrepid traveller, an accomplished geographer, and a keen observer of men and things, she has few equals, while from a strictly literary point of view, her work has, ever since the publication of "Unbeaten Tracts in Japan," shown a steady advance, until we have in the book under notice, a perfect model of what a book of travels ought to be."—*The Japan Mail.*

The Constitution and Laws of Afghanistan.

By MIR MUNSHI, SULTAN MOHAMMAD KHAN, F.R.G.S
Barrister-at-Law,
Advanced Student of Christ's College, Cambridge.

Demy 8*vo*. *Sewed*, 2*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

SUPPLEMENT TO

Mr. Sydney Buxton's Political Handbook.

Mr. Buxton has prepared an Appendix to his Popular Handbook to the Political Questions of the day, bringing the work up to date.

The Appendix consists of some 48 pp. 8*vo*. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Or if sold with the book (the price of which separately is 10*s*. 6*d*.) 12*s*.

Surveying and Exploring in Siam.

By JAMES MacCARTHY, F.R.G.S.
Director-General of the Siamese Government Surveys.

WITH A TRIANGULATION CHART—A LARGE MAP OF THE KINGDOM OF SIAM AND ITS DEPENDENCIES.

77 *Illustrations*. *Demy* 8*vo*.
10*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

ISSUED BY THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

The Locust Plague

AND ITS SUPPRESSION.

By ÆNEAS MUNRO.

Doctor of Medicine of the Universities of Edinburgh and Cordôva, and Fellow of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow.

With Numerous Illustrations. *Medium* 8*vo*. 24*s*. *net*.

CONTENTS :—The Entomological and Popular Characteristics of the Locust — Correspondence or Reflections from the Newspaper Press respecting the Locust Plague — Means for Combating the Plague: Introduction—The Natural Agencies at Work tending to Check the Plague—The Artificial and Mechanical Inventions for Checking the Plague; Exposure of Popular Errors—Mechanical and Artificial Remedies.

A NEW NOVEL BY RONALD MACDONALD.

The Sword of the King.

A ROMANCE OF THE TIME OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

By RONALD MACDONALD.

SECOND IMPRESSION. *Large Crown* 8vo. 6s.

". . . . a good 'bustling' romance, with plenty of adventure, well devised and amusingly recounted."—*Spectator.*

". . . . full of dramatic cleverness . . . . the agreeable style and live interest keep the reader pleasantly engrossed throughout."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

". . . . a very charming and well-written romance."—*Daily Chronicle.*

A Manual of Naval Architecture.

FOR THE USE OF OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL NAVY. OFFICERS OF THE MERCANTILE MARINE, YACHTSMEN, SHIPOWNERS, AND SHIPBUILDERS.

By Sir W. H. WHITE, K.C.B., LL.D,

Late Assistant Controller and Director of Naval Construction, Royal Navy, etc.

FIFTH EDITION.

With Illustrations. Medium 8vo. 24s.

The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have been pleased to authorize the issue of this book to the Ships of the Royal Navy.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

Eighteen Years in the Khyber.

1879—1898.

WITH PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF SERVICE IN INDIA, AND ESPECIALLY AMONG THE TRIBES ON OUR N.W. FRONTIER.

By Colonel Sir ROBERT WARBURTON, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., etc.

With Map and Illustrations. 8vo. 16s.

". . . his excellent book. . . . The sketches of native character and habits with which his book abounds would alone render it invaluable to all who desire to understand the problem of the Gate of India. . . . Warburton's arguments ought to carry great weight with the Indian Government, for no man could have been more successful in managing the Khyber."—*World.*

A Popular History of the Church of England.

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY.

By the Rt. Rev. WILLIAM BOYD CARPENTER, The Lord Bishop of Ripon.

With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"The title is perhaps, hardly wide enough for the contents; one would almo call the book a history of Christianity in England. . . . He has the true judicia spirit, and is passionately eager to be entirely fair to every one. His history i impartial to the last degree. . . . His book should have a very wide circulation and can do nothing but good wherever it is read."—*Morning Post.*

"It is emphatically a history of the Church as the Church of the people, and o the Church as a religious force rather than as an ecclesiastical organisation. . . . Th book is simply, but attractively, and sometimes brilliantly written. It is not over loaded with names, facts, or dates; but it does convey a clear impression of men and events to the reader."—*St. James's Gazette.*

Church Problems;

A VIEW OF MODERN ANGLICANISM.

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS, EDITED BY

The Rev. H. HENSLEY HENSON.

Demy 8vo. 12s. net.

Including Contributions by H. HENSLEY HENSON, B.D., EARL OF SELBORNE, E. S. GIBSON, D.D., W. H. HUTTON, B.D., W. O. BURROWS, M.A., A. C. HEADLAM, B.D., E. W. WATSON, M.A., H. A. DALTON, M.A., T. B. STRONG, M.A., BERNARD WILSON, M.A., H. C. BEECHING, M.A., W. E. COLLINS, M.A., Lord HUGH CECIL, M.P.

The Student's Greece.

A HISTORY OF GREECE, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE ROMAN CONQUEST.

With Supplementary Chapters on the History of Literature and Art.

A NEW EDITION. THOROUGHLY REVISED AND IN PART REWRITTEN.

By G. E. MARINDIN, M.A.

WITH MANY NEW MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"The revision could not have been entrusted to better hands. . . Altogether the work has been so improved as to render it likely to hold its place with any competitors for another term of 40 years."—*Glasgow Herald.*

AN ENTIRELY NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION.

Greek Testament Reader.

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS.

COMPRISING CONSECUTIVE EXTRACTS FROM THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS AND PASSAGES FROM THE EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL.

By THEOPHILUS D. HALL, M.A.,

Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

"A valuable epitome of the New Testament in the original, amply supplied with xegetical notes, and with a grammatical commentary and a vocabulary which t it admirably for the instruction of beginners in the study of Greek."—*Scotsman.*

Chapters from Aristotle's Ethics.

By J. H. MUIRHEAD, M.A.,

Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, Mason University College, Birmingham.
Author of "The Elements of Ethics."

Large Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

'We cannot commend these 'chapters' too highly, not only to teachers, but to ll students of Aristotle or of moral philosophy who feel that the problems of the Old reeks are in any way unreal in these later days, or their solutions out of date."—*Pilot.*

Cathedral and University Sermons.

By GEORGE SALMON, D.D.,

Provost of Trinity College, Dublin,
Author of "Introduction to the New Testament." "The Infallibility of the Church."

Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"Common sense, clearly put argument, learning without parade, edifying thought, nd an easy, pleasant style will be found all through 'Cathedral and University ermons' . . . no one can read them without profit as well as pleasure."—

Leeds Mercury.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITIONS OF THE LIVES OF TWO INDIAN SOLDIERS.

Lumsden of the Guides.

THE LIFE OF LIEUT.-GEN. SIR HARRY BURNETT LUMSDEN, K.C.S.I., C.B.

By his brother, General Sir PETER S. LUMSDEN, G.C.B., C.S.I.,

And G. R. ELSMIE, C.S.I.

With Portraits, Maps, and Illustrations.

Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. *net.*

John Nicholson.

SOLDIER AND ADMINISTRATOR.

BASED ON PRIVATE AND HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

By Captain L. J. TROTTER.

EIGHTH EDITION. *With Portraits, Maps, &c. Demy* 8vo. 7s. 6d. *net.*

Henry Hart Milman, D.D.,

LATE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

By his Son, ARTHUR MILMAN.

With Portraits. 8vo. 16s.

SOME WORKS ON SOUTH AFRICA.

TENTH THOUSAND OF THE SECOND EDITION.

The Transvaal Trouble.

THE ORIGIN AND EARLY HISTORY OF OUR DEALINGS WITH THE BOER REPUBLIC AND OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF SIR BARTLE FRERE.

By JOHN MARTINEAU.

EXTRACTED FROM THE LIFE OF SIR BARTLE FRERE.

A new and cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. sewed, 1s.

On the Eve of the War.

A NARRATIVE OF IMPRESSIONS DURING A JOURNEY IN CAPE COLONY, THE FREE STATE, THE TRANSVAAL, NATAL, AND RHODESIA, SEPTEMBER, 1889, TO JANUARY, 1900.

By EVELYN CECIL, M.P.

With Map and Illustrations.

Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

". . . . is well worth reading. . . . It is observant, unprejudiced, and plain-spoken."—*Morning Post.*

SIXTH THOUSAND OF THE THIRD EDITION.

The Story of the Great Boer Trek

AND THE ORIGIN OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLICS.

BY THE LATE

Hon. HENRY CLOETE, LL.D.,

H. M. High Commissioner for Natal, 1843—44

Edited by his Grandson, W. BRODRICK CLOETE, M.A.

Cloth, 1s. 6d.; *sewed,* 1s.

Leading Points in South African History.

FROM 1486 TO 30th MARCH, 1900.

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED WITH A FULL CLASSIFIED DATE-INDEX OF EVENTS.

By EDWIN A. PRATT.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

". . . should prove permanently valuable to students of the South African question."—*The Times.*

"The idea is excellent, and is well carried out, the utility of the book being greatly enhanced by the presence of a comprehensive index. . . . The volume is an armoury of fact, from which controversialists in this country will be able to draw many an effective weapon."—*The Globe.*

Notes from a Diary.

By the Rt. Hon. Sir MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF, G.C.S.I.

FIRST SERIES, 1851—1872. 2 *Vols. Crown 8vo.* 18*s.*

SECOND SERIES, 1873—1880. 2 *Vols. Crown 8vo.* 18*s.*

THIRD SERIES, 1881—1886 (India). 2 *Vols. Crown 8vo.* 18*s.*

FOURTH SERIES (*Just out*), 1886–1888. 2 *Vols. Crown 8vo.* 18*s.*

"The Duff Diaries are delightful . . . . are full of good stories and pithy sayings. . . . Dip into it where we may, there is something amusing, and the company to which we are introduced is of many kinds."—*Morning Post.*

The Railways of England.

By W. M. ACWORTH.

A NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION, WITH AN ADDITIONAL CHAPTER DESCRIBING MORE RECENT DEVELOPMENTS.

With many Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

"Its graphic and vivid descriptions of railway life and work are still as true to reality as ever, and in many respects as unique in their forceful pen-pictures. . . . . must always be a popular and widely-read work."—*Engineer.*

John Nixon,

PIONEER OF THE STEAM COAL TRADE IN SOUTH WALES.

By J. E. VINCENT.

With Portrait. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

"Should, indeed, take a place besides the works of Samuel Smiles as providing us with a portrait of a man whose life affords a remarkable example of 'self-help' carried out with undaunted energy and in an unvarying spirit of honour and uprightness."—*Glasgow Herald*

A History of the Oxford Mission to Calcutta.

By the Rev. GEORGE LONGRIDGE.

With a Preface by the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

With Portraits and Illustrations.

Large Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

"We venture to affirm, with little fear of contradiction, that this volume is one of the most important, as it is certainly one of the most interesting, of recent contributions, to the missionary history of the English Church."—*Church Times.*

Notes from My Journal.

WHEN SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1857—1882.

By the late Rt. Hon. JOHN EVELYN DENISON (Viscount Ossington).

With a Preface by his Niece, Miss L. E. DENISON.

With Two Photogravure Illustrations. 4to. 10s. 6d. net.

This book was privately printed in the Summer of 1899, and copies were presented to several of Lord Ossington's surviving friends. The interest which the record aroused among those who are conversant with the inner life of Parliament has led Miss Denison to yield to a generally expressed wish that a small edition of this Journal should be offered to the public.

The Making of a Frontier.

FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCES AND ADVENTURES IN GILGIT, HUNZA NAGAR, CHITRAL, AND THE EASTERN HINDU-KUSH

By Colonel ALGERNON DURAND, C.B., C.I.E.

British Agent at Gilgit, 1889—1894; Military Secretary to the Viceroy of India, 1894—1899.

With Portrait, Map, and Illustrations.

SECOND IMPRESSION. *Demy 8vo.* 16s.

CONTENTS:—A MISSION OF ENQUIRY—FIRST VISIT TO CHITRAL—A MONTH IN CHITRAL—ESTABLISHMENT OF THE GILGIT AGENCY—VISIT TO HUNZA NAGAR—SECOND VISIT TO CHITRAL—DARDISTAN—FOLK-LORE AND SPORT—ADMINISTRATION AND WAR—THE HUNZA-NAGAR EXPEDITION—THE INDUS VALLEY RISING.

The XIXth and their Times.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FOUR CAVALRY REGIMENTS IN THE BRITISH ARMY THAT HAVE BORNE THE NUMBER NINETEEN.

By Colonel JOHN BIDDULPH.

With Coloured Plates, Plans and other Illustrations.

8vo. 16s.

"Ready in all that depends upon them, and willing beyond description. He did not know that when his book was published the regiment would be making those words good in Natal. Ladysmith has made the story of the 19th doubly interesting just now . . . not only to present and future members . . . but to all who are proud of the little British Army and care to know its record."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

FIFTH THOUSAND.

Law without Lawyers.

AN EPITOME OF THE LAWS OF ENGLAND FOR PRACTICAL USE.

By TWO BARRISTERS-AT-LAW.

Large 8vo. Over 700 pp. Cloth extra. Price 6s.

"The best and fullest work of its kind that has yet appeared."—*World.*

"The two barristers who are responsible for 'Law without Lawyers' have produced the best book of its class that we have come across."—*Standard.*

At School and at Sea.

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER AT HARROW IN THE FORTIES, AND SUBSEQUENTLY IN THE ROYAL NAVY;

WITH EXPERIENCES AND ADVENTURES ON THE AUSTRALIAN STATION, IN THE SOUTH SEAS, IN THE BLACK SEA, IN THE TRENCHES AT SEBASTOPOL, ETC., ETC.

By "MARTELLO TOWER," a NAVAL OFFICER.

With Illustrations.

8vo. 16*s.*

"A charming book of naval recollections . . . Should prove excellent reading, alike to those who desire amusement, or simply instruction."—*Army and Navy Record*

"A racy and well-written narrative."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Authority and Archæology Sacred and Profane.

ESSAYS ON THE RELATION OF MONUMENTS TO BIBLICAL AND CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

By the Rev. Prof. S. R. Driver; Prof. Ernest A. Gardner; F. Ll. Griffith F. Haverfield; The Rev. A. C. Headlam, B.D.

Edited by DAVID G. HOGARTH.

SECOND EDITION. *Demy 8vo.* 16*s.*

Point and Pillow Lace.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE VARIOUS KINDS, ANCIENT AND MODERN, AND HOW TO RECOGNIZE THEM.

By A. M. S.

With Photogravure Frontispiece and more than forty other facsimile Illustrations of Specimens of Lace.

4to. 10s. 6d.

"Altogether a better handbook of lace certainly has not been, and, we think, could not be, written, and those who collect lace will find in 'A. M. S.'s' book the most valuable help in naming and dating these specimens."—*Guardian.*

TWO BOOKS ON ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE.

The New Forest.

ITS TRADITIONS, INHABITANTS, AND CUSTOMS.

By ROSE DE CRESPIGNY and HORACE HUTCHINSON.

With a Photogravure Frontispiece and other Illustrations, and a Map.

SECOND IMPRESSION. *Crown 8vo.* 7s. 6d.

A Cotswold Village.

OR, COUNTRY LIFE AND PURSUITS IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

By J. ARTHUR GIBBS.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION

With Portrait and many Illustrations.

Large Crown 8vo. 6s.

Preparatory Geography for Irish Schools.

WITH NUMEROUS COLOURED MAPS, RELIEF MAPS, PLANS AND VIEWS OF WELL-KNOWN PLACES IN ILLUSTRATION OF GEOGRAPHICAL TERMS.

By JOHN COOKE, M.A.,

Lecturer in Geography, Church of Ireland Training College; and Examiner to the Board of Intermediate Education.

12mo. 1s. 6d.

"Mr. Cooke's eminent services to the literature of education have seldom been better illustrated than in this Geography for Irish Schools. . . . . Mr. Cooke claims that his Geography is suggestive rather than exhaustive. He might reasonably have gone a step further, and claimed the high merit of charm of attractiveness With such a wealth of apt illustration drawn from our own country, no child could for a moment fail to comprehend what he sees and hears."—*The Irish Times.*

A Memoir of Richard Durnford, D.D.

LATE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

By the Very Revd. The DEAN OF WINCHESTER.

With Portraits and other Illustrations.

8vo. 16*s*.

Sir Robert Peel.

BASED ON HIS CORRESPONDENCE AND PRIVATE DOCUMENTS

Edited by CHARLES STUART PARKER,

Formerly Fellow of University College, Oxford, and M.P. for the City and County of Perth.

WITH A SUMMARY OF SIR ROBERT PEEL'S LIFE AND CHARACTER BY HIS GRANDSON, The Honble. GEORGE PEEL.

Three Volumes.

Vol. I.—FROM HIS BIRTH TO 1827. *With Portraits.* *8vo.* 16*s*.
Vols. II. & III.—FROM 1827 TO HIS DEATH IN 1850. *With Portraits.* *8vo.* 32*s*.

The Late Benjamin Jowett,

MASTER OF BALLIOL.

A SELECTION FROM HIS LETTERS.

SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE LIFE, PUBLISHED IN 1897.

Edited by EVELYN ABBOTT, M.A.,
AND
Professor LEWIS CAMPBELL, M.A.

With Portrait. *Demy 8vo.* 16*s*.

WORKS BY THE LATE BENJAMIN JOWETT, M.A.

College Sermons.

Third Edition. *Cr. 8vo.* 7*s*. 6*d*.

Sermons—Biographical and Miscellaneous.

Cr. 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.

DOCTRINAL SERMONS. [*In preparation.*

The Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians and Romans

WITH NOTES AND DISSERTATIONS.

2 *Vols.* *Crown 8vo.* 7*s*. 6*d*. *net, each volume.*

The Works of Lord Byron.

A NEW TEXT, COLLATED WITH THE ORIGINAL MSS. AND REVISED PROOFS, WHICH ARE STILL IN EXISTENCE, WITH MANY HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED ADDITIONS.

This will be the most complete Edition of Lord Byron's Works, as no other Editors have had access to the original MSS., and the only one authorised by his family and representatives.

With Portraits and Illustrations. To be completed in 12 Vols. Crown 8vo. 6s. each.

Poetry.

Edited by ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Vols. I., II. and III. THE EARLY POEMS, CHILDE HAROLD, THE GIAOUR, BRIDE OF ABYDOS, CORSAIR, &c., containing many hitherto unpublished pieces.

"Mr. Coleridge's edition . . . might be described as perfect, if perfection could be predicated of anything human. All the editor's remarks are sensible and just, and the literary illustrations are selected with exquisite taste and discrimination. . . . The convenient, handy size, the almost exuberant but not extravagant accompaniment of pertinent annotation, the pictorial illustration, and the general elegance of every detail, render this volume in every way so desirable a possession as to make one wish that it could be issued separately." *The Bookman.*

Letters.

Edited by ROWLAND E. PROTHERO.

Vols. I., II., III. and IV. from 1788 to 1820, containing many hitherto unpublished letters.

"The editor's work has been excellently performed. Mr. Prothero's accounts of Hobhouse and of Beckford, in particular, may be cited as examples of finished miniature biographies."—*Dr. R. Garnett in the Bookman.*

"We must compliment Mr. Prothero on the skill and admirable tact with which he has fulfilled a delicate task."—*Saturday Review.*

N.B.—The EDITION DE LUXE, crown 4to, 21s. net per volume, has all been disposed of; a few copies may remain in the hands of some booksellers.

[*See also page 8.*

A Boy in the Peninsular War.

THE SERVICES, ADVENTURES, AND EXPERIENCES OF ROBERT BLAKENEY, SUBALTERN IN THE 28TH REGIMENT.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Edited by JULIAN STURGIS,

Author of "John a Dreams," "Comedy of a Country House," &c.

Second Impression. Demy 8vo. 16s.

Haunts and Hobbies of an Indian Official.

By MARK THORNHILL,

Author of "The Adventures of a Magistrate in the Indian Mutiny."

Large Crown 8*vo*. 6*s*.

"Worthy of being classed with 'White of Selborne.' . . . Hardly a page or paragraph can be spared."—*Scotsman.*

Hydrographical Surveying,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MEANS AND METHODS EMPLOYED IN CONSTRUCTING MARINE CHARTS.

By Rear-Admiral Sir WILLIAM J. L. WHARTON, K.C.B.,

Hydrographer to the Admiralty.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED THROUGHOUT.

With Diagrams and Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 18*s*.

WORKS BY THE REV. CHARLES GORE, D.D.

Canon of Westminster.

A SERIES OF SIMPLE EXPOSITIONS OF PORTIONS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Crown 8vo. Green Cloth. 3*s* 6*d. each.*

The Sermon on the Mount.

Fourteenth Thousand.]

The Epistle to the Ephesians.

Tenth Thousand.]

The Epistle to the Romans.

Sixth Thousand.]

Vol. I.—*Chapters I. to VIII.*

Vol. II.—*Chapters IX. to the end. With Appendices.*

The Mission of the Church.

Sixth Thousand.]

Crown 8*vo*. 2*s*. 6*d*.

The Incarnation of the Son of God.

Tenth Thousand.]

BAMPTON LECTURES FOR 1891.

8*vo*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Dissertations on Subjects connected with the Incarnation.

[*Second Edition.*

8*vo*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Edited by the Rev. CHARLES GORE, D.D.

Lux Mundi.

A SERIES OF STUDIES IN THE RELIGION OF THE INCARNATION

Crown 8vo. 6s.

Essays on Church Reform.

8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Foundations of the Creed.

By HARVEY GOODWIN, D.D., D.C.L.,

LATE BISHOP OF CARLISLE,

Honorary Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

A New and Cheaper Edition (the Third). Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.

MR. MURRAY'S PROGRESSIVE SCIENCE SERIES.

VOLUMES ALREADY PUBLISHED.

Large 8vo. Cloth extra. 6s. *per Volume*

A Book of Whales.

By the Editor of the Series, F. E. BEDDARD, M.A., F.R.S.

WITH FORTY ILLUSTRATIONS BY SIDNEY BERRIDGE.

". . . . is equally adapted for private reading or for a school prize."—*Liverpool Post.*

River Development.

AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE RIVERS OF NORTH AMERICA.

By Professor I. C. RUSSELL.

Illustrated.

The Study of Man:

AN INTRODUCTION TO ETHNOLOGY.

By Prof. A. C. HADDON, D.Sc., M.A.

Illustrated.

Volcanoes.

By Professor BONNEY, D.Sc., F.R.S.

Illustrated.

The Groundwork of Science.

By ST. GEORGE MIVART, M.D., Ph.D., F.R.S.

Earth Sculpture.

By Professor GEIKIE, LL.D., F.R.S.

Illustrated.

OTHER VOLUMES WILL BE FOUND AMONGST THE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A Concise Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities,

UNIFORM WITH SMITH'S CLASSICAL DICTIONARY.

Condensed and Edited by F. WARRE CORNISH, M.A.,
Vice-Provost of Eton College.

In One Volume. With upwards of 1150 *Illustrations. Medium* 8*vo.* 21*s.*

The Journal of Comparative Legislation.

NEW SERIES.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE SOCIETY OF COMPARATIVE LEGISLATION.

Nos. I., II., III., IV. and V. 8*vo.* 5*s.* each.

Things Japanese.

BEING NOTES ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, CONNECTED WITH JAPAN, FOR THE USE OF TRAVELLERS AND OTHERS.

By BASIL HALL CHAMBERLAIN,
Emeritus Professor of Japanese and Philology in the Imperial University of Tokyo.

Third Edition, revised. Crown 8*vo. (Printed in Japan).* 7*s.* 6*d.*

"The book is eminently readable and entertaining. Where there are some thousands of curious facts recorded, it is difficult to select one. . . . Altogether the book is full of fascination for those who care for things Japanese."—*Spectator.*

Marine Boilers.

A TREATISE ON THE CONSTRUCTION AND WORKING OF BOILERS OF ALL CLASSES, DEALING MORE ESPECIALLY WITH RECENT DEVELOPMENTS OF TUBULOUS BOILERS AND THE RESULTS OBTAINED.

BASED ON THE WORK OF M. BERTIN,
Chief Constructor of the French Navy.

Translated and Edited by LESLIE S. ROBERTSON,
Assoc.M.Inst.C.E., M.I.M.E., M.I.N.A.

With a Preface by SIR WILLIAM WHITE, K.C.B., Director of Naval Construction to the Admiralty.

With upwards of 250 *Illustrations, Demy* 8*vo.* 18*s.*

NEW EDITIONS OF HANDBOOKS.

THOROUGHLY REVISED AND BROUGHT UP TO DATE,
WITH MANY NEW MAPS AND PLANS OF TOWNS.

An Index and Directory, giving all the latest information as to Hotels and Railways, &c., is revised and reprinted at frequent intervals and bound in each Volume.

Central Italy.

FLORENCE, LUCCA, TUSCANY, ELBA, UMBRIA, THE MARCHES, &c.

12th Edition. Almost entirely re-written.

Rewritten by the Rev. H. H. JEAFFRESON, M.A.

With New Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo. 9s

Greece and the Ionian Islands.

7th Edition. With numerous Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo. 20s.

Rome and the Campagna.

CONTAINING SHORT HISTORIES OF ROME AND OF THE PAPAL POWER, AND ON ARCHITECTURE (by R. PHENÈ SPIERS, F.S.A.), ON SCULPTURE (by A. S. MURRAY, L.L.D., F.S.A.), AND ON PAINTING, by Mrs. ADY (Julia Cartwright). NEW EDITION (SIXTEENTH).

Revised by NORWOOD YOUNG.

With 94 Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo. 10s.

Constantinople, Brûsa, and the Troad.

Edited by

General Sir CHARLES W. WILSON, R.E., K.C.M.G., D.C.L.

A New Edition, with Maps and Plans.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Asia Minor, Transcaucasia, Persia, &c.

AN ENTIRELY NEW WORK, WITH NUMEROUS MAPS

Edited by Major-General Sir CHARLES WILSON, K.C.

With assistance from Sir H. CHERMSIDE; Mr. D. G. HOGARTH; P. W. RAMSAY; Colonel EVERETT, C.M.G.; Colonel HARRY COOPER; Mr and others. *Crown 8vo.* 18s.

BOYLE, SON & WATCHURST, Printers, Warwick Square, E.C.

APPSE

an Is

mps

YOUNG

l the

L. K.C.

Pers

EROUS

ILSON

HOGAR

COOPER